100 HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

All we within our graves will sleep,
One hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
One hundred years to come;
But other men our states will fill,
And other men our lands will till.
The birds will sing as blithe and gay
And bright the sun shine as today,
One hundred years to come.

Mary E Chapman
Norwich - Jan 1900 -

A Delightful Evening.

The annual thank offering meeting of the Missionary societies of the Congregational church, held at the house of W. P. Chapman on Tuesday evening, was greatly enjoyed by the ladies present. The programme was new in this church and had been carefully planned and was well carried out. The most prominent feature was the reading of two selections from Longfellow by Miss Benedict, the singing of the earliest known Christian hymn by Mrs. McCaw and Mrs. Millspaugh, and a hymn of the tenth century by Mrs. Matterson. The mite boxes given out in the spring were opened and found to contain more than $30. When all are handed in the sum will be considerably increased. After the close of the meeting the ladies stayed for the social hour, which is always made so delightful in this charming old colonial house, where the hostess knows so well how to welcome the stranger—and everyone went away feeling thankful to the Missionary society that made this pleasant evening possible. *

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Johnson, Charles R.
History of the first one
hundred years of the First

Thoughts on the Closing Century.

BY MRS. WILSON TREIBLE.

[Read at the Watchnight services in the Broad Street church, New Year's eve.]

Do we but dream or is it strangely true,
That the great century we have called our own,
Is passing from us, and an era new,
Will dawn before the shades of night are flown?

Within this sacred place while we remain
To watch the closing moments of the passing year:
A sense of sadness, loneliness, and pain,
Breathes forth upon our songs, our prayers and tears.

All nature seems responsive to the hour
And sadly speaks of joys forever fled;
Our souls are moved by her magnetic power,
And with her whisper, "Cherished hopes are dead."

The wailing winds of winter sob and sigh,
Then, fainter growing, chant in cadence sweet
A solemn requiem while the old years die;
A dirge whose low sad tones our hearts repeat.,

Dismantled of her verdant robes, the earth
Lies cold and pulseless in her winter sleep;
The moonbeams pale that woke the new year's birth,
Bathes the white shroud that wraps her slumber deep.

O blessed years, years of our happy past,
O precious years that brought us joy and love,
And all the friends we cherish and hold fast,
Whom time nor death cannot from us remove.

Fond memory like a strong and hidden chain
Binds all we love, or have loved, to the past;
The thoughts of all the years it doth retain,
Its reign like life and love shall ever last.

Yet mingled with the memories pure and sweet,
Come thronging many we would fain forget,
Like spectors dark, they solemnly repeat,
The records of a time whose seal is set.

The past is past, nor can our prayers and tears,
A single record of the past remove;
Yet God's compassion falls not through the years;
He covers all the records dark with love.

A priceless heritage; great gifts are ours
Of all we cherish most or most desire,
Of wealth and wisdom and immortal powers
What in return of us doth God require?

No other age in all man's history,
Has brought such knowledge of material good;
Such vast revealings of deep mystery;
The hidden wisdom other search withstood.

A page of history begins tonight;
Shall we its wondrous records soil and stain?
God help us keep its pages pure and white,
Nor let one thought of sin or shame remain.

With confidence, O Lord, to Thee we come;
While with Thee never harm nor ill befell,
Thy guiding hand will lead us safely home;
God lives as yesterday, and all is well.

A LOVING TRIBUTE TO REVEREND SCOVILLE

The following taken from The Daily Advocate of February 23, published at Stamford, Conn., will be of interest in Norwich:

A tribute was paid to the memory of Rev. Samuel Scoville in the Congregational church, Sunday morning. A tablet to the memory of Mr. Scoville, who was pastor of the church from 1879 to 1899, has been placed in the chancel and the Sunday morning service was in recognition thereof.

The tablet, a fine white marble stone, is the gift of Howard L. Scofield of this city. It bears the inscription: "In memory of Rev. Samuel Scoville. Born December 21, 1834. Died April 15, 1902. Pastor of this church from 1879 to 1899. 'He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"

Rev. C. J. Ryder, D. D., of this city, who was a close friend of Mr. Scoville and was associated with him in many of his works, delivered the principal address. The pastor, Rev. Louis F. Berry, also spoke in laudatory terms of Mr. Scoville, emphasizing his patriotism and the comradeship that existed between him and the veterans of the nation's wars.

Dr. Ryder said that the words of the text fittingly described the life of Mr. Scoville. Out of his intensely sympathetic nature, he said, there came the Stamford Children's Home. Others aided in carrying it out, but the vision that brought it into being was Mr. Scoville's he said. The Associated Charities was largely the result of his efforts, too, he said. His idea was that efficiency should characterize the work of the charities of the town. It was largely through his earnest efforts and the co-operation of others equally earnest, that the Stamford Hospital came into being. He was interested too, in the formation of the Civic League; in fact, said Dr. Ryder, quoting a Stamford man with whom he had discussed the matter, Mr. Scoville was associated actively in about every philanthropy that came into existence in Stamford during his work here.

"Although a man of serious purpose," said Dr. Ryder, "Mr. Scoville was full of good humor and joy and mirth. No man ever visited our home whose presence brought more of good cheer than did his. He put his broad shoulders under many a domestic load, and helped to carry it. He was welcomed by everybody, everywhere. He knew no class prejudice, no class distinction, no race antipathy. If ever a life was consecrated to the service of his fellowmen, the life of Samuel Scoville was so consecrated."

Hymns that were Mr. Scoville's favorites were sung by the choir. The congregation was a large one.

The foregoing report of the placing of the well deserved tribute of love and respect for their pastor who had served them so faithfully twenty years, is taken from the Daily Advocate of the City of Stamford, Conn. of February 23, 1915; a church which was organized about 270 years ago and is a very flourishing organization.

A copy of the paper was lately received by W. J. McCaw who kindly furnishes it for publication as of interest to many readers of the Norwich Sun.

Mr. Scoville went to that church from "First Congregational Church of Norwich, N. Y.," in October, 1879. He had been pastor of the latter church 18 years. He remained pastor of the former church 20 years and was loved in that church the same as he was in this and the above tribute came as a token that the love for him has not waned during the passing of fifteen years.

He found the Norwich church rent asunder. He believed that the Lord had sent him to heal the wound. In about two years he had layed the mantle of Christian love over the whole body and the wound was healed.

That love was irresistable. All dross of bitterness was burned away and disappeared. It has been said many times that he was "the best loved man ever living in Norwich." His great heart took in the whole population and the whole population returned in kind the love he gave, and it was real love on both sides. His handshake was a benediction and his look "did one good like a medicine." This with his unbounded energy wrought miracles—brought things to pass which were called impossible. We cannot name them here, but "they are known and read of all men."

When he died in Philadelphia the body was taken to Plymouth church Brooklyn, of which he had been assistant pastor for about a year and a funeral service was held, in charge of Dr. Hillis. The body went to Stamford next day; was taken into the church and an elaborate funeral service was held. An immense crowd filled the large auditorium. Dr. Ryder, mentioned above, who was a very warm friend of Mr. Scoville, and who had long been pastor (I think) of the large Presbyterian church, was the principal speaker.

The body was then taken to West Cornwall, Conn., Mr. Scoville's birthplace, and in which is now the family home, where a final elaborate service was held in the Congregational church and burial made in the family plot in the village cemetery.

I hope this touching tribute may be taken as a suggestion by some one, or all of those who knew and loved this great-hearted man who did so much for the betterment and Christian life of Norwich; and that a like tablet may be placed in the church in memory and honor of him who built the church and labored so faithfully, lovingly and effectively for them and for all the people of Norwich.

"Many will rise up and call him blessed."

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love; but the greatest of these is Love!"

C.R.J.

Bernhardt Able to Sit Up.

Bordeaux, March 9.—The bulletin issued by Dr. Denuce, who is attending Sarah Bernhardt at the hospital in Bordeaux, to which she is confined owing to the recent amputation of her leg, says: "Mme. Bernhardt is able to sit up today. Her condition is excellent."

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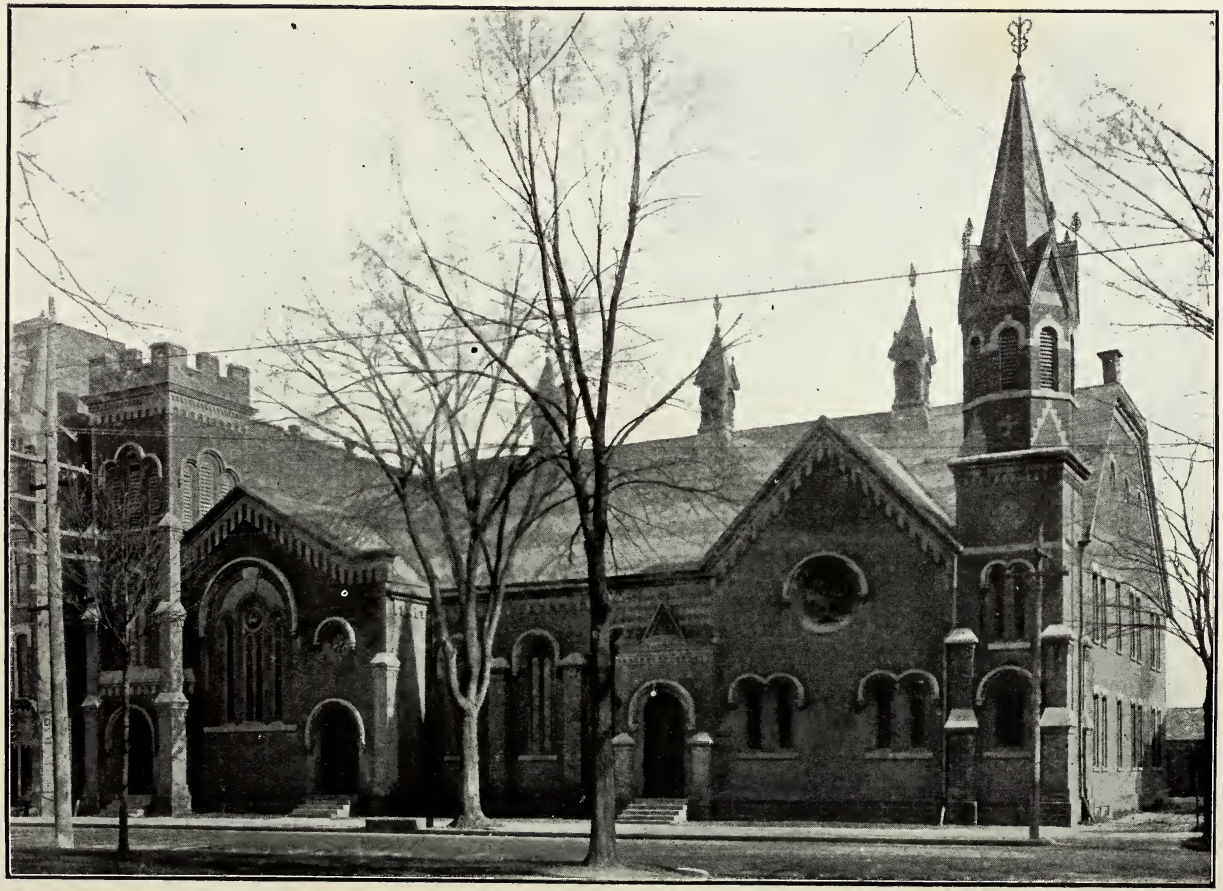

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORWICH, N. Y., 1914.

HISTORY

OF THE

First One Hundred Years

OF THE

First Congregational Church,

Norwich, New York

1814--1914

C. R. JOHNSON

Thirty Years Church Clerk

JUNE 19, 1914

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The
First Congregational Church

Norwich, New York

June 19, 1814

HONOR ROLL

Tracy Ensworth, Sr., and Polly, his wife
John Ambler, and Ruth, his wife
Joseph Kelso, and Esther, his wife
Levi Ray, Sr., and Tryphena, his wife
Elijah Chamberlain
Joseph S. Fenton, and Sarah T., his wife
Truman Enos, and Lenda T., his wife
Prudence, wife of Josiah Dickinson
Elizabeth, wife of Abraham Snow
Bridget, wife of Ephraim Welles
Hannah, wife of John Randall
Adocia, wife of Judge Elisha Smith
Phebe, wife of ——— Brewer
Betsey Miller
Polly Bisbee

The Twenty-one Constituent Members of First Congregational Church.

ERRATA

Page	Line	
4	9	For foundin read found in
6	4-5	Read line 3, then line 5, then line 4, then line 6
6	17	For doman read domain
32	17	For at read of
32	Picture	For July 16. 1816, read July 14, 1819
42		For June 14, 1816 read July 14, 1819
56	31	For Episocopalianism read Episcopalianism
57	31	For he read the
59	9	For someone read some one
62	25	For 1931 read 1831
62	33	For Phadsalia read Pharsalia
64	19	For w ith read with
71	23	For 1943 read 1843
74	Picture	For 1842-1843 read 1844-1845
76	15	For 1951 read 1851
77	13	For July read July 10
83	2	For unquestionable read unquestionably
84	35	For hi: read his
85	32	For p.obable read probably
87	10	Line upside down
98	30	For followed by Mr. Doane read followed Mr. D
99	16	Read Many say the most important event
102	30	Erase and read, hopeless task to the exclusion of all else, until he lost his
109	21	For Harriett read Harriet
111	6	" " "
111	15	For Hanah read Hannah
111	29	For he read her
112	2	For Harriett read Harriet
116	16	For not here read not there
119	37	For assistantsuper- read assistant super-
121	2	For hold read holding
121	3	For grasp read grasped
124	18	For a blur read a
128	35	For Chenago read Chenango
130	1	For rom read room
130	3	Erase and read he arose from his seat and standing there spoke not
133	8	For A. B. C. C. M. read A. B. C. F. M.
133	13	For brought read bought
133	14	For it may be read it might be
134	23	For "wife" read "wifie"; and for simple nd read simple and
134	27	For his home read this home
139	18	For Louise read Louisa

139	29	For went o read went to
140	1	For in the school read into the, etc
140	7	For atended read attended
140	16	For anl read and
143	21	For yovng read young
144	25	For eelcted read elected
145	9	For someone read some one
155	11	For possessions read possession
155	12	For I am to to read I am to
159	29	For new years read new year
161	28	For he hade read he had
162	13	For wesee read we see
166	27	For department July read department
170	20	For Brechlin read Rechlin
170	26	" "
172	38	For line left out read, for a series of meetings. He came Nov. 27. It
173	22	For a series of sermons in, read a series of Sunday evening
173	27	For Mr. Otis preached, etc., read of almost every sermon and his prayer meeting talks
174	18	For acres of laid read acres of land
175	4	For Whiby Island read Whidby Island
178	16	For ene evening on the 24th read On the evening
178	32	For followed by several men read followed by
179	22	For cause of the explosion read cause of the fire
179	32	For when he left read when he left the pastorate
181	25	For 1891-2 read 1881-2
201	13	For King's Dughters read King's Daughters
211	Diag	For Brick Church read Brick Church, 1875
218	31	For case of Flowers read vase of flowers
220	17	Erase (duplicated)
245	17	For his word read his work

PREFACE

Old Seneca, born B. C. 4, at one time said to his son: "My son, when you write a book read it over carefully and lay it aside for a year. Then read it over carefully again and cut it down one-half and lay it aside for another year. Then read it again carefully and —burn it."

The old philosopher's advice was sound; but I have not followed it; but I have tried to make this history unique in at least one particular, which may commend it to the reader for some better purpose than as kindling for a bonfire; and that is as a record of what might be called folk lore, which, with the help of "the art preservative," to put into permanent form the simple everyday life of the common people and to show that there is much material in even that class which will interest even their remote decendants.

Series I, does not take much account of individuals—men and women as such, except as parts of the history; but in writing Series II, more and more the idea was confirmed that the real history of the church must be the record of the lives of the men and women who had constituted the body of the church and carried on its activities; therefore, I have given a good deal of space to narrate the lives of some well known men and women who have given a large part of their time, strength and means to make this church a power for good in this community. Many more might have been mentioned who have been in a large degree influential in this church and have done a great deal toward making it what it is today; but it was manifestly impossible from lack of space; and, further, in the lack of records. One cannot write history that is of value without records. I could make a list of probably 50 names of men and women, who, in their day were as prominent in the church as any I have given space to at this time; but all that is left of them now is their names in the list of members of the church. Nearly all given at this time were personally known to me, so that I remember now what they said and did; and of those I knew I have not made that fact the only reason for giving them a place in the history; but have selected from the many those who were recognized in their day as leaders in the church, regretting that I was not able to do more. I might add that, of many of those prominent

in the church in the first 30 years of its existence, only the merest outline can now be obtained; for since 1861, the year in which Mr. Scoville came, every member of this church, born before 1830, has died; and but very few in the town are living; and very many whole families have been blotted out entirely and are now unknown to much over half of the residents of the Norwich of today.

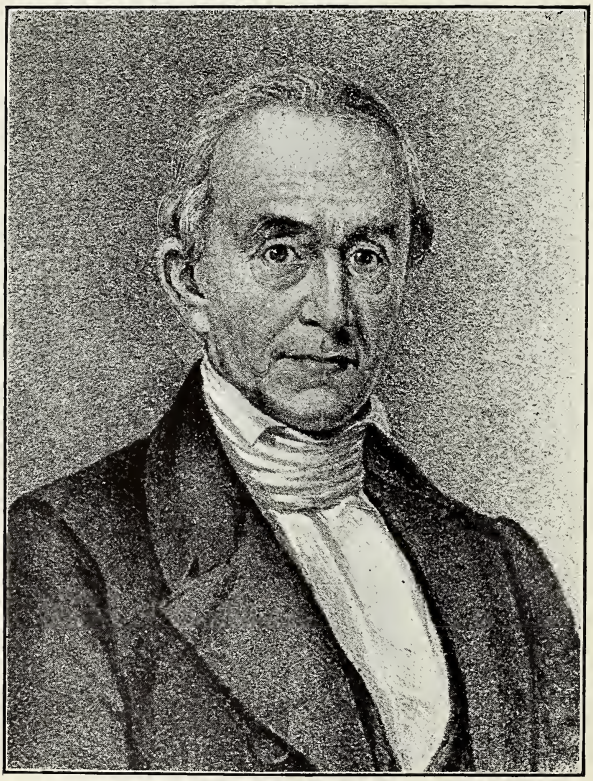
Since my election as church clerk I have been a crank as to the gathering of data relating to the history of this church. A very large part of it will be foundin the pages of this volume.

Of course, it has been impossible, from lack of time, space and ability to give in each sketch a lengthy estimate of the character and capabilities of each subject; but I think enough has been given to enable even a stranger to form an intelligent opinion of each individual. "They were all good men and true" anyhow.

It has been impossible to obtain pictures of all the ministers who have served the church. Several of them died before photographs or even deguerrotypes were discovered, and the only way likenesses could be made was by engraving, which was too expensive for the clergymen of those days. Those of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Truair were made in that way and the pictures of them in this book were photographed from them.

Neither will it be possible for me to name all who have been of help in furnishing information which has made this History possible; therefore I desire in this way to acknowledge with thankfulness all such assistance rendered on the part of all.

C. R. J.



REV. JOEL TYLER BENEDICT.
The Man who Organized the First Denominational Church in Norwich, The First Congregational, June 19, 1814.

HISTORY OF THE

First Congregational Church,

NORWICH, N. Y.

(SECOND SERIES)

"Chenango!" exclaimed the Iroquois Chief, as he halted in his across country march, on the thickly wooded and verdure clad bank of the river flowing smoothly and silently at his feet and the loveliness of the scene burst upon his sight. No one knows when this discovery was made, nor the name of the chief who made it; but that word, whose equivalent is our word "beautiful," became the Indian name of the river many years before the whites settled on its fertile braes; and, like many another Indian name, has been taken without change into the American language. It gradually came to be the name of the whole valley and a large part of the adjacent territory, when the white pioneers built their log houses and made their homes here early in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The Iroquois Confederacy was the first "Trust" in America. It was formed by the federation of five Indian nations, by Hiawatha, whom their tradition calls a "Heavenly visitor," as an ideal protection against their subtle Indian foes. This federation formed the famous "Five Nations" to which another was added a little later, forming the invincible "Six Nations," which dominated the vast territory now including the States of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and a large part of Eastern Canada; and a strip of territory from New York to and into Kentucky. Its people were the most

intelligent of all the Red Men and they had attained a marked degree of civilization when the whites began to settle in this section. It came very near of union and the form of government adopted by the to a democracy; and it is very significant that the plan United States of America in 1783-89, is almost an exact counterpart of that set up by these savage statesmen many years before the slogan of the Yankees which John Dickinson of Maryland had given them in "The Liberty Bell" in 1768, was used:—

> "Then join in hand brave Americans all;
> By uniting we stand; by dividing we fall."

and this was the very reason for the Iroquois Confederation.

It is also very significant that this great Confederacy, to whom all this vast doman was, of course, very familiar, and in which are many beautiful sites, with larger streams and grander mountains, should have selected this locality—almost the very spot in which is the village in which are our homes today, as the ideal one in which to establish its headquarters, build its Council House and "Castle." There must have been some quality inherent in this river and valley which made a lasting impression upon the untutored, yet impressionable minds of these noble warriors. It could have been none other than its quiet beauty, expressed in their euphonious word "Chenango." There may have been other localities used for the same purpose, but no records have been found, nor any traditions become known.

Hon. Samuel S. Randall, born in Norwich in 1809 and living to manhood in the village; in many of his writings praises the beauty of river and valley. He relates this incident:—"The venerable President Dwight of Yale had occasion to journey from Utica down the Chenango valley to what is now Binghamton, near the close of the eighteenth century. He enthusi-

astically compares it with the celebrated "Vale of Cashmere," which lays between Thibet and India, and and is spoken of by all who have seen it as "the beauty-spot of the world." It is described by Tom Moore in the exquisite oriental poem Lalla Rookh.

Oh that some "Tom Moore," or some "Bobbie Burns," with transcendent genius might have followed the sturdy pioneers into this region, to have seen and sung the beauties of our own Chenango; they would then have been as widely known and as fully appreciated as "Flow gently Sweet Afton" and "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon." Sweet Chenango would have been just as famous and sung by king and peasant in as many lands, as those jems of Scottish verse; and I am sure that our beautiful river is as worthy of fame as those small streams in faraway Scotland. I venture to say that this river, whose total length does not much exceed fifty-five miles, forty of which are in the county named from it, is not surpassd in natural beauty by any of the smaller streams of this state.

The Indians evidently thought it unique, for they knew them all; yet to this alone they gave the name "Chenango," and on its banks they established their Council Chamber and "Castle."

Chenango River does not figure much in literature. It was distant from the regular lines of early travel and very few persons besides pioneers, farmers and, later, tradesmen ever visited the small villages on its banks. The only poem in eulogy of its beauty that I have ever seen was by a young lady, a native and a resident of Norwich. It was written when she was about 20 years old and a student in Norwich Academy. It was published in 1855, in "The Literary Independent," a small sheet printed and issued by E. Porter Pellett, Jr., George H. and James E. Spry, for a few months only. It is certainly worthy of restoration at this time. It might well be taught to the children in the Norwich

schools as a means of teaching them to appreciate the beauties of their home town.

"THE CHENANGO RIVER."

By Nobody.

Pride of the valley! Beautiful stream!
  Bright in the sunbeams thy blue waters gleam;
Softly and lovingly breathing a song
  A lullaby humming the lilies among.

Whence do thy waters come, where do they flow?
  How dance thy silver waves crested with snow?
When do thy water sprites come from their caves?
  Lighted by rainbows bright, roofed by the waves.

Gaily the violets jem thy green banks;
  Softly the wavelets murmur their thanks;
And gracefully dipping their low drooping boughs
  The silvered leafed willows then whisper their vows.

Oft, oft by thy waters in days that are gone,
  When life was all rosehued, I've wandered with one
Whom God and the angels loved better than I
  And they wove her a crown beyond the blue sky.
    (Her mother.)

Changes may creep o'er thee many and stern;
  Jehovah in anger the world may o'er turn;
Yet far in the spirit land God's shelt'ring arm,
  Twined round his loved ones shields from all harm.

The young lady was Miss Harriet Mitchell Wait, a daughter of John Wait, Esqr., a very well known lawyer of Norwich, whose one story brick office was

torn down in 1873, by Judge Follett, to make room for the two story office for his own use. It is now owned by Judge Ray.

Miss Wait was a member of this church. Later, she married Rev. N. Reed Evarts, a Baptist clergyman. She died in Little Falls, N. Y., August 15, 1872, aged 34.

The Indians not only thought the river as simply a watercourse was beautiful, but one section of its shores especially appealed to them; that was the section upon which Norwich now stands. The hills east and west do not crowd the valley and the floor of the valley is nearer level than at any other point, making it an ideal site for a small city—such as Norwich is. The Chenango River on one side and the Canasawacta Creek on the other, afforded an abundance of good water, with plenty of fish and the woods with other game for food.

The two streams had very much more water then than now. Then the forest, the product of unnumbered years of rain, sunshine, snow and wind, was everywhere and water was abundant; but the body of water has steadily grown less in proportion to the denuding of the forest, and thus the improvident people are paying the penalty by a shortage of water every summer in the streams.

The Indians cleared about ten acres around the confluence of the Canasawacta and setout many apple trees, which were still bearing fruit when the settlers came. Many were in bearing fifty years ago; and it is possible that some may yet be living. The larger part of this cleared space was called "The Castle," although as far as I can find, there was no building on it. There was a Council House near the Homer Johnson place, however, in which the leading men of the Confederacy or tribe held discussions when important matters needed careful handling. Weddings and funerals were held here; also all sorts of celebrations, dances and reunions; at which times very many of the tribes people

came in canoes from up and down the river. The people set up their tepees around this centre, even as far south as Oxford and as far north as Galena. Oxford had a fort and a burial ground. There were two burial grounds at Norwich; one at the corner of Birdsall and Front Streets; and the other at Birdsall and York.

The Indians assembled at "The Castle" a few times after the Whites began to come in. At one time the Whites were much startled when many canoes filled with Indians suddenly and noiselessly appeared in the river; but they made no attempt to land until they reached "The Castle." There was no disturbance of any kind. They remained a few days and held a council of some sort. When it was over they departed as silently as they came. This was the last assemblage at "The Castle."

There was one sin which the early settlers in Chenango County were not guilty of. They did not attempt to steal the land from the Indians, nor to treat them unkindly. As a consequence both were good friends and no fights nor massacres had to be recorded. One white man tried to make a snug profit from the settlers by buying up quite a tract of land from the State; but the settlers boycotted him and he was glad to sell to them at one dollar an acre profit, which made the price $2.50. They decided to take the whole section; so he took his money and the deal was made without any wrangling; and the people were very soon as busy as beavers building log houses, clearing the land and preparing for future crops.

It is very evident that the beauty of the situation was a very important influence in the selection of this site for the new village by these hardy pioneers who were so eager to build their homes and get to doing something worth while. This valley still retains its beauty, but not in so large a degree as in those early days when nature was the gardener and forest

and wild verdure were in luxurious abundance

A town organization was formed January 19, 1793. The name was suggested by James Glover, who was a native of Norwich, Conn. He settled in Preston, near the eastern town line, in 1887. Preston was then a part of Norwich. Mr. Glover was a relative of the Glovers who settled in Oxford, but not a near relative.

Even before the Whites came the name of the river had become the name of the whole valley, from North Norwich, south, to Binghamton—then known as " Chenango Pint," and the name " Shenang Country," was a name well known and much regarded by the sturdy citizens of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, many of whom were, later, destined to make it their home. By 1800 a large number of them had emigrated to Norwich on foot, by ox teams, or horses, or whatever mode of conveyance they could get.

The first to own land here was Avery Power. In 1798 he procured a title from the Indians at three shillings an acre, for most of the land known as "The Castle." He secured the money to pay for his purchase by boarding the State Surveyors who laid out the tract the next year. After this no more rendezvous were held there, and the only Indians seen were a few who came singly. These became very friendly with the Whites, who treated them kindly, fed them and gave them lodging when they desired it. Mr. Power sold his land in 1800 to John Randall for $4,100.00. Hezekiah Pellett came in 1793, on foot, with all his wardrobe in a bundle strung over a stick on his shoulder. His son, John (" Uncle John Pellet," as everybody called him, later) came with him—a boy of five years. Mr. Pellet took up a large tract of land on the east bank of the river, now known as the Matthew Ransford farm, and extending to and including the Peleg Pendleton farm, north of Rexford Street bridge.

" The former treaties I made " (1879) relates the

beginning and growth of religion in the village; of the "Great revival" of 1799 and of the formation of several religious societies growing out from it. These were all undemoninational—there were not enough persons of any one sect to warrant the formation of a separate organization. As time went on the influence of the revival waned. Although several had been church members in the east, most of them soon drifted with the tide and forgot their vows; and yet there was a remnant in the little village "who had not bowed the knee to Baal." Ever since civilization developed in mankind, whatever the vicissitudes of life may be, there have always been a few faithful souls who have clung to the faith of the fathers and have kept alive the altar fires. Such a remnant remained in Norwich at the closing of the old century and the opening of the new—the nineteenth, the century which was to develop more wonderful things than all the eighteen which preceeded it. A notable one of these faithful souls was Mrs. Elizabeth (Hale) Snow, widow of Abraham Snow. She was the mother of Henry Snow, Capt. William Snow and Hannah Snow, who became the wife of Col. John Randall, all well known residents for many years, in Norwich. Mrs. Snow's name and good works will appear often in this history of the next twenty years. She died in Norwich, September 8, 1822, aged 57.

TRUMAN ENOS.

Ever since the publication of the First Series of the History of The First Congregational Church of Norwich, N. Y., I have been studying this man. The more I study him the larger he looms. His life and the life of this church were so closely interwoven that it is impossible to separate them; therefore this chapter will be given to a personal sketch of him.

He was a remarkable man, but those nearest to him, who associated with him daily and recognized his lead-

A LETTER FROM HOME

DEAR CHENANGOITES—

Recently, in looking over the record book of the clerk of the board of trustees of the First Congregational Church of Norwich for the year 1874, I ran across this item.

"Much complaint having been made that the Sabbath evening meetings were disturbed by boys standing around the doors and on the sidewalks at close of service, a committee was appointed to act for the trustees in connection with the trustees of the other churches in putting a stop to it if possible."

So this habit of the boys waiting outside the church and lining up on the curb as the people came out at close of service to take their girls home prevailed up here in Central New York, too. It prevailed down in Connecticut in my day. I can see the bunch lined up there now, watching the exit, as the evening congregation came out of church. The girls came out very innocently, arm clasped in mother's arm, or father's, just as though they didn't know there was a boy friend in the neighborhood. Then the curb line thinned until finally only one or two boys remained. There had been a misunderstanding somewhere and their particular girls had gone to some other church, or hadn't gone to church at all, or possibly they had deliberately avoided the meeting.

I observed this over a period of several years while I was still too young to be interested in seeing a girl home. I never heard that there was any concerted effort on the part of the churches to put a stop to the practice, but about the time I began to be interested the mothers took a hand to solve the problem. They laid down a law to the effect that no boy could walk home with their daughters unless he had been in church himself during the entire service.

How that did swell the evening congregations, especially of one particular church where it happened that a large number of the popular girls attended. Some of the boys went "whole hog" in the matter and went to church with the girls, sitting with her parents in the family pew. The others grouped together in the back seats and waited at the foot of the aisle or in the vestibule for the approach of the girl friend.

There isn't any report in the records which I read to denote the result of the effort made here in Norwich, but there are some indication that the Norwich mothers adopted the method of the Connecticut mothers. I found the evidence of this on the fly leaves of an old hymnal which was discovered covered with dust in one of the dark corners when the church was under repair recently.

Here was evidence that some of the boys went to church Sunday evenings and further evidence that they avoided disturbing the service with whispering, and carried on their conversation with messages written on the fly leaves of the hymnals. Here is one such written conversation:

First boy—"I am going home with Emma R."

Second boy—"Where is this girl that you call Emma R; there is Emma B over there. You'd better go for her."

And here is a one-sided message on the same page:

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Terry Pin's Tips on

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By

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

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FOOTBALL

By

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

Women dislike more foods than men but women are familiar with more foods than men, according to studies.

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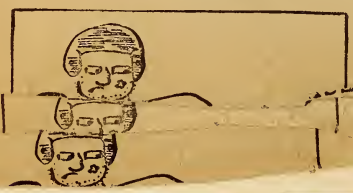

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ership and his force of character, did not appreciate him Not that he was very learned, for he was not. Not that he was a great leader—a masterful man. He was this only in a limited sense. Not that he was always right and made no mistakes—he made many mistakes; and we cannot say that he "fulfilled the law of Christ;" but he had many virtues—which "covered a multitude of sins."

He did not know much about " book larnin "—it is on record that he spelled his wife's name in three different ways at least—but he had a lot of common-sense—horse-sense, if you will; with energy unlimited and a bulldog pertinacity which never let go. Whatever he set out to do, went somehow. He was as devoid of fear as Martin Luther; his " courage rose with danger and he strength with strength opposed." Yet he was not conceited or overbearing; and his name was not first in the list of constituent members of the new church, albeit he had done more than any other to bring it about: but this church was the first regularly organized church in this village. I do not know that the prospective organization of the First Baptist Church (which was accomplished by Rev. Jedediah Randall, August 18, 1814,) had any influence on Mr. Enos to get this church instituted first. I have found not the slightest suggestion in any record; but if he knew that that project was underway, I have no doubt that he took pains to accomplish his desire. Indeed, there are some reasons one can see in the way the matters of this church were seemingly hurried, which might be construed to favor that idea—reminding of David Harum's "golden rule ";—" Do unto the other fellow what he is going to do unto you and—do it first" —for while Mr. Enos was always very friendly with the persons who would constitute the Baptist Church, he would be very sure to see to it that the Congregational Church was first. He was very anxious that the

church should be formed; and after it was brought into being it was very dear to him and he was willing to make any sacrifice that would help to build it up, as we shall see later on.

It is also very evident that this church would not have come into being, at least for some months, and probably for some years later than it did, had it not had the help of his energy and personality.

He was born October 24, 1779, in Windsor, Hartford Co., Conn. His parents were Abijah and Hannah Enos. His father was born in 1748 and his mother in 1751, probably in the same town. They were married about 1776-7, and lived in Windsor until 1782, when they moved to Kingsboro, Fulton Co., New York, near Johnstown, where Truman grew to young manhood; but what employment he had I do not know. At the age of 23, July 1, 1802, he married Lenda Thrall, daughter of Isaac and Rhoda Thrall, in Johnstown, and the ceremony was performed by Stephen Gillet, Esqr. (I am confident that the name should be Gillette, but the entry is taken from the family Bible, made in Mr. Enos' own hand. We have abundant evidence that he spelled phonetically, so we know what he meant.) His wife he calls Lenda. I am very sure that this is a nickname, and that her real name was Philinda, the name given to their only daughter.

He had evidently heard much about "The Shenang Country;" now he was determined to try his fortunes there, so in 1804 he and his wife moved to Oxford and set up a home; and there their daughter, Philinda, was born, October 28, 1804. After about a year they moved to Norwich and he engaged in the tanning business. He was 26 at this time and full of the vigor of young manhood. He was large of frame and tall, with square, firm shoulders, strong, rugged, energetic and straight as an Indian. He was of the stuff of which pioneers are made. Had the circumstances

and environment been suitable he would have become as famous as Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. At this time he was very far removed from a Christian in practice or disposition, except in the homely virtue of honesty, at least in business; but he soon made a place for himself in the little community and became well established in his business. His tannery was located partly on and partly to the north of the site of the present Stone Mill on Canasawacta Street and the Creek, and he lived in the house across that street on the east, now the corner of West Main Street. (The same house stands there now, and after a century of use it is rarely empty. It is now owned by Clarence Peters.)

Charles Randall soon became a partner in the business; but after about a year the outbreak of the War of 1812, fired the patriotic soul of Mr. Randall and he sold his interest to Joseph S. Fenton and enlisted for the war, in the Regiment of Col. Thompson Mead, as Lieutenant. Mr. Fenton and his family had taken up a residence in Norwich about a year before.

In 1811, on a Sunday, on the West Hill, while finishing up an unsuccessful deer hunt, Mr Enos "came out into a clearing facing the west and the setting sun." There came into my mind the Bible lessons taught me by my mother"—back in Connecticut; and he seemed to himself "the wickedest man on earth." He hurried home under deep conviction. (See p. 12, Ser. 1.) After several days of unsuccessful efforts to smother his feelings, he called on Mrs. Elizabeth Snow, the only Christian he knew of in the town. She was one of God's servants who had kept her faith. We can easily imagine her surprise and joy at Mr. Enos' story and his evident "distress of mind;" and she was ready and very willing to tell him "what he must do to be saved." They had a season of prayer and he went home, read the Bible and prayed himself and soon found peace. After a few days, when he needed coun-

sel, he rode down the valley two miles to see the only man professor he knew of. Him he found living without prayer; unhappy himself and unable to direct another. Mr. Enos was much disappointed, but not discouraged. He had set out to find Christ and, as in other things, he was bound to win. It was not long before he was rejoicing in the new found faith. In those days "experiencing religion" was a very painful process. People thought they were not soundly converted unless they had passed through a season of excruciating mental agony. We have found the better way.

At that time Sunday was the regular day for hunting, fishing, going to mill, visiting or doing odd jobs around the house. Profanity, (which is today so prevalent a practice,) was almost universal. Mr. Enos now realized the situation and began a powerful crusade against the open sins of the people which was very successful. The next winter he brought Mr. Fenton, his partner, to an acceptance of Christianity; and together, with the assistance of several Christian people who had become residents of the village, they made a very decided moral and social improvement in the community, so that a church organization was felt to be a necessity.

Since his conversion Mr. Enos had been very prominent in every movement to foster religion in the village and was a trustee in nearly all the religious organizations which had been formed.

Many years ago I heard an incident related which well illustrates Mr. Enos' character. Whether fact or fiction does not matter now. A backwoodsman who had always lived in the forests of early Eastern New York, away from the haunts of men, seldom seeing any one besides his wife and children, was out at one time on one of his long hunting tramps. He had no thought of getting lost, for he knew the trackless woods from

long experience; but when he assayed to return to his home, the fact that he was lost dawned upon him, and he wandered about, trying to find some of the signs of woodscraft which would show him the way. The longer he wandered the more confused he became, until he bethought himself to pray; a thing he had never done and he didn't know how. After a while, in utter desperation he went down on his knees and with eyes closed and face turned up toward the sky, he said aloud, in the only language he knew, "Oh God! you know I'm lost. Show me the way home to Betsey and the babies damn quick!" With the satisfaction that he had done the right thing, he arose from his knees, opened his eyes and saw right before him the signs he had been looking for, which had been there all the while, but he could not see them. With eager steps and a thankful heart he went on his glad way home. We call it profanity, but he surely spoke the most earnest desire of his troubled mind and heart and in the only language he knew. Good Elder Swan (and others like him) who was the means of the sound conversion of hundreds of people in this county, used the common language which men understood We now think that it bordered on the profane, but God heard his prayers and abundantly blessed the message. Mr. Enos was of that type. They are all gone now. I do not say he was profane, but he and Elder Swan believed very earnestly in hell and damnation and they spoke in the language fitted to impress the truth on the minds of men of their time.

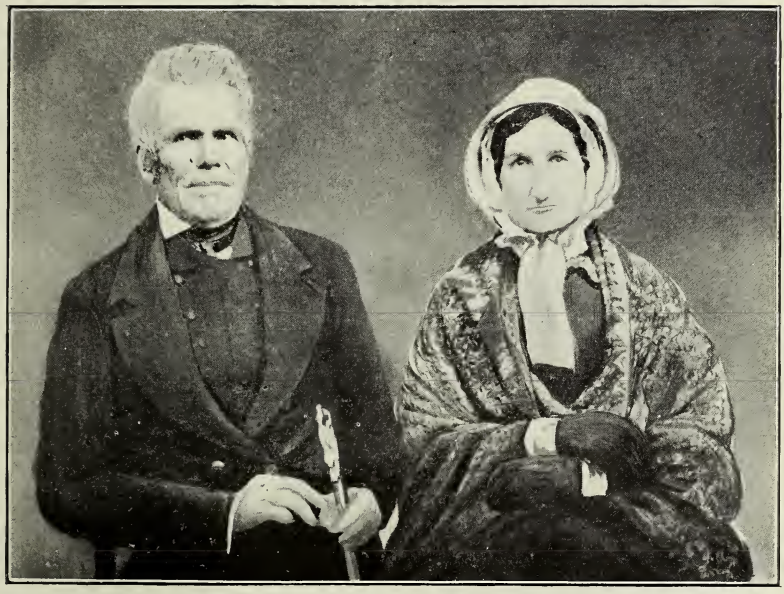
Mr. Enos always spoke in very terse sentences, which to our sensitive ears would be startling. It was the only language he knew. To illustrate:—He often came into my father's tinshop. He and Mr. William Eaton, the foreman, were very fast friends, and both had been strong Republicans since the party was launched in 1854. It was near the time for some election. Mr. Eaton, thinking he would joke Mr. Enos, said

playfully, "Well, I suppose you will vote the Democratic ticket?" Mr. Enos smiled, showing that he appreciated the pleasantry, but shot out with his usual vehemence: "No Sir! I had as lief be called the Divil as a Dimecrat and I hope I may never merit either name," and roared out a strenuous "Ha! Ha! Ha!" He was always a joker, but in a very dignified way. The following he related in the same place to the same listeners: He had a long trellis of grapes across the back side of his garden. In the fall the grapes were very abundant and fine; but the hoodlums annoyed him nights by stealing the grapes from the back side. He told about the thefts and berated the boys vehemently. He then said in his peculiar way—"I hid in the vines and when the little scallawags come, I took a board and I—split—it—from—eend— to— eend— across— their bodies; and how they did run! Ha! Ha- Ha!"

Hon. Samuel S. Randall, writing of Mr. Enos in the later years of his life, calls him "the venerable pillar of the Congregational Church;" and the "Chenango Union," at the time of his death, sums up in a few words the life, character and salient qualities of Mr. Enos: "He was an active business man and has done much toward building up the village. A man of rare physical development, he retained in a remarkable degree his vigor even in advanced years. With the exception of partial bindness he enjoyed excellent health until ten days of his death. An upright, courteous, Christian gentleman of the old school, his memory will be ever green in the hearts of those who knew and loved him."

He can be compared to Elijah, with the odds in favor of Father Enos, at least in two points—Elijah got badly scared and discouraged; Father Enos never had either malady. Neither Ahab nor Jezebel ever brought any palor to his cheek.

Mr. Enos had three wives. The first was Lenda



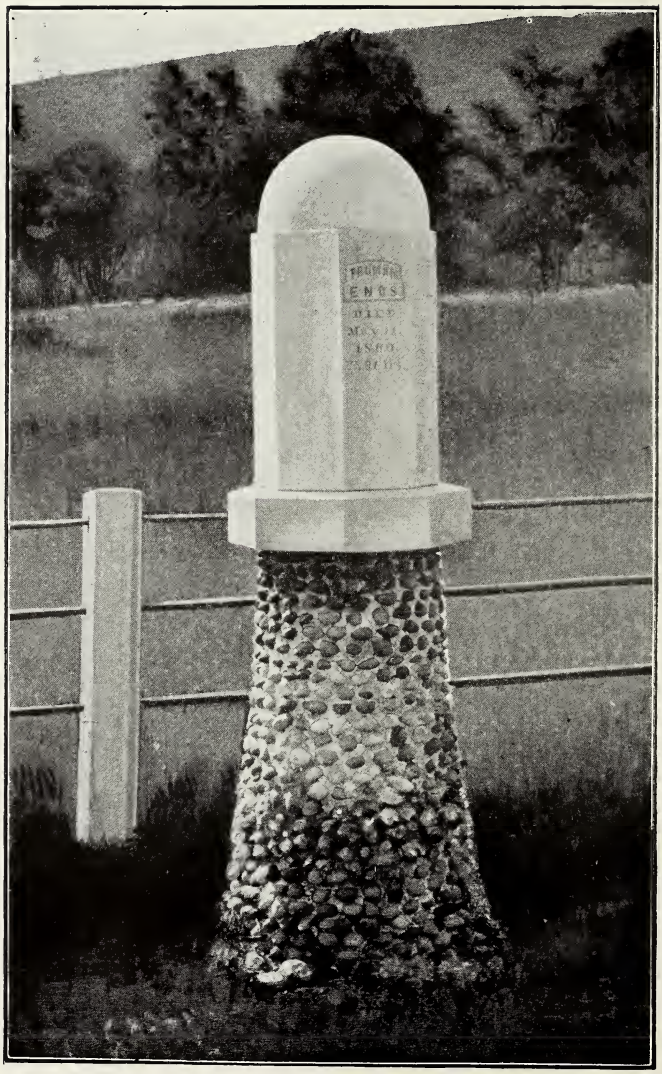
TRUMAN ENOS AND 3d WIFE MRS. ABIGAIL (PARMELEE) ENOS.

Thrall, daughter of Isaac and Rhoda Thrall, as previously related. October 20, 1822, their daughter became the wife of Dr. Harvey Harris, who became a noted physician in Norwich, where he was born August 3, 1795, being the fourth child born in the village. Three other children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Enos —a daughter, January 18, 1808; a son, October 21, 1810; a son, July 12, 1812. The last was drowned in Canasawacta Creek, just back of the tannery, June 12, 1815. Mrs. Lenda Enos died April 29, 1815, of fever. She was sick seventeen days. (Record by Mr. Enos.) In October, Mr. Enos married Betsey Campbell. She died July 2, 1817, of consumption. October 24, 1817, he married in Durham, Conn., Abby (Abigail) Parmlee and brought her to Norwich. She died January 14, 1862, of pneumonia, aged 69. She had no children.

A reasonable time after her death, it became very evident that Mr. Enos intended to take unto himself a fourth companion; reminding one of the aged farmer, who being called upon by the census taker, was asked, "What is your age?" "Ninety." "Married?" "Yes." "More than once?" "Yes; had three wives and guess it will take about one more to stand me through." Mr. Enos' choice fell upon Clarissa Marsh, a maiden of 61; a resident of Norwich for many years and a member of this church since 1835. She was not averse to the union. Mr. Enos was then 83, in good health and vigor; but had become nearly blind. He could go about the streets, but was not able to do anything in the way of work; nor to recognize his intimate friends until they spoke to him. His daughter and her family set about to dissaude him, which they succeeded in doing after much very strenuous urging and many arguments. He was then living in the family of Dr. Harris, on North Broad Street, where he was very faithfully cared for until he died May 11, 1869, at the age of 91 years.

Mr. Enos' estimation and valuation of his three wives was certainly unique and characteristic; and stated in his impulsive manner of talking, it would have puzzled one to guess which he really prized most. It was: "My first wife was fine; the second was superfine; the third was extra superfine." What transcendant superlative he would have applied to the fourth, had he got her, is beyond my thought.

During the Civil War he was intensely loyal to the Union. When Lincoln's first draft was made in 1863, Mr. Enos was selected to draw the ballots from the wheel. As before related, he was nearly blind; yet his known sterling honesty and his strength of character were so well known that the choice met with universal approval. The drawing was made August 24, 1863, in the Court House, which was packed to more than capacity. When the hour came, Mr. Enos, guided by an officer, took his stand near the wheel, which stood just in front of the witness stand, and was raised high so that the inside of the drum could not be seen. He turned his face toward the audience. It was evident that he appreciated the solemnity of the act he was about to perform. He stood straight, in quiet dignity; every inch a man and a son and citizen of the best country in the round world, to which he had always been loyal. He knew that every little roll that he drew from the wheel might mean wounds and death to the man who answered to the name written thereon; but it was as patriotic a duty as carrying a musket on the battlefield, and he did it to the best of his ability. At the signal the clerk turned the wheel around two or three times, unfastened the cover and turned it back. The old man put forth his hand, and with trembling fingers found the opening and drew out a small roll of white paper about the size of a lead pencil, and about one and one-half inches long, firmly sealed. He handed it to the clerk, who broke the seal and in a clear



TRUMAN ENOS' MONUMENT.
In Mt. Hope Cemetery.

voice read the name of the drafted one. Two or three names were read and received in silence, and the expectancy was almost painful. After that the crowd grew cheerful, and whenever the name of some man well known in the town was read, there was great applause by hand-clapping and laughter. The old man quietly stood there and pulled out the ballots for perhaps an hour of more, until the quota was full, when he quietly withdrew, with the aid of the officer.

After his sight and hearing became deficient, at Mr. Scoville's suggestion, Mr. Enos used to sit in one of the armed chairs just under the front of the pulpit, at the Sunday morning services; and so he had the great satisfaction of hearing the reading and the sermon, and it was an object lesson to the congregation as well. It was pathetic to see him there.

He showed his personality in the monument which he erected in his lot in the cemetery. It is unique to say the least. I can safely say that there is not another like it in all America. Philander B. Prindle, when urged very strongly by Mr. Enos for his opinion of it, said:—" It looks like a great spider sitting up on its haunches;" but this did not daunt Mr. Enos at all. He still thought it the finest in the Norwich cemetery.

This is now just as he had it set up, with the exception of four iron rods about one inch in diameter, which were joined to the underside of the marble base on four sides, above the cobblestone column; the lower ends being sunk in the ground at a spread of about three feet, to serve as braces to keep the monument from toppling over. The rods have been removed as unnecessary.

In the fall of 1812, Rev. Jonathan Haskell, a Baptist from Oneida Co., came to Norwich and stopped with Mr. Enos, who himself hired the ballroom in the " Old Yellow House " (now the residence of H. O. Hale) and Mr. Haskell held service there the next Sun-

day. After the service a consultation was held and Mr. Haskell was hired as a sort of general pastor, for one year on a salary of $300.00, to be paid in money and produce." He was not hired as a Baptist, nor any other sect—just a pastor for everybody. Mr. Enos assumed the responsibility of raising the money. Of course he succeeded. He "tackled" everybody—Christian and infidel alike. As he said, "even those not Christian contributing." "Myself, Joseph Slater and Job Stafford drove our own teams to Oneida Co. and moved him down." Mr. Haskell lived in the first house north of the Creek bridge, on the Plymouth road. Later this was the home for many years of Deacon Buttolph, and where he died.

Soon missionaries from the Missionary Society of Connecticut, began to visit the village. One of these, Rev. David Harrower, reports to the Society, November 2, 1812, "in Norwich—by information, religion is in a very low state here." The next year he again came to Norwich and found a great improvement. The next year, April 6, 1814, he came again; this time in company with Rev. Joel T. Benedict, and they stayed a few days preaching and talking with the people. Quite a number of Christians had moved into the village and they were anxious that a church should be formed. About the first of June a letter was sent to Mr. Benedict requesting him to come and assist in the organization of a church. He came Tuesday, June 14. Rev. George Colton, another missionary employed by the Missionary Society of Connecticut, was in town and preached in the afternoon. The next day, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Colton talked with the people as to the advisability of the proposed church. Mr. Benedict preached in the afternoon; and the next day, Thursday, June 16, the examination of candidates was begun, conducted by Elder Elisha Ransom, pastor of the Baptist Church in Plymouth. He was a very Godly man and

he made the examination a very thorough one. Twenty-two candidates came forward—seven males and fifteen females. Twenty-one were approved—seven males and fourteen females; and that proportion has been maintained for most of the time until now.

On the Sunday following, June 19, 1814, the twenty-one were organized as "The First Congregational Church of Norwich, N. Y.," by Rev. Joel Tyler Benedict. Articles of faith and covenant were adopted. (See Series 1, pp. 16 and 17.) Elijah Chamberlain and Tracy Ensworth were chosen the first deacons, "for life or good behavior," as the custom was then. (For names of the twenty-one see "Honor Roll," pp.)

These services were held in the Court House—the first building which was of wood, built in 1809. Mr. Benedict writes: "The audience was large; nearly 400 persons attended." (The text of this description is made up largely from Ser. 1, so that a more intelligible and connected story might be given. (Ser. 1 pp. 14-17.)

Rev. Jonathan Haskell was living in the village at this time and was very much opposed to the formation of this church. What his reasons were I do not know; on the surface it looks as though it was because it was not organized as a Baptist Church. He had been living in the village for a year as a sort of pastor of all the people, without regard to sect. He knew that he could not be pastor of a Congregational Church, of course. There is no record that he was even consulted regarding it. If this supposition is the right one he would encounter the decided opposition of Mr. Enos at once; who was first, last and always a Congregationalist, and as such he would vehemently resent any attempt to insert any other forms into the church. He had come from Connecticut stock to whom not only the church but the civil government was Congregational; and yet Mr. Enos was the man who was the means of Mr. Haskell's being engaged to come to the village and

remain and labor for the year. This was not the only clash Mr. Enos had on the same vexed question, as will appear later in this history. It was not intollerence with him. It was simply a matter of conscience. He had no quarrel with Christians who did not believe as he did, but he could not outwardly profess to believe what he inwardly did not accept. Denominationalism ran very high in those days and for many years after; and creeds were accounted as next to Scripture in binding force on the consciouces of believers: so it is no wonder that clashes occurred as soon as church organizations were proposed and constituted.

About 1813 Rev. Jedediah Randall emigrated from Stonington, Conn. He was a brother of John Randall, who came in 1797, and an uncle of Deacon Charles Randall, who was deacon for 50 years in the First Baptist Church. Elder Randall, as he was always called, was not alone a preacher, but was a good farmer. He conducted his occupation on good business principles and so was a success. He bought about all the land on the southeast bounds of the village, from his residence at the present No. 66 South Broad Street, to the river and creek. The house had been built by Silas Cole and used as a residence and tavern by him for several years, he having been one of the very early settlers.

Elder Randall at once, with his wife, "Aunt Patty," took a very prominent part in the life of the community. Soon after he got well settled in his home he began to think what good he could do to his neighbors. There was a good sized ball-room in the house, therefore he let it be known that he would hold services in the ball-room on Sundays. Very many came, both of towns-people and farmers. Those who came with wagons he had the horses put in the barn and fed, and after service, fed the owners also. This was one of the times when "salvation was free," for Elder

Randall did not even "take up a collection." He emulated the example of Christ without the miracle.

August 13, 1814, a preliminary meeting was held in his house; and a subsequent meeting August 18, at which he instituted "The First Baptist Church of Norwich, N. Y.," with fifteen members. He was engaged as pastor. An audience room was ready for them in the form of Elder Randall's ball-room, and that was free also. Neither pastor nor church cost the infant organization anything. Elder Haskell was one of them, but he did not seem to take any prominent part in the preliminaries. He must have left the place soon after.

Elder Randall was a very forceful man, and it is undoubtedly owing to the impress of his character and leadership that that church so long held the leading place among the churches in the village. He was not much of a preacher, but as his character and reputation were entirely above reproach and his business ability was so evident, everybody believed in his integrity, and as time went on and he showed himself entirely capable in leadership and of sound judgment in business and affairs, without the stain of selfishness, his influence was predominant in the church and gave it a very strong foundation. His sermons would hardly satisfy Norwich congregations of this twentieth century. Dr. Rainsford once said that "a man who swears, swears because he can't think of anything else to say." Elder Randall did not use profanity, but when he was at a loss, when preaching, what to say next, he said:—"It appears evidently, from the principle to which we act upon, to wit: (as in at least one instance) John on the Isle of Pattimouse." My father was a boy then and used to sit in the gallery of the old Baptist Church, and with pencil in hand, would make a mark on the unpainted wood of the gallery balustrade, whenever the good elder used the expression. However, what Elder

Randall lacked in the quality of his sermons he made up in leadership and as a pastor, which made the church very strong. It was just these qualities which the Congregational Church lacked during the first years of its existence. It had just as many Godly men and women as the other, but it had no settled pastor and no preaching except an occasional missionary who came along; or the pastor of some church in an adjoining town, who came by invitation and held services for a day. At ordinary times Mr. Buttolph or Mr. Fenton read a sermon. The members were faithful to their trust, however, and so the church grew in spite of the lack of pastoral oversight and spiritual guidance.

Probably the man who came most often and conducted services was Rev. John Truair, pastor of the Congregational Church at Sherburne. He was the father of Prof. John G. K. Truair, second principal of Norwich Academy. The most of the services of the church were held in the large kitchens of Mr. Enos or of Mr. Fenton; or in the First Academy, which stood where now the roadway of Mitchell Street comes out into North Broad Street. When some clergyman was to preach, the service was held in the Court House. The Baptist Church also used the Court House often for the same purpose.

The prayers and untiring zeal of the small band soon began to have a strong influence in the community and the membership began to increase. Then a strong desire was felt for a "meeting house." A meeting was held in the Court House on July 15, 1816, at which "The First Congregational Society of Norwich, N. Y." was incorporated. Truman Enos and Joseph Kelso were elected presiding officers and Loring Fenton and David Buttolph, witnesses. On July 22, Mr. Fenton and Mr. Buttolph delivered the records of the meeting to Judge Casper M.Rouse, who allowed them and ordered them recorded. July 24 they were endorsed as recorded, by Smith M. Purdy, Deputy Clerk.

The practice, then almost universal, was to form two organizations—the church the spiritual body, not incorporated; and the Society, incorporated, which was understood to be the responsible body and the custodian of all the property the organization possessed and to attend to all the financial matters—collect the money, pay the bills and hire the minister, all of which was managed by a board of six Trustees, two elected annually by the Society, which was composed of all persons, whether members of the church or not, who attended the church services for one year and had contributed to its support. This was a very cumbersome combination, which left the church, which was really the most important part of the duality, with no legal standing whatver. One of the reasons for this anomally, and probably the only one of any importance, was that it enabled the unconverted husbands of women who were members to be members of the Society and have a vote in the management of the church; and therefore more likely to contribute liberally to its support. At any rate the plan was effective then and has been continued until now in the older churches, although many of them have done away with the Society and incorporated the church; and churches organized late years have given the church its rightful place.

Ephriam Wells and James Birdsall were elected trustees for three years; Truman Enos and Joseph S. Fenton, for two years, and Elijah Chamberlain and Joseph Kelso for one year. David Buttolph was elected clerk of the Society. He held the office until 1845-6. Mr. Wells and Mr. Birdsall were not members of the church but their wives were. Mr. Buttolph was not a member of the church, but became one the next January.

The Baptist Church and Society of Norwich, was incorporated August 12, 1816. It will be noticed that in this case the Church and Society were both incor-

porated, so that each had the same legal standing, but the society was a useless appendage, except for the reason given above.

Soon after the Congregational Church was incorporated, the desire for a "meeting house" became insistent; and as Mr. Enos said: "Mr. Fenton and I were appointed a building committee to raise the funds. We scoured the whole township, taking money or produce of any kind—anything that a man could give—and soon set the carpenters at work. This was in the fall of 1816. (See Ser. 1, pp. 19 and 20.)

About the middle of December, 1816, signs of a revival began to appear. The church very quickly discerned the indications and engaged Mr. Truair to come down and take charge of the work. He came. The results will be given in the words of one who was living in this village at the time and was converted in the revival and became later a noted Congregational clergyman and lecturer in the New England States.

Rev. Henry Clark Wright was an uncle of Mrs. Helen M. (Wright) Smith, who is still a member of this church though living in Otsego Co. Mr. Wright was born in Sharon, Conn., August 29, 1797. He was a graduate of Yale. He became a minister and, later, an anti-slavery lecturer, and a very intimate friend of both William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and often traveled with them making addresses. He became a member of this church January 17, 1817. He wrote an autobiography in 1847, in Roseneath, Scotland, from which I shall quote freely, giving the tale in his own quaint language. I know of no other source from which the story of those days can be obtained now, for all the actors are now a long time dead.

When he was four years old the family loaded themselves and all their belongings onto a sleigh drawn by a span of horses. In crossing the Hudson on the ice the horses broke through and they came near being

drowned, but they managed to get over and went to Hartwick, Otsego Co., N. Y. There they bought a farm of 160 acres. The boy worked on the farm and went to school until he was 16. Then his father took him on horseback to Norwich and left him on trial with David G. Bright, to learn the hatter's trade. Mr. Bright carried on a hat store and manufactory on the northeast corner of the East Green. His manufactory was in rooms in the rear of the store. He was the father of Senator Jesse D. Bright of Mississippi, of Secession fame, who was born December 18, 1812, on Lackawanna Avenue, Norwich. The house was lately removed to make room for the garage. It was very nearly back of the store.

Mr. Wright says:—" I had never been from home to spend more than one day at a time. I had made up my mind I would learn thoroughly how to make hats and that I would submit to all necessary hardship to perfect myself in it." After three months' trial, his father came over, and as everything was satisfactory on both sides, the young man was indentured to Mr. Bright for four years—until he should become twenty-one. He writes: " A singing school was taught in the village one winter and I greatly enjoyed attending it. The school was taught by a man who was counted very religious and he always opened his singing by prayer. He was much given to talking to people about their souls and about being converted. But he was a sweet singer, and for this I attended. I used to carry my flute and play on that. He had a harp which he played. For several weeks after he left, I conducted the singing school, meeting some fifty persons every Sunday evening and instructing them in singing. This I enjoyed greatly. Teaching this singing school had a powerful effect on my own feelings and conduct. Mine was a gratuitous school. Mr. Bright had bought and presented to me a fine flute and this helped me on

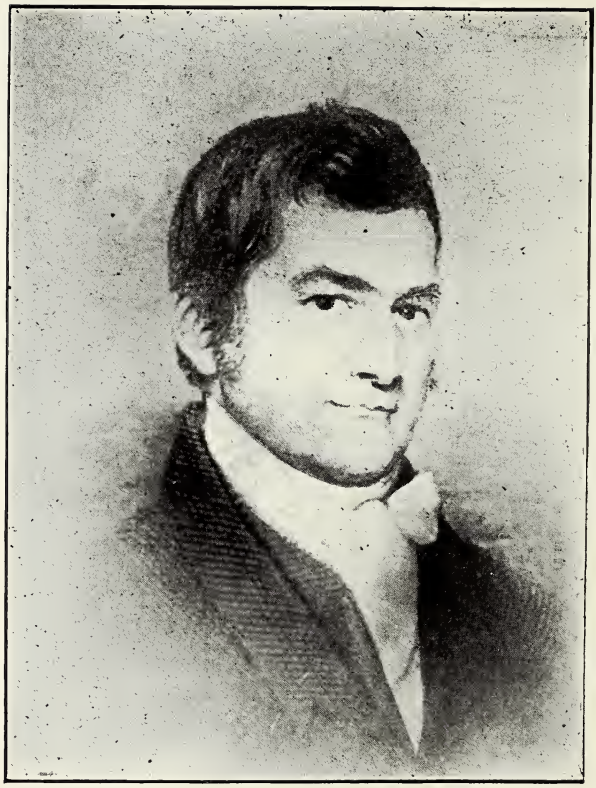
greatly. Then, whenever I went to the meeting, I led the singing and I often went solely to do this. But the church members got into a discussion whether it was right for any one to sing in meeting who was not converted and had not joined the church, and I gave it up. I felt that it was right for me to sing in the woods and fields, under the open canopy of Heaven, in the presence of all created and uncreated beings, and I could not see how it could be wrong for me to sing in a meeting house to a few Presbyterians."

"We were never controlled in the least by the man we worked for. I often strolled away quietly and down by the Chenango—a beautiful river and flowing through the sweet valley in which the village of Norwich stood —in the meadows on its banks; under large apple trees scattered here and there that were planted by the Indians. Sometimes others of the young lads were with me and we bathed in the clear river. We picked berries, ate apples, laughed, sang, and inhaled the sweet pure air of heaven after a week's work in the shop. In about eighteen months after entering the shop, I could do my day's work by the middle of the afternoon. Then I used to put away my work, wash and go to my room and read or study." (He studied grammar, geography, astronomy and history.) "Mr. Bright, seeing me so fond of reading history, bought me a fine edition and gave it to me." (The milk of human kindness was the food of some of these early pioneers most assuredly.) " Mrs. Bright was a truly good woman. Her religion being a principle of her daily life, governing her feelings and her practice. An old woman by the name of Snow used to visit her." (This was Mrs. Elizabeth Snow, mother of Mrs. John Randall. She was then not quite 50, but she probably seemed old to the young man.) " She was a kind of mother to all in the pretty village, having seen it spring up amid the wilderness, herself being one of the first settlers. She knew every-

body and everybody knew and loved her. She could tell the history of the past, when few besides Indians dwelt in the borders of the Chenango River, and fished in its waters. I used to love to meet that kind Christian woman and hear her talk. She used to ask permission for me to come into the house that she might talk with me; and as much as I dreaded to have others talk to me about my soul, I was ever glad to hear her talk about anything. She spoke so kindly, so sweetly that it was pleasant to hear her. There was no awful holy manner, tone or look about her; no affectation, no solemn grimace, no making up religious faces at me; but she just entered into my feelings and answered my questions kindly and naturally, without any solemn and ominous shake of the head. She had much to say about the Bible; and though I had been taught to believe every chapter and verse of it to be the word of God, yet, I used to ask her how she knew it was? Her only answer was, 'I know it is for I feel that it is.' (A bit of Bergson philosophy born in the thought of this saintly woman nearly a half century before he was born.) When I asked her how she knew there was a God and another state of existence her ever ready and ever positive and only answer was, 'I know there is a future state and a God because I am conscious of it.' When I used to tell her that her feelings could be no evidence to me, she would ask me, "Do you not feel the same evidence that there is a God and a future state that you have of your own existence? I do, she would say, and can no more doubt the one than the other.' To this argument I could never find an answer. That kindly and truly Christian woman taught me many good things. She would insist that her consciousness was sufficient evidence to her of the truth and power of Christianity, and that if I ever felt that truth and power, then my feelings would become evidence to me. She used to urge me to read for myself the Bible,

which I promised on one occasion to do, from beginning to end."

"My acquaintance with her is a bright sunny spot in my mental horizon, so far as my mind has been exercised on points of theology. She directed me in fact to religion as a living principle in the soul—to God as an ever present, ever controlling guide to my youth—taught me to look to Him as a little child to a father. The spirit embodied in that woman seemed inexpressibly lovely to me and I could not but wish that it might be mine." Mr. Wright continues: "I come to an important period, (I was at this time twenty years of age) a revival in the winter of 1817. A Presbyterian Church had been organized in the village (See pp 14 and 18.) Having no minister to do their work, they used to do their own singing and praying and preaching. Rev. John Truair, pastor at the Sherburne Congregational Church, was invited to spend a few weeks among them as an evangelist. He was an extraordinary man, middle aged, tall and erect, with piercing black eyes, foppish in his dress and manner, and had a habit of playing with his watch key and seal while preaching and praying. He was a man of stern brow, emphatic and determined tone of voice and thoroughly versed in the art of moving the feelings and producing an excitement in society. This man came, began to hold meetings; to sing, pray and preach; to go from house to house visiting families, talking to every individual about his or her soul and praying with them. Soon rumor said that a revival had begun. The minister assured the people who flocked to hear his eloquence that "The Lord was about to visit that village and to gather into his fold the elect." This announcement had a startling effect, and led to the inquiry among many, 'Who are the elect?' and many made up their minds to be among the chosen ones. Meetings were multiplied; praying and singing were more frequent and energetic; exhortations and appeals to the unconverted were more



REV. JOHN TRUAIR.

Who was Pastor of First Congregational Church in Sherburne, N. Y., 1815-1820. He Conducted the Norwich Church during the Revival of 1817 and Preached the Dedication Sermon July 16, 1816.

earnest. Soon it was rumored about that this one and that one were under 'distress of mind' and people were asked in public to pray for them. Notes were presented by individuals to the minister asking him and the church to pray for an unconverted relative or friend. These notes were read and commented on by the minister and all would be urged to put up prayers for such persons. Prayer and conference meetings and family visitations were multiplied. The excitement soon extended through the village and the surrounding neighborhoods. There was not a family or an individual that was not more or less moved by that excitement to approve or oppose. Converts began to appear. It was made public that such and such persons had found or experienced religion. It was expected that those who had been 'brought out' would at once bear witness to the fact by rising up in a prayer or conference meeting, tell their experience, make an exhortation to their old companions, telling them they could go no more with them—that they had chosen a portion with the people of God.

Mr .Truair had been installed over the First Congregational Church of Sherburne, July 5, 1815, and was its third pastor. The Norwich Church was then a year old. It rather seemed to look upon Mr. Truair as a sort of pastor at large of the church, for he came down quite often after the dedication, at which he preached the dedicatory sermon; and when the signs of the revival of 1817 became noticeable, he was the one to whom the church turned for leadership. He had a good deal of native talent; but was educated only to the extent of the common school and Academy. He had, however, studied in them very persistently and had by sheer energy and will power gotton all that was possible out of them—then he took to preaching.

His father was a Spaniard and landed on the shores

of America when not much more than a boy and owing the money for his passage; so that he was sold (as the custom was) for a time until it should be paid. This occurred probably not far from 1760 to 1770. The son was presumably about 30 when he came to Sherburne.

During 1816 about 100 were added to the church; and in 1819-20 about 100 more. He left in 1820.

"From the first arrival of John Truair in town I had been greatly taken with the man, though I had not formed any personal acquaintance with him, nor did I wish to do it; yet I was spellbound by his preaching and praying before I had a thought of applying what he said to my own case. In his crowded meetings in the evenings, in private dwellings, or in schoolhouses, I used to get behind all others in some dark corner, where no one could be witness to my interest, and there I would sit completely fascinated as I heard the man pour forth his prayers and preachings. Often I felt overcome by them, but concealed my emotion lest I should be thought to be 'under distress of mind.' Converts soon began to appear. I conducted the singing in the meetings when I was present. This I greatly enjoyed. Most rousing hymns were given out and I used to sing them to the most exciting tunes, so that the effect of the singing was not much less on the people assembled than the preaching and praying. The revival had come down on the whole village and was sweeping over it like a whirlwind. Nothing else was talked of. All amusements among the young people were abandoned and the whole village flocked to the exciting scenes of the prayer and conference meeting. I certainly partook of that excitement in no ordinary degree. The man must have been of more than Indian hardihood and self-possession not to have been excited. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and yet there were times when it was not all enjoyment; but at first it was my enjoy-

ment in seeing a whole community thoroughly aroused; in seeing them look, speak and act in earnest, as if urged forward by some irresistible impulse to the accomplishment of some great end. I could not have made merry with that scene; I did not wish to have it cease; the whole town was terribly in earnest in the pursuit of something which they deemed worthy to call forth their mightiest energies. The excitement went on rather increasing than diminishing. Several of the leading men and women of the village had been convicted and converted. The conversion of a sedate, influential lawyer" (It was David Buttolph.) " was announced. I was at the meeting when he first made known the fact and gave a short exhortation. This 'brought out' others 'under distress of mind.' " After several weeks of distress of mind, the exercises of which he narrates, he was brought out, told his experience and was happy.

He then relates this incident: " Several young men in the place were determined to arrest the excitement. To this end they set on foot a ball. They made great efforts; bespoke the best hall in the place; engaged a famous musician to do the fiddling; issued their cards; prepared for their supper and intended to have a splendid dance. The evening came and the fiddler, but there were few dancers, male or female. There had been a powerful excitement about the ball among those who sympathized with the revival. Their zeal became bolder and more intense than ever. The minister gave one of his most terrible sermons against it, as an atheistical design (as he expressed it) 'to drive the Lord away from Norwich.' A meeting was appointed the evening of the ball and near where it was to be, in order that those who chose might have an opportunity to plead with the Deity not to gratify the wishes of the impious dancers by leaving the place. The young converts caught up the cry put forth by the minister, that

those who got up the ball were seeking to 'drive the Lord away from the village.' So the prayer meeting was pitted against the ball—the latter to drive the Lord away and the former to keep him there; and when it was known how signally the ball had failed, the remark was made that the dancers had found the Lord too strong for them."

About this time, Mr. Wright says, he went to visit his brother in Pennslyvania and returned at the end of three weeks. He then writes: "When I returned to Norwich, the excitement had subsided greatly. The different churches were gathering in the new converts. I found the village calm. Meetings were continued, but nobody seemed excited; all were engaged in their employments as if nothing had happened. Soon after my return I 'came forward,' as it was called, to join the church. A meeting was to be held to examine candidates for admission to The Presbyterian Church. Over sixty came forward, myself among the rest. There I again told my story of my conversion and detailed the process through which I had passed. I was accepted with the rest on condition of my declaring my belief in all the tenets put forth in the Westminster Catechism. The minister, elders, deacons and members were satisfied. I was, with the rest, formally propounded to be admitted; and a few Sundays after, we were all taken into the church." This was done January 19, 1817. Mr. Wright continues the story in a letter to his father on that date:

"It is with great satisfaction I now relate, and it will undoubtedly be a great consolation to you to learn what God has done for your son. It gives me heartfelt pleasure to inform you that this day there has been about fifty converts admitted into the Presbyterian Church—the most part of them young people from the ages of twelve to twenty-four. Last Sabbath (January 12, 1817) there were about thirty taken in the Baptist

Church, of which Elder Jedediah Randall has the care. There is no settled Presbyterian minister in this place, but Rev. John Truair, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Sherburne has been with us here for several weeks, in which time there have been meetings held two or three times a week, and conferences held almost every night in the week, and the general inquiry is: 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life!' I have seen no records showing what part Elder Randall and the Baptist church took in this revival; but they must have had something to do with it, from what Mr. Wright says above; also the Norwich Journal of January 15, says that on the date above "Elder Ferris of that church baptized thirty-three."

Elder Ferris was pastor at Plymouth and had come down to assist Elder Randall who had an injury to his arm so could not baptize any one.

Mr. Wright then finishes his story: "About three months after I had put myself under the watch and care of a Presbyterian Church, business being dull, Mr. Bright wished to reduce the number of apprentices; so four of us at once made known to him our willingness to leave. * * * I spent an evening with many of those who had been subjects of the revival. Once more we sang and prayed together and interchanged our thoughts and feelings, pledging ourselves to one another and to God, to be true and faithful to our allegiance to Him. But, alas! how soon were these pledges forgotten by some. Some four months afterward I returned to the place on a visit, and on inquiry found that several of those who were the most zealous in praying, exhorting and singing during the revival; and who had bid fairest to be bright and shining lights in the church, had gone far astray and had become tenfold more the children of evil than they were before. I spent an evening with my fellow apprentices. I was to leave next day. The next day I

started off, accompanied a short way by Mr. Bright. He entered into conversation with me on religious matters in reference to himself. He said that the future was all dark to him and that he had little comfort in looking at it; encouraged me to perserve in the straightforward and honest course I had pursued with him, and when he parted from me he asked me to forget and forgive any illtemper or unkindness he had ever shown me. The tears were in his eyes. We parted and I have never seen him since."

Young Wright went to his father's in Hartwick, and to a school for six months, taught by Isaac Collins, late a well-known citizen of Norwich. He then went out to find work as a hatter, intending to save his money and start a business of his own; but he found no work. So he went home and decided to study for the ministry. This was in the fall and winter of 1817-18.

David G. Bright did not become a member of the church, but Mrs. Rachel Bright, his wife, united with the church, November 4, 1815, so that Mr. Bright was a member of the society and was elected a trustee in 1817. He had a good business and was in good circumstances. He was a very sociable man and very well thought of in the village. Like all very large men he was very kind-hearted, very jolly and good natured, very companionable and always laughing at the many jokes by himself and everybody else aimed at his obesity. The revival did not "bring him out," although, from Mr. Wright's narrative, we can see evidence that he had some "distress of mind;" but this did not bring definite results.

In 1820, he sold his business to David Griffing, and he and his family moved to Indiana, where, some years later, they died.

Hon. Samuel S. Randall, in some reminiscences of Norwich, relates this pleasantry about Mr. Bright, whom he knew very well: "The elephantine Bright

transfered his residence to Indiana, from where his son, Jesse D. Bright was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1844. The preference given to the son over the father was, we believe, attributable to the fact that the Senate Chamber, was, at that time, regarded as *too restricted an area* to accommodate at the same time Dixon H. Lewis of Alabama, and David G. Bright of Indiana."

That Mr. and Mrs. Bright were whole-souled, kind-hearted people is evidenced by Mr. Wright's narrative. If all employers were like them, fewer young men would go astray. The boy's parents could not have been kinder to him. I am very happy to voice, even at this late day, one hundred years after, the appreciation which will be accorded them by the members of this church.

I have quoted at length from Mr. Wright's autobiography because it gives a minute description of the very early life and efforts of the members of this church, which, were it not for this record, would now be buried in the forgotten past. This book, of which only a limited edition could have been published, has been out of print for certainly a half century, and it is very doubtful if a copy, other than this one quoted from, is in existence at all. It is guarded with very jealous care by the members of the Wright family.

Second, we are especially thankful to read the record it gives of the two saintly women, Mrs. Elizabeth (Hale) Snow and Mrs. Rachel Bright. Mrs. Snow was one of the constituent members of the church. She was a member of a church in the place she emigrated from which was Brookfield, Conn. She was a Christian of some years standing when she came to Norwich. Her talks with young Wright show that she had thought very deeply on religious matters, which had the effect of confirming her faith and establishing it on a very solid foundation; so that when Mr. Enos came to her for advice she knew just what to do to clear up his difficulties. I have said that Mr. Enos

was responsible for the organization of this church; but it is undoubtedly true that had it not been for Mrs. Snow's very earnest endeavors in his behalf, he would not have become a Christian, at least, at the time he did; so that it was Mrs. Snow's great faith which inspired him to undertake the laborious task which he carried through so successfully, and thus, like so many important events in the world's history, a woman was the cause of this event—a woman who had held to her faith in spite of the discouragement that the whole village had been given over to irreligion and worldliness. None but a sublime faith could have stood in such an environment.

I trust that this church, in recognition of the sublime faith of this saintly mother in Israel, will soon, in some fitting manner, erect a tablet or other memorial in memory of her. A similar memorial should be erected in memory of Father Enos.

It is certainly a satisfaction to know that the infant church had in its membership such devoted people. Undoubtedly there were others who were devoted to the cause of the Master and to the building up of this church and who accomplished very much in their day, but now we have only their names left to us. There are no records and the generations who knew them have all been dead many years. The memory of them has faded with the passing decades. We are, therefore, thankful to Mr. Wright for the insight he gives us of the character and life of Mrs. Snow, and her efforts to lead the young people into Christian lives and into the desire to accomplish things which make for righteousness, for good and the betterment of the world. It seems to have been the chiefest pleasure of Mrs. Snow, as well as her duty thus to preach the gospel; and there were, at least, two who "would rise up and call her blessed." Mrs. Snow was the mother of Henry Snow, an old merchant of Norwich; Capt. Wil-

liam Snow, a sea captain; and Mrs. Hannah (Snow) Randall, wife of Col. John Randall, all of whom were well known fifty years ago, in Norwich. Mrs. Snow died in Norwich September 8, 1822, aged 57. Her husband's name was Abraham Snow. Nothing seems to be known about him. (I think she was a widow when she came from Brookfield, Conn.)

The revival stimulated somewhat the building of the "meeting house;" but various hindrances developed, which delayed the work. One by one these were removd and the work went on slowly, but surely. "April 22, 1817, Peter B. Garnsey and Polly, his wife, in consideration of two hundred and sixty dollars, current money of the United States of America, to them in hand paid, deeded to the trustees of The First Congregational Society of Norwich and to their successors forever," the land on which the church was to be built; now covered entirely by the eastern third of the present building. The frame was raised in July, 1817. Work was continued during 1818,, and the building was finished in 1819. It was dedicated July 14 of that year.

The Baptist church was also begun in 1816, and was ready for use in 1818—the year before the Congregational; but it was never finished—except by the fire, August, 1845. The fire began in the night and by morning the building was all burned up. I have heard that the only thing saved was the large pulpit Bible used by Eld. Randall. The cover was all bnrned off and the edges were burned, but the reading matter was not harmed. The fire seemed to have started in the belfry, in which hung a large steel triangle, which was used as a bell. How the fire got there no one has ever told—if anybody ever knew. Three of the good brethren held a prayer meeting in the church the evening before, of whom D. Minor Randall was one. It was jokingly said to the effect that Minor thought that was the best way to end the dissatisfaction in the membership.

The present stone church had been erected, but was not yet ready for use. Some of the members had very strongly opposed the building of the new church. Because of their great affection for the old church, they thought they could not worship in any other building. In view of this division, the fire was in a very real sense a blessing.

The old church stood on the southeast corner of the present park, opposite the Piano building. Being on the park it could not have been allowed to remain there many years longer, so in that way the fire was advantageous. When the church was built, the membership was largely made up of farmers. As a class the farmers were the well-to-do men of the town. Several of them came and paid their subscriptions with their labor, with the result that the building was erected at least six months earlier than it would have been; but it was not finished, for it was not painted—either outside nor inside. As to the Congregational Church, it can be said that when it was dedicated, it was done.

I have not been able to find out anything regarding the bell. I am confident that there was none for several years, and it may not have been installed until the repairs which were made in 1835. The bell for the present Baptist Church was installed about 1848. I remember seeing it drawn up by a tackle. The power was supplied by fifty or more men on a long rope which extended out on the "Green," as the park was called then.

There was a very large crowd at the dedication of the Congregational Church. Rev. John Truair preached the sermon and several clergymen from the surrounding country took part in various ways; among them was Mr. Edward Andrews, who later became the first installed pastor. The musical part of the service was performed by the "Singers of the Societies of Sher-

Wood Church. Dedicated July 14, 1819

burne," "led by that excellent teacher of Sacred Music, Mr. Hastings." Their performance, it is said, "equaled the concerts of New York." (From an editorial in The Norwich Journal of July 20, 1819, by the editor, Hon. John F. Hubbard, Sr.) In Ser. 1, it is stated that this leader was Dr. Thomas Hastings, composer of many hymns and tunes. This was a mistake. The leader was Truman Hastings, a brother of Dr. Thomas Hastings. I received several letters from the latter. He could not remember the dedication, but could not say that he was not there, for he had attended so many services of that kind. After the book was published it came out that it was his brother, Truman. I wrote him at his home in Cleveland. He was 80 years old, but remembered the dedication very clearly. He died many years ago.

The building was finished and paid for before these services were held. Those who saw it and have written about it, say it was a beautiful structure; and praise it as having been the finest building anywhere in the vicinity.

Mr. Enos and Mr. Fenton did a great deal of hard work for the "meeting house," besides giving liberally of money. They secured all but $600.00. As the time for the dedication drew near they realized that it could not be secured, for everyone had given all they could "and we among the rest." Mr. Enos did not want the building dedicated with a debt on it; so he "took the bit in his teeth" and said to Mr. Fenton, "I'll take one half if you will take the other." Mr. Fenton said "All right," and the building was paid for in full.

Now that they had a meeting house, a pastor was a necessity. Missionaries came along occasionally. When one came, he was invited to preach on Sundays. Rev. Asa Messer remained about nine months. Rev. William M. Adams was the first regular hired pastor. He remained about a year. After the dedication, Rev.

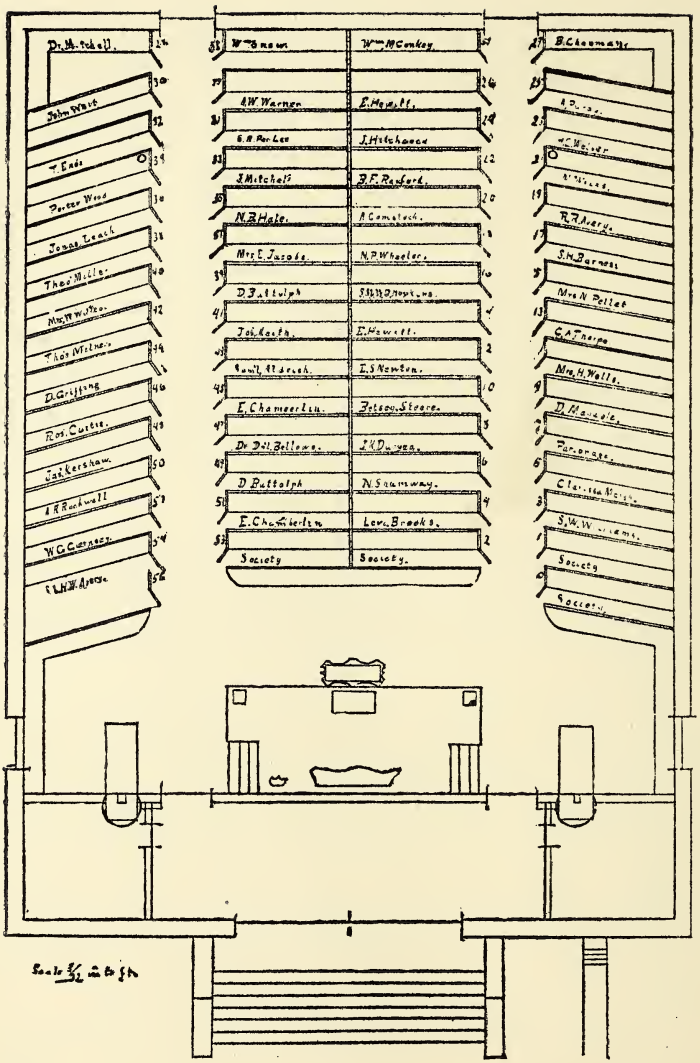
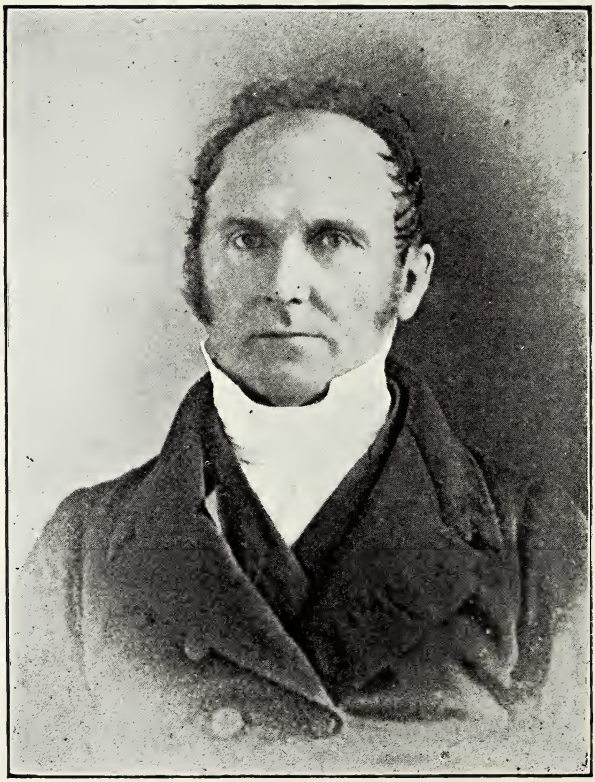


Diagram of Wood Church, With Names of Pew Owners, Just Before it was Burned.



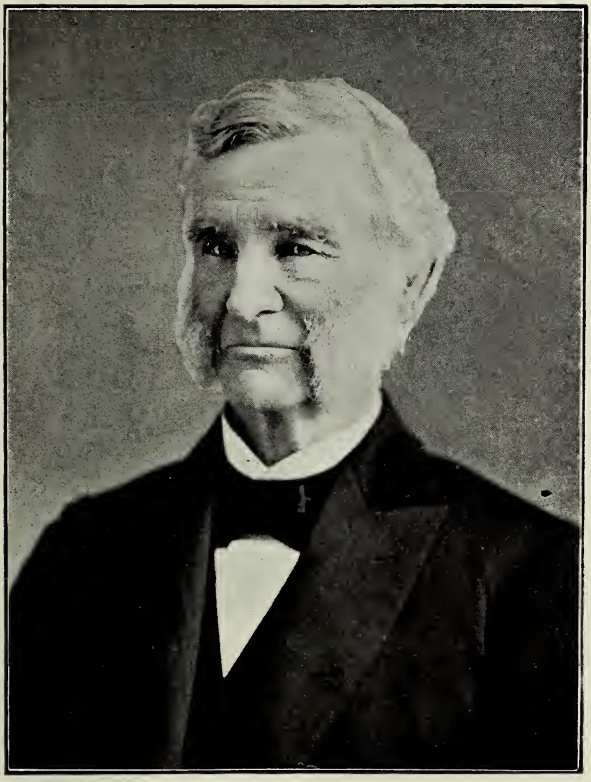
REV. EDWARD ANDREWS.

The First Installed Pastor of First Congregational Church of Norwich, N. Y., 1820-1826.

Luther Clark, probably a student for the ministry, who was at the dedication, remained a while and preached. In April or May, 1820, Mr. Edward Andrews came and took charge of the church. He was ordained June 28, by a joint committee from Otsego Presbytery and a Constitutional Council from Union Association and installed over the church—its first settled pastor. He was born in Ipswich, Mass., July, 1792. His father was a prominent lawyer of Essex Co. The son studied law and practiced some years successfully. By a providential circumstance he decided to enter the ministry and studied with Rev. Dr. Porter, a prominent Presbyterian divine at Catskill, N. Y. He was soon after licensed to preach and started out on horseback as a missionary through Eastern New York, preaching wherever he could get an audience, and staying with whoever would take him in. He was entertained at Colesville, Otsego Co., by Robert Harpur, a well-to-do citizen and large land owner, from whom the village of Harpursville was named. In April, 1820, he married Mr. Harpur's daughter, Elizabeth, and they came directly to Norwich and he assumed the pastorate of this church June 28. He was a thoroughly educated man. In the course of a year or two, he opened a school in the second story of "The Academy," corner of North Broad and Mitchell Streets, which became very popular. Hon. Samuel S. Randall, who was a student of Mr. Andrews, says of him: "As a clergyman he was one of the most popular, enthusiastic and eloquent of his class. His sermons were brief, but pungent and practical; and his prayers rapt and earnest, almost transfiguring his countenance as he raised it in adoration and supplication, as with the radiance of an angel. He was a finished scholar, drinking freely of the pure and transparent fountains of Helicon, and as freely communicating its invigorating draughts to his pupils. As a teacher he was unequaled; and as a man, a husband and father irre-

proachable. In all the various relations of social life, the virtues and graces of his character shone conspicuously," and yet, with all his excellent qualities and scholarly sermons, he was not an evangelical preacher. During 1821, nine united with the church—five by confession, four by letter; in 1822, one by letter; in 1823 ,the same; in 1824, three by letter; in 1825 and 1826, none—his last year. October 25 he resigned and his pastorate closed November 30. From here he went to Oxford and became principal of the Academy. While there he decided to enter the Protestant Episcopal Church, toward which he had been leaning for several months and which may have been the reason for his taking the principalship of the Academy, for that was, practically, an Episcopal school. About the fall of 1828, he became rector of the Episcopal Church at New Berlin. After some years he became a rector in Hudson, Columbia Co., and in 1836, to Christ's Church, Binghamton. Failing health caused him to give up preaching in 1850, and he died in that city March 5, 1867, aged 73. The church placed a marble tablet in the wall near his pew. Some years before his death, Hobart College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on him.

Several months before he left Norwich, the first of the three tragedies which have come to this church, began when he showed signs of leaning toward Episcopalianism. Very soon there came to be two factions; the one against this tendency of the pastor; and the other sympathizing very strongly with him. Mr. James Birdsall (for whom our Birdsall Street was named), a prominent member of the Society—not of the church—was accounted as the head of the Andrews faction, and was very pronounced in his adherence to that side of the controversy. During his absence from town, the church engaged Rev. Peter Lockwood as pastor, " on trial for three months," as was the custom. He had



REV. PETER LOCKWOOD.
The Third Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., Jan. 1 to May 15, 1827.

preached a few times, was well liked, was called and accepted, and went to Stamford, Conn., for his family and goods. He had reached Utica on his return, when a letter from the trustees intercepted him. Leaving his goods there, he came at once to Norwich. He found that Mr. Birdsall had returned and started a violent opposition to his engagement. The trustees had hoped that meeting Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Birdsall would change his mind and accept him as pastor. But when he would not, Mr. Lockwood flatly refused to stay and went to Pharsalia, to the home of his father-in-law, where he remained a few months. He then went to Oxford, and finally became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Binghamton. In 1845 he was Moderator of the Synod of Geneva. He died in Binghamton November 16, 1882, aged nearly 85.

These two factions continued for nearly four years and prevented settling a pastor. There were no admissions to the church in 1825, '26, '27, '28 and '29; and yet Mr. Andrews is mentioned by several writers, and always with the kindest expressions as to his kindly nature, his Christian character, and his ability as a preacher and teacher and his worth as a friend.

During these years the pulpit was supplied mostly by Rev. Lyman S. Rexford of Sherburne, but not as a pastor. The factions finally united on Rev. Horace Publius Bogue and he was installed February 24, 1830. Mr. Enos was commissioner from this church to Chenango Presbytery, to present a formal call to Mr. Bogue through that body. This was accepted. Rev. Peter Lockwood preached the sermon. Mr. Bogue came from the Presbyterian Church of Butternuts, now Gilbertsville.

JAMES BIRDSALL AND DAVID BUTTOLPH.

James Birdsall was the first lawyer to settle in Norwich. He came from (probably) Northeast, Dutch-

ess Co., N. Y., soon after 1800. He had studied law and was admitted to practice October 15, 1806. David Buttolph was born October 28, 1779, in Northeast, Dutchess Co., N. Y. He graduated from Williams College in 1803, studied law in a law office in Poughkeepsie and was admitted to practice. He came to Norwich in 1808.

Nathan Chamberlain was near that time a partner with Mr. Birdsall, but only for a short time. Some time after Mr. Chamberlain left, Mr. Buttolph became a partner with Mr. Birdsall and they remained together for several years. They were partners in 1821, and probably some longer. Their office was on the east side of South Broad Street about where the south end of the Stone Block was some years later.

Mr. Birdsall was one of the most highly polished and highly cultured citizens of the town. Gentlemanly in appearance, courteous and intellectual, his influence was very great over all who come into contact with him. He represented the district in Congress, and the County in the Legislature with great ability; was one of the incorporators of The Bank of Chenango, and one of the first directors. Later he was elected the first vice-president, and in March, 1825, became cashier. He was a very skillful lawyer and a very engaging personality.

He married Rizpah Steere, daughter of Judge Stephen Steere. She was born in 1792 and joined this church July 23, 1821; but Mr. Birdsall did not join, except "by proxy"—became a member of the society, and was elected a trustee four times. He became a very firm friend and adherent of Mr. Andrews, and his influence in the church became so great that he prevented the church from getting a pastor for some four years. This was the first of the three tragedies. He finally joined in calling Mr. Bogue and we hear no more of Mr. Birdsall's influence. His health became im-

paired and he had a series of pecuniary troubles come to him which caused him to move to Flint, Mich., about 1839, where he, some years later, died. His wife also died there May 10, 1869, aged 77.

Mr. Buttolph united with this church January 9, 1817, after the revival described by Mr. Wright. He married, first, Urania Lyman, in Durham, Conn. She was born in 1792, and died April 3, 1827. Mrs. Zylpha Buttolph, David Buttolph's mother, died December 12, 1843. Both are buried in Mt. Hope. About 1828, Mr. Buttolph married Mrs. Esther Kelso, widow of Deacon Joseph Kelso, who died in 1826. They were both constituent members of the church and their home had been the small farm just north of the Creek Bridge at the end of Plymouth Street. Mrs. Kelso still lived there, and Mr. Buttolph went there to live and in 1831 bought the farm and they made it their home. Mrs. Buttolph died there May 19, 1859, aged 76.

Deacon Buttolph, as he was generally called, had given up business some time before. He was left entirely alone. After a while he sold the farm and went to live with his son, David Lyman Buttolph, who was a clergyman in Marietta, Ga., and died there July 27, 1868, aged 88.

Deacon Buttolph loved this church devotedly. He was a Presbyterian, as also was his son; and he threw his influence with the Thorpe faction; but he was not so pronounced as they. He was a quiet, gentlemanly, even tempered man, moderate and careful in all his movements. He had been a good lawyer, punctilliously honest in thought, word and deed; was a thoroughly Christian man; always at prayer meeting, and always had a prayer and a word to give to the meeting. It was seldom that his pew was not occupied at Sunday services. He was elected clerk of the society July 15, 1816, at the incorporation, and retained the office until 1845. He was a deacon for many years: but there is no record

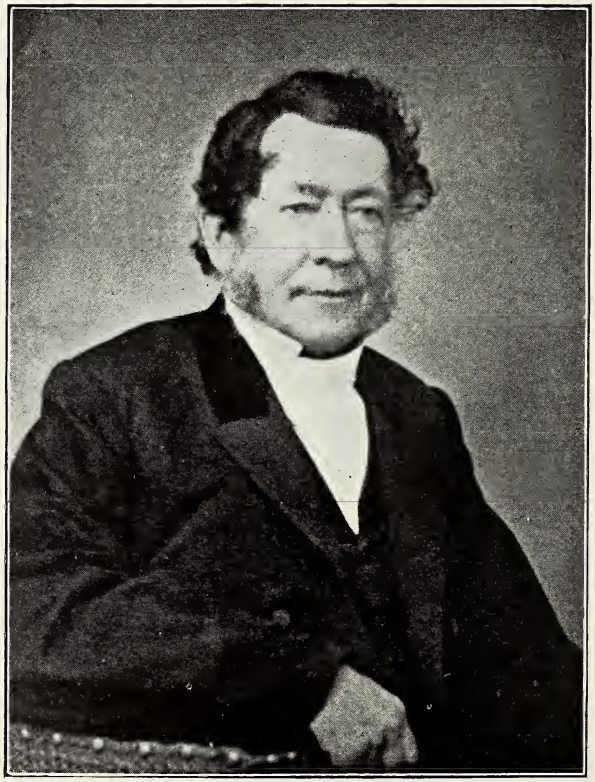
of his election, and I am confident that he retained the office until his death, as he was not one of those suspended with Mr. Thorpe, although he was one of that faction. Mr. Thorpe and he were law partners for some years. The commanding personality of Mr. Birdsall had a great influence on Mr. Buttolph, and I presume Mr. Thorpe influenced him somewhat, for Mr. Thorpe was very much like Mr. Birdsall, in that he was very sure to lead in any project which he had any part in. Hon. Samuel S. Randall says this of these three men: "David Buttolph was a learned and astute counsellor in all legal matters—a quiet, modest, retiring citzen—a life-long Christian—an affectionate husband and father. His first law partner was Mr. Birdsall; his last, Charles A. Thorpe—one of the best of men, devoted to his profession—and an ornament to the society in which he lived."

Three Lombardy poplar trees stood about where is now the driveway to the rear of the church. They are in the picture of the old church. but are not in the right place. They should be just west of the dwelling house. This picture was drawn by Mr. W. J. English, from a very crude wood cut in "Historical Collections of the State of New York" by Barber and Howe, 1841. To the eastern tree Mr. Buttolph was in the habit of hitching his old family horse whenever he drove to town, which was very nearly every day. The Sunday morning of the fire which wiped out the church, Mr. Buttolph came down in his cutter to church alone. Very deliberately, as was his wont, he hitched the old horse to the tree and walked slowly the few rods towards the church, knowing nothing of the fire, and not having noticed people standing around, nor the wreckage scattered about. When he turned at the walk leading to the wooden platform and steps in front of the door, the whole devastation burst upon him and he stood still for an instant in blank astonishment, but his

moderation and his dignity were still in evidence, and he slowly exclaimed: "I declare! Our—house—of—worship—is—in—ashes!"

Mr. Hammond tells an incident, which well illustrates the change which a full accepting of Christianity brings about in the lives of "those who are exercised thereby." Mr. Buttolph and Mr .Enos had been very unfriendly for some years. It may have been caused by the tragedies in the church—probably was that; but I don't know. They would not recognize each other when they met, and if they both happened to be in prayer meeting and one of them arose to speak, the other would leave the room. As was natural, efforts had been made to reconcile them, but without avail. Without doubt each thought himself in the right and could not see why he should change, but the leaven of the gospel was all the time working in their hearts, and the antagonism had existed about twenty years. Mr. Enos, with his great soul filled with a desire to right every wrong, realized that it was his duty to make an effort to right this one. It undoubtedly was a great struggle, but he did not waver. Christ, he knew, had covered the case when he said: "Take with thee one or two" as witnesses. He knew that Mr. Hammond was his friend and was also a friend of Mr. Buttolph and was a wise counselor; so one day he went to Mr. Hammond's store. They greeted each other as usual. Then Mr. Enos said: "I want you to go with me." "Where are you going, Mr. Enos?" "Up to Mr. Buttolph's." Mr. Hammond was startled. He knew Mr. Enos thoroughly, and therefore knew that he was the most unlikely man to back down from a position he had once taken, believing he was right; so he could only ask, "Why do you go up to Mr. Buttolph's?" The answer came like a gunshot, "To kill the devil." Mr. Hammond did not quite understand, and being fearful of the outcome, he tried to be excused, but Mr.

Enos would not listen—he must go. It was a very cold day in December and a mile or more to walk, but seeing that Mr. Enos would not give up, they started for the Buttolph home. Mr. Enos did not converse much on the way, except to tell why he wanted to go, but he prayed aloud much of the time. Mr. Buttolph himself opened the door. Mr. Hammond, with the tact for which he was noted, introduced Mr. Enos as "an old acquaintance." Mr. Enos offered his hand, but Mr. Buttolph hesitated. Mr. Hammond said in a cheerful voice, "Shake hands with Mr. Enos, Mr. Buttolph." After a moment of hesitation he did so, and invited them in. The parlor was cold, so they were led into the sitting room. Mrs. Buttolph was there with her daughter and Mr. Buttolph's daughter. Mr. Buttolph built a fire in the parlor and invited the two men into it. When they were alone and before they sat down, Mr. Enos went to Mr. Buttolph and asked him to shake hands. Mr. Buttolph slowly complied, and Mr. Enos said, "I have come to see you, Mr. Buttolph, and make a confession to you. We have been wrong a great while, and I want to put it away from my mind, my heart, and my life, and I offer to you my forgiveness in the same spirit that I ask to be forgiven." It is easy to see the legal training of Mr. Buttolph in his answer to this noble sentiment of Mr. Enos. He was not ready yet to fall in with Mr. Enos' proposal, so he asked, "What do you purpose to confess, Mr. Enos?" We can imagine the dignity and reserve with which he began to examine the witness. Mr. Hammond, who saw at once that to follow that line would completely estop all further efforts to reconciliation, broke in before Mr. Enos could speak and said, "Mr. Buttolph, Mr. Enos is here to make a general confession of having been wrong in his feelings, actions and words, and if you, Mr. Buttolph, can meet Mr. Enos in the same spirit of general confession and forgiveness, you can perhaps



REV. HORACE PUBLIUS BOGUE.
The Fourth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1830-1833.

settle all the differences between you and be friends, but if you attempt to itemize and discuss the matter, you will very likely fail as you have done in attempts to settle the matter before." This wise little speech by Mr. Hammond opened a new train of thought in Mr. Buttolph and he saw that the failure, if it came, would put the responsibility on him, so he said, "I will think of it." Mr. Enos added a few words of further confession, and the callers, shaking hands with Mr. Buttolph, very discreetly bid him "Good day." The next morning, *before breakfast,* Mr. Buttolph knocked at Mr. Enos' door. Mr. Enos cordially invited him in, and by themselves "in the secret of His presence" the long and bitter feud was settled forever; and these two stalwart Christians went on their knees together and "cast all their cares on God." At the next communion these two men sat side by side in front of their brethren. Mr. Hammond adds, "and it was a grand sight."

May 1, 1830, Mr. Bogue was made secretary and a director of Chenango Co. Bible Society. July 1, he opened a school for young ladies in Norwich.

Elder Jabez S. Swan was, at that time, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Denominationalism ran very high and strong, and it is said, more than once, Elder Swan, during sermons in his own pulpit would refer to Elder Bogue as saying so and so, and then go into an argument to prove that Elder Bogue was wrong; and that Elder Bogue would refer in the same way to Elder Swan and proceed to argue *him* wrong. I cannot vouch for these incidents, but for those who knew Elder Swan well it would be no difficult task to believe that they might have occurred. So many sayings are attributed to him that it is next to impossible to say which are not genuine. I can vouch for one, for I heard him say it, in the church across the Park, many years ago. He was preaching on "Jonah." He

said: "Jonah was honest and paid his fare when he went down into the ship." Then came a vivid description of the storm and of Jonah's being thrown overboard; and then, "God sent the fish which swallowed him. After three days God said to the fish, 'Land that passenger!'—the last I heard of Jonah he was out back of Nineveh howling like the devil." With this in mind it is not difficult to believe the other. Still, no one could be found who would question in the least the noble Christian character of the eccentric divine. No one who has lived in Norwich forty years, but can relate from one to a round dozen of his quaint sayings. He made a great many of them, but never a flat one.

That year (1830) sixteen united with the church—eleven by letter and five on confession; the next year eight by letter and forty on confession. These figures show how sadly the church needed a pastor during the six barren years just passed.

March 19, 1833, Elders Swan and Bogue, I suppose at the request of Sheriff Franklin, both attended the execution of George Denison in Norwich, and had seats on the platform. (Auburn Street now runs very near the location of the structure.) As the fateful moment drew near, the black cap was drawn over the head of the young man and the rope adjusted, when Sheriff Franklin called on Elder Bogue to offer prayer. He arose and began, and continued for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Later, to answer the storm of criticism of the people and the newspapers, it is said, that, in explanation, Mr. Bogue said that he supposed that the drop was to fall soon after he began his prayer; but the sheriff had planned that it should fall at the close of the prayer. Mr. Bogue did not hear the drop fall and supposing that there was something wrong which would soon be made right, kept on praying until he felt sure that there was some misunderstanding and closed. Whether it was Mr. Bogue's

fault or not, he was very severely criticised by very many people and the papers. This may or may not have been the reason, but he soon resigned and went to Vernon, N. Y., and remained there until 1840. He then went to Seneca Falls, where his health failed him and he took an agency of some philanthropic societies. After some years of preaching he moved to Buffalo, where his daughter was living, and finally died at her home, January 15, 1872, aged 75 years. He was said to have great force as a speaker and fearless in attacking what he thought was not wise. He was vivacious and free in conversation. He procured a $20,000.00 endowment fund for a professorship in the College of Liberia, Africa, and the first degree conferred by the College was that of D. D. upon Mr. Bogue in token of regard and appreciation of his labors.

June 9, 1833, Rev. Seth Williston came as a supply and remained as such until September 10, 1834. He was a very Godly man, of whom Father Enos said: "He could live down any man I ever knew." (Ser. 1, pp. 55-7.)

The remainder of the year there were, probably, no services held in the church, for quite extensive repairs were made, which were not finished until somewhat into the next year, 1835. These repairs were, adding to the heighth of the steeple and changing the pulpit to the north end of the audience room, which of course compelled turning the pews around. Possibly the lecture room was made in the basement at this time. There are no records of these changes other than verbal ones, which are not always reliable. They are good to *guess* at sometimes, however, as I have found out.

Three tragedies have come to this church which have brought forth very disastrous results. The first was brought about by the uncertain attitude of Mr. Andrews, the first settled pastor; and, probably, by the unsettled polity of the church in trying to be Congre-

gational while sailing under a Presbyterian flag; a mixture, which in those days, was liable to explode at any time by spontaneous combustion. The church, as we have seen, was organized squarely as a Congregational Church. It was organized by a man, Rev. Joel T. Benedict, who was a son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and had had several pastorates; some Presbyterian and some Congregational. When he instituted this church he was in the employ of a strongly Congregational Society; and there is no record that he tried to introduce any Presbyterian ideas or practices into the church, and yet it was almost always called "The Presbyterian Church." This designation is often used by Mr. Wright, it will be remembered. I don't know just the date, but not long after this church was instituted, it joined "Union Association," which had been included in "The Oneida Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers," formed in 1800. In 1808, at a meeting at Westmoreland, the part included in Chenango Co. was taken off and named "Union Association." In 1822 this association was dissolved and its members united with Presbyteries most convenient to them. This church joined Otsego Presbytery. May 29, 1826, Chenango Presbytery was formed, and June 29 this church joined it at Oxford, on the "Union or Accommodation Plan." Jeduthan Hitchcock was the representative. (Ser. 1, p. 23.) Mr. Andrews was one of those who formed Chenango Presbytery. He, presumably, realized the danger in this combination and it may have been one cause of his turning to Episocopalianism. The pastorate of Mr. Bogue smoothed over the irritation, but it still remained when he left, although there was no outward manifestation. While neither of the conflicting elements made any move to disturb the "in statu quo," there was no hostility manifest between them, and the rank and file cared

little about it. I have been much surprised to realize that Mr. Enos kept still and went right on doing his church work just the same as usual. This shows another and a very commendable side to his nature. I don't know that he ever read Hamlet, but he followed the counsel of Polonius, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee." He even went as a delegate to several meetings of the Presbytery and carried the church reports and voted on questions of procedure and fulfilled his instruction and his mission; and there is no record that he made any protests nor any efforts to bring about any change in the policy of the church. He had "learned to labor and to wait." As before remarked, he was an uncompromising Congregationalist, as were several others of more or less prominence in the church; while Abner W. Warner, Mrs. Levy Ray, Charles A. Thorpe, and others also prominent in the church, were as thoroughly Presbyterian. While the policy was "laissez faire," both sides seemed content to let it alone.

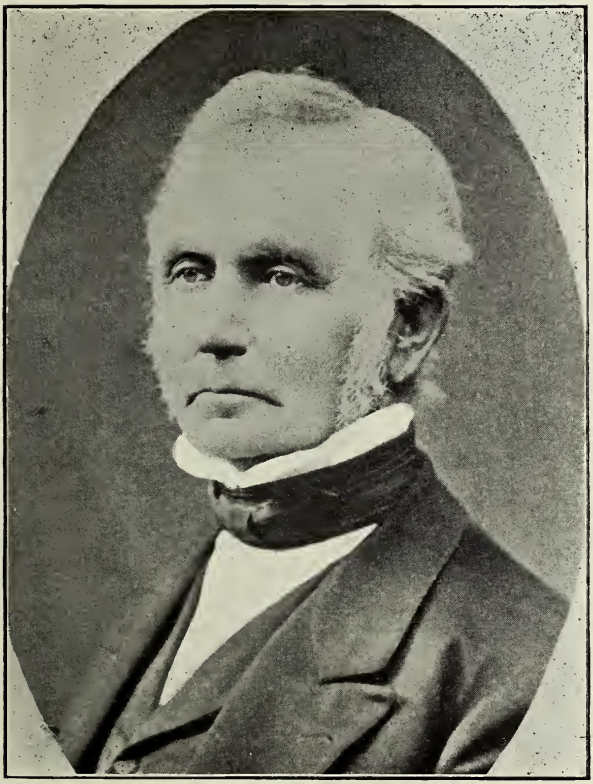
The entering wedge which was to start the split came October 12 in the person of Rev. John Sessions, and he came on a call from the *whole church*, "to be its pastor and teacher." He was as uncompromising a Presbyterian as Mr. Enos was a Congregationalist; still, by consent of the church, he was installed by the Presbytery, which at the same meeting, February 18, 1835, constituted (wonder of wonders!) a Session (whether because that was the pastor's name, I am not informed; they did it just he same) and the church became fully Presbyterian.

Mr. Sessions had been acting pastor of the church since October 12, and undoubtedly his strong personality and easy address had had much to do with keeping those quiet who would naturally oppose such a change of polity.

At this time we greatly miss the voluminous records by Mr. Sessions, which would no doubt, contain a full account of all the proceedings. He was in many respects a remarkable man and probably greatly excelled as a preacher all previous pastors of the church. (Ser. 1, p. 59.) He was a rigid disciplinarian and very careful and painstaking as to the records of all transactions of the church.

David Buttolph, who was not a member of the church at the time, was elected clerk July 15, 1816, when the Society was incorporated. He procured a blank book and every year he recorded the election of two trustees until July 9, 1845. This last election record is in Mr. Buttolph's own hand, but he did not sign his name to it. It is his last entry. After this a new secretary was elected at nearly every annual meeting. John F. Dean was elected at the meeting which called Rev. Daniel Clark to be pastor December 8, 1847. Judge Lewis Kingsley was elected March 2, 1857, and held the office until June 4, 1869, but possibly some longer. His last entry is at that date.

Who was church clerk all the years since June 19, 1814, nobody knows; nor is it known whether there was any church clerk, as such, until Mr. Sessions came and took up the work himself. He was a beautiful penman and all his pen work was almost as easily read as print. He found a very few records on slips of paper—nothing more and the church was 20 years old. He very soon set about the task of making a continuous record from the organization of the church to his pastorate by asking questions of everyone who could remember anything about it. Several of the constituent members, including Mr. Enos, were then alive and had continued their membership; and many younger people who had come into the church; and many not members; he gave them all a chance to tell him what they knew about the the church, of all of which he made copious notes.



REV. JOHN SESSIONS.
The Fifth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1834-1842.

Then he bought two blank books, one for a list of memberships and children baptized; the other for minutes of business transacted of whatever nature. This latter book will be mentioned later.

As time went on, Mr. Enos realized that he could not be in sympathy with the existent order of things in the church. What special occurence brought this about, I do not know, nor whether it was Mr. Enos or someone else who "kicked;" but someone did, or something happened and the explosion came. Mr. Enos was the most pronounced opponent of the new order and therefore of Mr. Sessions as the instigator of it all. Others were very much opposed to it, but they would possibly have gone on quietly rather than stir up a quarrel. Mr. Enos was very much aroused and like Banquo's Ghost, would not down. He opposed it with all the strength of his nature; he "cried aloud and spared not."

When the explosion came I cannot tell, but I suppose about 1837-9. I have no doubt that Mr. Enos, in a way, looked upon the church as his child. He had sacrificed for it in many ways. He had brought her up and now she had rebelled against him, and he could not have it so. He was very bitter, saying many hard and unchristian things about the pastor and those who upheld him in his course. Those were the days of church trials, but there will, probably, never be another, for this generation has found out that there is a better way. Denominationalism has ceased to be a "causus belli," and Christ's law of love has been found to be an infinitely better way to settle all disputes. Peter said: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Till seven times?"—the Hebrew's perfect number. The answer came with startling distinctness: "I say *not* unto thee until seven times, but until *seventy times seven!*"—carrying the thought to infinity —to the very "heart of the Eternal, which is wonderfully kind." We are just beginning to see the dawning

of the day, when the full meaning of this marvelous truth will dominate the minds and hearts of men. At the time of which we write they did not even know what it meant; so a church trial was the only recourse. The pastor was the moderator and judge. He made minute records of all the proceedings and transcribed them in the book in beautiful chirography, there to remain until some adventitious circumstance should erase them forever, which should have been done with them before they were ever "writ in the book." Mr. Enos was the defendant and of course he lost the case. He was made the "scapegoat" of the whole unfortunate action; but he did not retract one iota. It lasted, as I suppose, several weeks. Just what the verdict was I do not know; nor do I know what the specific charge was; but it was against Mr. Enos. He and his wife were given letters of dismissal, addressed to any Congregational Church, dated February 24, 1840. Mr. Sessions remained but two years longer and went away rather under a cloud. He had been pastor longer than any preceding one—nearly eight years, and the church had prospered greatly in spite of the feeling against him held by some of the members. The letters given Mr. and Mrs. Enos showed that the church did not question their Christian character; and it may be presumed that the pastor and his friends thought it the best way out of an embarrassing situation. Mr. and Mrs. Enos drove to Sherburne, presented their letters and were gladly received into The Congregational Church. Regularly, Sunday mornings, it was said ,they drove to Sherburne, rain or shine, and worshipped; returning to their home in Norwich at the close of service.

JOHN HAMMOND (2d.)

He was born September 6, 1804, in Newport, R. I. His parents were Benjamin and Sarah Hammond. Benjamin was born in 1771—his wife in 1770. They

came from Newport to Pharsalia, Chenango Co., N. Y., in September 1809, with five children. John (1st), brother of Benjamin, came at the same time with his wife, Frelove, and three children. The two brothers bought forty-seven acres of land; John owning thirteen acres and Benjamin thirty-four, for which they paid six dollars an acre. They could then have bought land on the flats, at Norwich, for two dollars and fifty cents per acre; but like many emigrants of that day, they were fearful of "fever 'n agur," so they went to higher and poorer locations. These acres lie about seven miles north of East Pharsalia ("Pharsalia Hook") and in 1880 were owned by John Brooks. They built a house which Benjamin and his wife carried on and John and his family lived with them. Not many people in our day would extract much comfort from those conditions with eight children to look after.

Benjamin remained in East Pharsalia until 1850, when he and his wife moved to Norwich and lived with his son, John (2d.) His wife, Sarah, died February 3, 1857, aged 84; and he, January 7, 1858, aged 87. They both brought letters from the Congregational Church at East Pharsalia, and joined this church in 1855. At that time John Hammond (2d) was the only one of their five children living.

John (1st) and family evidently had moved into the town of Lincklaen before 1827, for on February 7, that year, he with his wife, Frelove, and his daughter, Penelope Remington Hammond, were of the fourteen persons—eight males and six females, who were the constituent members of the First Congregational Church of Lincklaen. The tract on which this church stands was later set off to Pitcher, now known as North Pitcher. On February 24, 1854, the name of the church was changed to Congregational Church of North Pitcher.

September 23, 1839, these three persons joined the

First Congregational Church of Norwich, probably from the Lincklaen Church. They were given letters February 11, 1842, addressed "to any sister church." Our record says that the father died in Livingston Co., N. Y., and the daughter in Norwich, giving no dates, and saying nothing of the mother.

John Hammond, son of Benjamin, and subject of this sketch, arrived in Pharsalia near his fifth birthday. His parents, like most New Englanders, were very anxious that their children should have all the education that their limited means afforded; therefore we are not surprised to read in a short sketch of his life, found among his papers: "I was kept in school until I was 14 years of age." Then came the choosing a vocation. Leather manufacture and manipulation was a work always in demand, and this seemed to promise the best results; and no doubt the boy had shown interest in it. Perhaps, also, it was the best trade he could learn and remain at home. He "was apprenticed to a tanner and currier and shoemaker. When my time was up, I worked as a journeyman for several years; first in Oxford; then in Rochester; but most of the time for 14 years for one man."

At the age of 27 he married Miss Elizabeth Owen, at Dryden, Tompkins Co., N. Y., June 12, 1931. From that time for 16 years "I worked at my trade in the winters and in the summers at farming."

Mr. Hammond and his wife soon united with the First Congregational Church of Pharsalia, which was organized October 25, 1814, with ten members—five males and five females. About this time that church began to dwindle away; and it was proposed to organize a church at East Phadsalia. Mr. Hammond was very active in this church. A meeting was called and twelve persons applied for membership—Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Carruth, who in 1834 united with the church at Norwich, were among the number.

They organized as "The First Presbyterian Society of East Pharsalia," August 6, 1838. Rev. Hiram Dyer officiated at the organization. Mr. Dyer was the clergyman who was engaged to conduct the services in the Academy, by the seceding members from the Norwich Church in 1859. Mr. Hammond took at once a prominent part in the new church. Levi Carruth, John Twitchel and John Hammond were appointed elders and were ordained by the laying on of hands.

It was soon decided to build a meeting house. Mr. Hammond was elected a trustee with Levi Carruth and Jonathan Allen, and now was placed on the building committee. He was a man of a good deal of force of character and quite naturally, though not offensively, took the lead in whatever was done. He not only gave his time but he gave contributions of money. He was like Mr. Enos in that he always made things go whenever he started on any project. Therefore, without any unnecessary delay, the building was made ready for use. Mr. Hammond was superintendent of the Sunday school for a while and leader of the choir. He says he "never sought office, but was elected School Inspector, School Commissioner, and Assessor in the town in which he lived."

In October, 1847, he moved to Norwich and soon made an engagement with Henry W. Chamberlin as foreman in his leather and boot and shoe business, which he was carrying on in the old Stone Block, now 184 South Broad Street. March 13, 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond united with the First Congregational Church by letters from East Pharsalia. Mr. Hammond's from the Congregational and Mrs. Hammond's from the Presbyterian church. Mr. Chamberlin died May 1, 1850, aged 31. Mr. Hammond was made executor and carried on the business for the estate, until that was settled; then, in 1851 he bought the stock and business and continued in the same store in his own name.

Later he bought the store and remained in the business until about 1870, when he closed it out and did not engage further in any business.

Soon after he came to Norwich, he bought a few acres of land at the foot of the hill, on the north side of Pleasant Street and made his home there while he remained in Norwich. He had not been in the Norwich church long before his capabilities became evident. July 29, 1850, he was elected a trustee. Was re-elected in 1853, again in 1856, 1858, 1870, 1873, 1876—21 years. He was treasurer of the society for most of the time for 30 years, and was treasurer of the Benevolent Funds of the church for many years. He was treasurer, also, of Chenango Co. Bible Society fully 20 years—until his death. His wife, Elizabeth (Owen) Hammond, died in the Norwich home, August 6, 1887, aged nearly 77 years In 1889 or 1890, being entirely alone—his only child, Mary Elizabeth, having died several years before—he decided to live with his niece in Greene. This he brought about and remained there until he died, August 15, 1895, aged nearly 91. He was buried in Mt. Hope.

There is no record of Mr. Hammond's election as clerk of the church, but it must have been not far from 1852. Who had been clerk following Mr. Sessions, nobody knows; nor whether it was one person or more than one, before it came to Mr. Hammond. When he was elected, the record books were turned over to him. These were the two books which had been prepared with so much care by Mr. Sessions,—the list of members and the book of records. Mr. Hammond was an ideal church clerk and he carried out Mr. Session's plans and ideas as nearly as his limited training would allow. He wrote a very plain, even, perpendicular hand and was very methodical and careful in all his entries. He was somewhat redundant in style, but whatever he wrote was interesting and was usually

just what ought to be said. While he was in the church he prepared many papers and reports, and these always stated clearly the object for which they were given; and when he read them he made them perfectly understood.

Somewhere about 1855, the book of valuable records, gathered and engrossed by Mr. Sessions, mentioned above, suddenly disappeared and to this time (1914) no definite information about it has come to light. In this book were the only records of all the past doings of the church, together with the detailed minutes of the trial of Mr. Enos. The latter were of no value whatever, except to some small-minded hunter for gossip, and the book was, and would be seen by only a very few, because it would be always in the custody of the church clerk. Mr. Hammond kept it in his desk at the store—one of the old style high desks with a cover on top which could be raised. Mr. Enos and Mr. Hammond became very friendly, and Mr. Enos was in the store very often. They had both been tanners and curriers and were undoubtedly well acquainted before Mr. Hammond came to Norwich. Mr. Enos, of course, knew that the book was kept in the desk. He had probably seen Mr. Hammond take it out and make entries in it many times. One day Mr. Hammond wanted to use the book, but it was not there, and it could not be found. It had disappeared as effectually as though sunk in the sea. Mr. Hammond thought it all over a great many times and came to the conclusion that Mr. Enos came in the store when no one was there and had quietly taken it and gone out. It is not at all improbable that he had been planning the capture for a long time and had been waiting patiently for the right moment to come. "All things come to him who waits" is an old truism. As he was in the store so often, he would not attract attention. Whether he took it or not, it was gone, and with it the priceless records

of the church. Had he torn out the leaves on which his trial was recorded, it would have been no loss, for they were worthless to any one but him; but he knew that Mr. Sessions made the book, and that was enough for him. During the preparation of the former history, I had several talks with Mr. Hammond about it. His version was that Mr. Enos took the book and burned it. That was all I could get him to say. It may have been all he could say, I don't know. I have talked with a good many people and have read every book or other printed matter I could get in which was any scrap of history of the first 75 years of Norwich and of this church, trying to supply the place of that book, but that is not the church record and it cannot be.

We must not blame too harshly the aged saint. Many who are now universally named Saint, were, by 20th Century standards, guilty of much grosser deeds than the stealing and burning of this book, however precious it may have been to this church and which they did not repent of; and which, in the age in which they lived, were not accounted as sins which needed to be repented of. Father Enos undoubtedly had not the slightest reverence for the book. He thought of it simply as a book, written by Mr. Sessions, a man whom he looked upon as a persecutor who had written a lot of stuff about him which was not christian, to say the least, in the book to injure him. If that was true, he thought if he could destroy it, it would rid the world of so much scandal, and himself of very much annoyance. It attacked him in his most cherished relations, those of the church which he so devotedly loved. These and kindred thoughts raised in him such a feeling of resentment that it overtopped every consideration of intrinsic value in, or reverence for the book as a church record which could not be replaced; and though he was through and through a Christian, he did not know nor realize that it was a sin to thus put it out of existence.

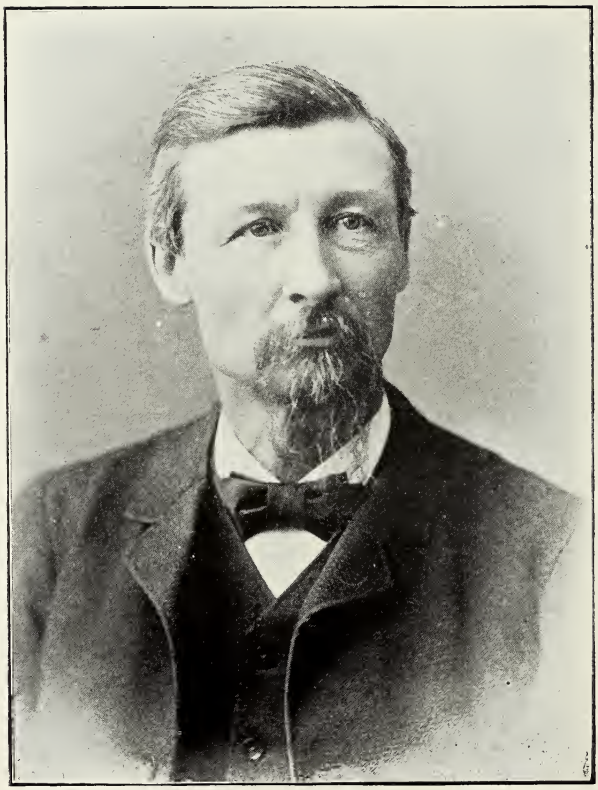
It was to him what the Christians were to the church of the dark ages—" He who killed them thought he was doing God service;" and from his point of view, I have no doubt, that he took as much satisfaction in seeing the flames devour this book as the Christians did the books of magic used by Simon Magus. So let us not too harshly censure the Grand Old Man and thank God that we are living in a more enlightened time and understand better the ethical value of our deeds.

Mr. Hammond was always faithful and loyal to his church. He was always at prayer meetings and always took some part in them. When any repairs were to be made or new buildings constructed, he was almost sure to be on the committee and he never failed to see that the work was done properly; and he rendered an account of every cent of cost.

Mr. Hammond was never a deacon in this church, although he was often spoken of as " Deacon Hammond." However, he was made a member of the Prudential Committee when the roll was revised in the latter part of Mr. Scoville's pastorate; and his good memory was of great service and his judgment was always sound. He was strongly in sympathy with the Congregational polity. He could plainly see that the majority of the church were of that belief and that it would be wrong not to return to that form. He was not so demonstrative as Mr. Enos, and he did not make much noise over the matter; but his records plainly show how elated he was over the change.

William T. Gregg was made a delegate to Presbytery. He carried the record book to have it approved and signed by the Moderator, Rev. H. Callahan, which was done January 11, 1860, at Oxford. This was the last time that was done. For what reason does not appear, but Mr. Hammond's entries in the book end at this point. No further entries were made that year, except two by Dr. Daniel Bellows regarding benev-

olencies, and the election of Charles P. Browning, delegate to Presbytery for 1861. June 29, Mr. Hammond resigned and B. Gage Berry was elected church clerk. The first entry by him was a set of resolutions, dated February 1, passed by the church, withdrawing from the Presbytery; but assuring that body of sentiments of kindly regard on the part of this church. At this meeting Judge Lewis Kingsley reported a growing sentiment on the part of Congregational Churches in this vicinity, for the formation of an Association. A favorable vote was taken and Judge Kingsley was made a committee to take means to aid the formation of such a body. This, later, brought about the formation of the O. C. D. Association. Mr. Berry's next entry was: "June 17—Work commenced this day on the new church." Beginning his entry of June 29, Mr. Berry writes: "This being the day for the regular church meeting," (whatever that may mean) "the church met at 1 o'clock P. M. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Samuel Scoville, who now occupies the desk as pastor." Mr. Berry was a practicing lawyer, and himself and Judge Kingsley were editors and proprietors of the Chenango Telegraph. As stated, this was the last entry made by Mr. Berry. Some of the most important events in the history of the church occurred, but not a word of record of them—except his own election. James McCaw was elected Deacon July 13, in place of Deacon Samuel W. Williams, who was suspended, but Mr. Berry could not find time(or disposition) to record the events. Neither the coming of Rev. Samuel Scoville and the opening of that remarkable pastorate; nor the building of the new church and its dedication; as well as many minor events relating to memberships and removals—every bit of records, which ought to have been written in the book, were nowhere to be found. Mr. Berry was a fairly good editor, but he was a flat failure as a church clerk. He held the



C. R. JOHNSON.

office for six years and a half when the church again elected Mr. Hammond church clerk and treasurer, and he at once began filling in the record. He found it a very difficult thing to do; he, however, filled several pages, but the events do not follow each other in order. Evidently he put them down as they happened to come to his mind. And yet he forgot about Mr. Scoville's coming and the building of the church, and its dedication. He held the office until 1873, when he again resigned. Why he resigned in 1861 is not told; and the same is true of this one. Deacon William D. Porter was elected in his stead; but there is no mention made of it in the records. Evidently he was not elected until near January 1, 1874. He then tried, as Mr. Hammond did, but with very little success, to fill in the omissions. He was a railroad man, and out of town a good deal, so he had to get his details from the pastor and others. As a result the records were incomplete and unsatisfactory, which was a great annoyance to Mr. Scoville, who finally resolved to make a change. He mentioned the matter to Mr. C. R. Johnson, desiring him to take the office. He was not willing to take it. The pastor became very urgent. Mr. Johnson had helped him on a new hymnal which was to take the place of Plymouth Collection. Mr. Scoville was to select the hymns and General Horatio C. King of Plymouth Church, was to edit the tunes and Mr. Beecher was to go over it and make such changes as he desired before publication. The Beecher trial came on, which put an end to the project; but Mr. Scoville thought he had, out of it, discovered a church clerk. Without further argument with Mr. Johnson, he decided on a veritable coup d'etat. Saturday afternoon, September 30, 1876, was held the regular preparatory lecture in the lecture room of the church. After the lecture, he said that he had an item of business to bring before the meeting. He then read the resignation of Deacon W. D. Porter as church clerk.

The meeting voted to accept it. Then he said: "I want you to elect Brother Charles Johnson clerk of this church. Those in favor raise the right hand." Every hand came up. "Those opposed—the same sign." "Brother Johnson is elected church clerk." "The ayes had it." "Receive the benediction." No chance for protest. Mr. Johnson was there and waiting for a lull in the proceedings; but there was no lull, until he had declared the meeting closed, and it was too late. Mr. Scoville never weakened, but—Mr. Johnson *did,* after much argument and thought over the matter.

The next three years he spent his whole time in clearing up the record and gathering data from which the History, Ser. 1, was written. This Mr. Scoville had promised to do. With this in view the data was all turned over to him. He wrestled with the enigma for some weeks. Finally he brought back the whole bunch and said: "I can't write that history. You have collected the material and know all about it and you are the one to write it." Mr. Johnson protested that he knew nothing about writing a book. "Well, try it," said the pastor, " and I will help in any way I can." Suffice it to say, the manuscript was in the hands of the printer in the spring of 1879. The only work the pastor had done on it was to read it over; and the only comment the clerk could get out of him was, "That's all right." Mr. Johnson survived the ordeal, and the people the infliction, and he has been able to round out 30 years as church clerk. The election of 1906 came and Mr. Johnson, though elected again, said he must decline the office, though thankful for the confidence made manifest by the vote. It really looked as though the members of the church had voted for him so many times that they just couldn't help it. Mr. Otis Andrew Thompson was elected clerk for 1906; and was continued in office until December 31, 1909, when Lewis M. Donaldson was elected for 1910, Mr. Thompson

from the pressure of other cares being unable to attend to the duties. Mr. Donaldson seems to have been an efficient church clerk, to this time. (1914.)

Mr. Sessions remained pastor of the church until May 1, 1842. Evidently the results of the trial of Mr. Enos had left in the minds of the membership a not wholly cordial feeling toward Mr. Sessions, which was not, probably, fully admitted, but was in the hearts of the people and produced "a strained relation" toward him, which he became more and more conscious of the longer he remained. April 19, 1842, he presented a request from himself and the church to Presbytery, to dissolve the pastoral relation; presuambly stating the reasons for the request. To this note Presbytery replied granting the request and hinting at the reason for it, which showed they had yielded, "governed by a desire to promote the peace and welfare of the congregation and the comfort and usefulness of this brother." What these events were there is not the slightest record, so we can only guess; but in view of subsequent events, one can readily fill in between the lines. He continued to live in Norwich until, probably, April 1943. Ser 1, p. 57.) His daughter married Rev. S. E. Bishop, who became a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Sessions went there from Oakland, Cal., (where he had been living with one of his sons) about 1880, and made his home in Honolulu with his daughter, Mrs. Bishop. He became totally blind about five years before his death, which occurred April 4, 1884. His age was nearly 89. Sometime in the latter part of his life the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him.

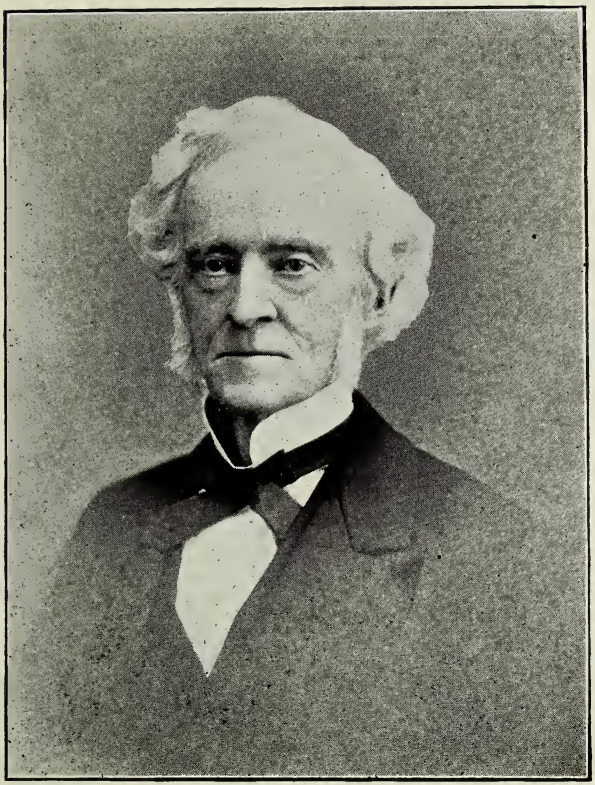
The following statement, in Mr. Session's handwriting, was found among the church papers, and is dated May 1, 1842. This was just after his pastorate had closed, but he remained in Norwich nearly another year:

STATEMENT.

Church organized in 1814 with members.....		21	
Received in 20 years and two months, the time of my coming		195	
		216	
Removed in all ways in the same time.....		105	
In the church at my coming.....		111	111
Added in Seven Years and Seven Months.			
By letter		80	
Names found, not on record.....		5	
Restored after suspension.....		2	
On examination		48	
		135	
Removed in Same Time.			
By death	10		
By excommunications	4		
Erasures for joining other churches without letters	5		
By suspensions still existing.....	14		
By letters of dismission.....	86	119	
Gains		16	16
Now in full communion			127

Notes.

In 1817 there was a revival In that year there were added to the church on examination	66		
By letter	10	76	
Fourteen years after—in 1831, there was another revival.			
Added on examination	39		
By letter	8	47	
			123



REV. AARON RUSSELL LIVERMORE.
The Sixth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1842-1843.

Take 123 (the number received in revivals) from 195, the number received in 20 years and 3 months and there remains 72 as the number received in the remaining 18 years and 3 months. This is but nine more than half the number enrolled since I have been here, viz., 7 years and 7 months.

Of the 72 received in 18 years and 3 months, 30 were on examination. Of the 135 received in 7 years and 7 months, 48 were on examintion; i. e. in the 20 years and 3 months of the church's existence previous to my coming, reckoning out the two years of revivals, there were 18 less received on examination, than in the 7 years and 7 months of my ministry.

Be it remembered also, that the field has been narrowed down in these 7 years by the building of a Presbyterian Church in Preston; also, a Methodist and an Episcopal Church in this village.

There have been but three communions in the 7 years and 7 months, at which no additions were made to the church.

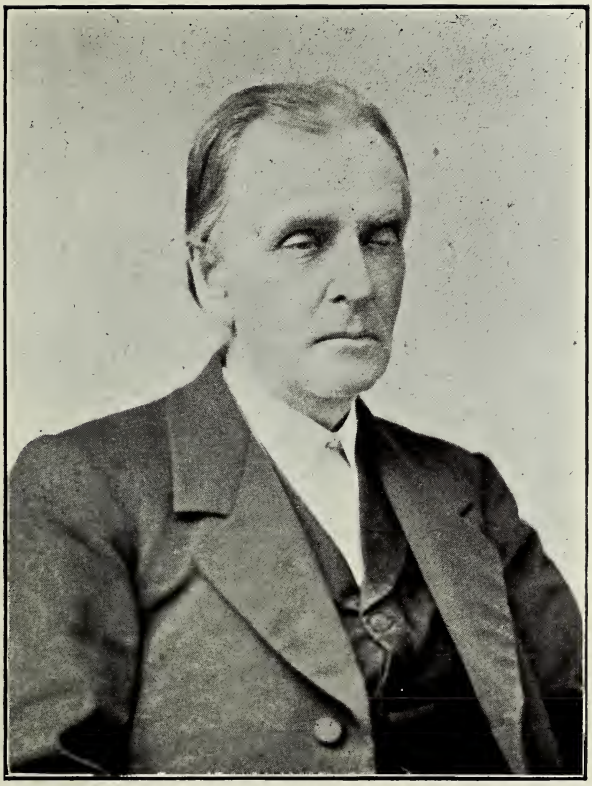
Yet my detractors say that the church has been constantly running down; growing leaner—no conversions, Etc.

This is a fair showing as far as it goes; but his own figures, taken from a small blank book, in which he copied his quarterly reports to Presbytery, there were during his pastorate of 7 years and 7 months, received by letter 105, and by examination 50. In the last two years 7 months of his ministry there were 23 received by letter; and but two on examination. This shows that neither the pastor nor the church were fulfilling their mission. It also seems to show that the pastor was more concerned about the length of the membership list than about the spirituality of himself or his flock; and one can readily see why the "strained relation" grew up between them. He was an excellent man; a good preacher and a good business man; and did the

church a great deal of good in teaching it to care for its records and to have system and order in its whole management. In these respects Mr. Sessions and Dr. Taylor were very much alike; and in these respects were very useful to the churches in their day.

Following Mr. Sessions, there were five short pastorates. Rev. Aaron Russell Livermore began his pastorate October, 1842. On April 1, 1843, on account of ill health he resigned. April, 1873, he was obliged to give up preaching for the same reason. He died at New Haven, Conn., January 25, 1892, aged 81 years. He was a very friendly man, well liked by the church and the affectionate regard was reciprocated on his part. He was a Congregationalist, but was much more concerned about Christianity than about dogma. He was a very pleasant man to meet and easy to get acquainted with, but was of a quiet, unassuming disposition. The church was very sorry to lose him.

The next was Rev. William Mason Richards. He came March 17, 1844, as acting pastor. He was also a Congregationalist; and an abolitionist. It seems significant that the church should turn so squarely around and emphasize its Congregationalism so pointedly in this way. Perhaps Mr. Sessions had given it an overdose of Presbyterianism; but its " about face " did not last long, as will appear later. Mr. Richards was remembered by the older people of Norwich as a pleasant man, an earnest preacher and a true citizen, but he did not fit into the hole into which he was put when he came to Norwich. As he expressed it in a letter to me telling about his pastorate: " The Session was not yet ready for advanced movements." He resigned May 9, 1845; remained a few months in Norwich and early in 1846, went to the Congregational Church in Oxford for a year; then to Hamilton for three years; then to Morrisville for a while, and then he went west to live with his daughter.



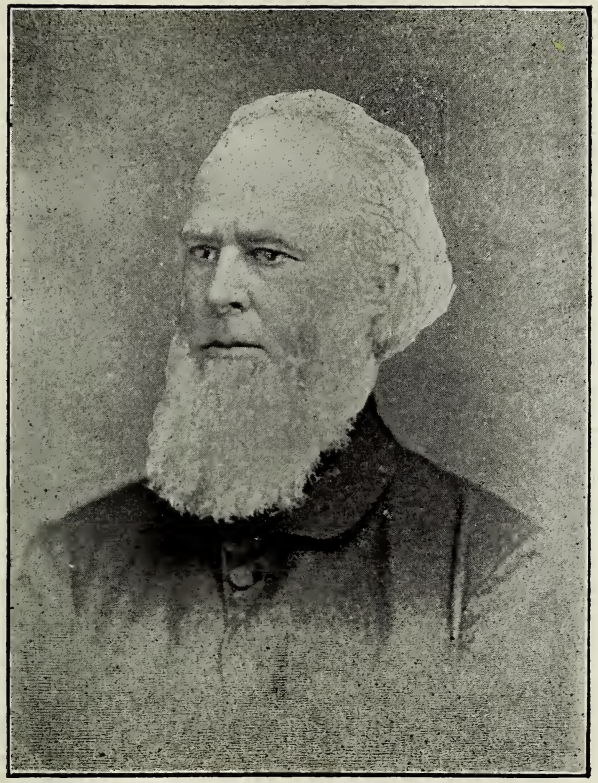
REV. WILLIAM MASON RICHARDS.
The Seventh Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1842.1843.

After Mr. Richards came Rev. Charles Piersons Jennings, as acting pastor. He would not accept the pastorate because the church was not united in belief. He was a Presbyterian. He came in 1845. In the fall of 1846 he was attacked with laryngitis and in January, 1847, he left the church. Later he became an Episcopalian and became Dean of St. Andrew's Divinity School in Syracuse. Those who remembered him in Norwich, spoke of him as a perfect gentleman, a very worthy man whom it was a pleasure to know and associate with.

Rev. Daniel Clark, Jr., came to the pastorate after Mr. Jennings. He was at that time Agent of American Education Society and was a Presbyterian. The call which was sent him will cause a smile to present day folks: "The First Congregational Society of Norwich, N. Y., being on sufficient grounds well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Rev. Daniel Clark, Jr., and having good hopes from our past experience of your labors, that your ministrations in the Gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation, promising you in discharge of your duty all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the Lord. And that you may be free from wordly cares and avocations, we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of Six Hundred dollars, in regular payments during the term of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church." A committee was appointed to sign the above call and to prosecute the same at a meeting of Presbytery to be held July 6, 1847, at Norwich. This was signed by Jeduthan Hitchcock, Ezra Hewitt, Abner W. Warner, Hiram Weller and Benjamin Chapman. Mr. Clark accepted the call and was at once installed over the church. Were I asked to guess who this call was written by, I should answer at once John Hammond. I am sure

that Mr. Clark must have smiled when he read it. He was to have no other employment—in consideration of Six Hundred Dollars promised him, "to be paid in regular quarterly payments, during the term of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church." I do not quite see how they or he were to know when the payments were to be due; nor what the amount of each would be; as no limit is set for the engagement. If it should be for five years, a quarter would be fifteen months, of course; so he could only expect $150.00, which would be a rather small salary for a minister, and he must "be free from all worldly cares and avocations." I don't suppose that the promise was taken literally; but, just the same, when Mr. Clark, August 19, 1951, asked the Presbytery to release him, one of the reasons he gave for going was "insufficiency of salary to meet his necessary expenses." The other reason was "The want of a comfortable and permanent residence for his family." Presbytery evidently thought them sufficient, so granted the request; and the two commissioners from the church, Nelson Pellet and Elish B. Smith, concurred, and Mr. Clark left in September. He was drowned September 24, 1869, while pastor of the Congregational Church in Plainfield, Ill., and the church erected a monument in his memory.

Mr. Clark was quite tall and rather slim and considerably dignified in manner—a typical Presbyterian clergyman, which fact even his dress proclaimed to the world; but he was not distant in bearing. He was pleasant in society and a good conversationalist. He was earnest and alert, and a good preacher and lecturer; was firm, quick and vigorous in his movements and had no sympathy with undue familarity. He lived on the southwest corner of North Broad and Pleasant Streets, in the house which was moved back and is now just west of Dr. Dunne's residence. His oldest child was a



REV. CHARLES PIERSONS JENNINGS.
The Eighth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1845-1847.

boy named William, whom we boys always called "Bill." Several of us were there one day playing, and of course, the name "Bill" was called very often. Mr. Clark was busy with something around the yard, apparently not noticing the boys; but all at once he called out: "Boys, William is not a horse. His name is not 'Bill,' it is William. I want you to call him by his name." We thought a good deal of Mr. Clark, but we called the boy "Bill" just the same. We just had to.

The next October, Rev. Samuel W. Bush came to the church as stated supply. He was a Presbyterian, but his first pastorate was over the Congregational Church of Binghamton. He was born in Virginia, July, 1806. His father was a physician. The son studied law, but did not practice much. He became an editor of a newspaper in Pittsfield, Mass., and later took a full theological course at Auburn. He came here from Skeneateles. From here he went to The Presbyterian Church, Cooperstown, and in 1861, went back to Binghamton, where he remained and became chaplain of New York State Inebriate Asylum, and held it nearly all the time he lived. He died March 21, 1877. He was a modest, retiring man and not fitted to make much noise in the world; but all during his pastorate members were often coming into the church; and in the winter of '53-4 a revival came which had a great influence on the church though there were not many conversions.

Whether by his influence or not I do not know, but in the winter of 1852, Col. Ezra Hewitt, as committee from the church, bought the residence of Ralph Johnson for a parsonage, then at the present 271 North Broad Street—the Higley residence. Mr. Johnson April 17, gave possession and Mr. Bush and family moved in. They were found to be very pleasant neighbors, and agreeable company, albeit it the Johnsons were solid Baptists. Mr. Bush left Norwich in May, 1855.

BENJAMIN CHAPMAN AND DAVID MAYDOLE.

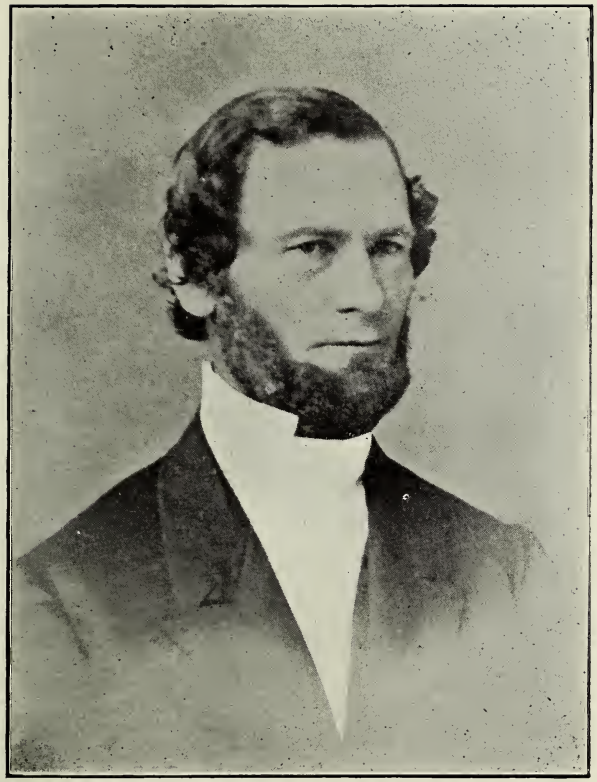
For many years these two reputable citizens were accounted the wealthy men of this church. They occupied leading positions in its affairs, and both loved the church ardently. Both were liberal givers, at least in a way; and both were often chosen as officers of the society and on committees for the society's work, but they never were prominent as workers in the spiritual activities of the church.

Both made money honestly by untiring industry and close attention to business. They knew the value of every dollar accumulated—what it had cost them in brain and muscle; and whereas they gave a good deal, it was only after obtaining a thorough understanding of "the a and izzard" of every call.

Mr. Chapman was born first—February 13, 1791; he was therefore about 16 years Mr. Maydole's senior—who was born January 27, 1807. Mr. Chapman had been a citizen and business man in Norwich for 30 years before Mr. Maydole came; and in fact almost since he was born.

Benjamin Chapman's father was Deacon William Chapman, of Saybrook, Conn., where he was born July, 1758. He married Caroline Jones in 1780. Ten children were born to them of whom Benjamin was the fifth. Two of them became clergymen; one of these, who was the youngest child, was Charles, the father of William P., Sarah D., and Charles B. Chapman, whom we know as good Congregationalists. The oldest son, Ezekiel, graduated from Yale; Charles from Hamilton. Caroline next younger than Benjamin, married Deacon Joseph T. Gibert, of Gilbertsville, where she lived and died. She was married in 1830 and died in 1868. All these ten children were born in Saybrook.

Benjamin remained in Saybrook until he was 14, when, with an older brother, he went to Durham, Greene County, N. Y., where they learned the hatter's trade.



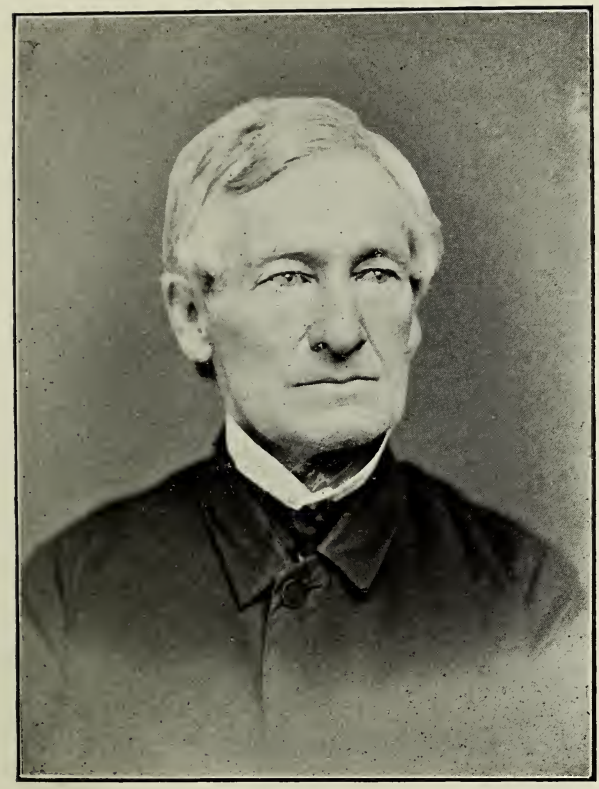
REV. DANIEL CLARK, JR.
The Ninth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1847-1851.

He had, probably, heard much at Durham about the "Shenang Country," so when in 1810 he had come to the age of 19, he left Durham and came to Norwich. Mr. Zeno Allen, who had been living in Durham, came to Norwich either with young Chapman, or very soon after, started a store and hired young Chapman as clerk; and we hear no more about the hatter's trade. Those who knew "Uncle Ben" well, will not be surprised at this, for he was a natural merchant—not a mechanic. In fact his name indicates his "bent." He was a shrewd Yankee and Chapman is a Saxon word meaning "a market man, a merchant." It is probable that Mr. Allen knew him in Durham and brought him with him to Norwich. Mr. Allen's store was nearly opposite the American hotel. He continued the business some two or three years and removed from town; and young Chapman hired to Ira Wilcox, who was in trade in Oxford, and who had opened a branch store in Norwich, which he ran for two or three years. In 1815 Chapman, who was then 24, formed a partnership with Charles York (who was later, Judge York), in a sort of dry goods and general variety business. After about two years the firm dissolved (1817) and Chapman continued the business alone, "terms cash." I am quite confident that he was the first one in Norwich to try this experiment. Others tried it, but with what success I have not found out. Evidently it was not a complete success with him, for I know that he made accounts in the latter years of his merchandizing. York and Chapman were doing business in the (to us) "Old Chapman store;" and Chapman continued in that store and soon bought it. After which he made about what we know as "a department store"—sold almost all kinds of goods; and this was about the sort of trade which he carried on as long as he stayed in trade. Benjamin Chapman and Squire Smith were partners a few years and dissolved April 1, 1829.

Mr. Chapman married Miss Eliza Hayes of Guilford, January 16, 1826. In 1833 he bought of Peter B. Guernsey the lot, now at the corner of South Broad and Hayes streets, and built the substantial house, now the residence of W. P. Chapman, his nephew. In this home he passed the remainder of his life, respected by all who knew him. His home was a home of comfort and peace but not of elegance, as that term is now understood. It was furnished as one would suppose a home of a man of means would be, who was more concerned for comfort and good taste than for glitter and show. Both himself and his wife were quiet, plain people who had no desire to make a splurge and a big noise in the world; but to just have a quiet home where they could rest from the cares of business and even of pleasure—their home was their castle and to Mr. Chapman his retreat from the busy cares of the merchant and the rush of trade. These being the characteristics of Mr. Chapman, the biographer finds that the story is soon told. One wonders how such a quiet, unassuming man could be a successful merchant. That is one of the paradoxies of life. He was a genial, pleasant man even though he was a quiet one—always ready for a joke and with one. The business men of the last generation in Norwich repeated very often many of his humorous sayings. They seemed to bubble up at the most unexpected places. This one was told often:—"A farmer came in the store one day. He was well known and a customer of the store. He walked over to where Uncle Ben was and in a very serious tone, said: 'Good morning, Mr. Chapman; could I get trusted for a few goods today?' Instantly, in the same serious tone, came the reply: 'I don't know. You can tell by trying.'"

Mr. Chapman united with this church December 31, 1832, on confession. Mrs. Chapman united July 5, 1835, also on confession. She was born May 23, 1802.

Mr. Chapman was always at the annual meetings of



REV. SAMUEL WEBSTER BUSH.
The Tenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1851-1855.

the church and for several years was elected chairman; and three or four times was elected a trustee.

He was one of the movers in the creation of Norwich Academy; and was the first President of its Board of Trustees. He was a member of the Board of Directors of The Bank of Chenango and a long time Vice-President of its Savings Bank.

In 1846 he sold his dry goods stock to Chauncey G. Wheeler, who moved it to the second store north, where he continued the business until he died, in 1854.

Mr. Chapman continued his business with groceries, hardware, wall paper, etc. In 1853 he closed all out and retired from business; but the next year, in May, he bought the drug stock and business of Dr. H. R. Moses, which was located in "The Old Stone Block" about where B. E. Reynolds is now. It had been running some years. How it came about does not seem to be known now. Mr. Chapman could not have known anything of the drug business. Being out of business he may have got lonesome and thought he would try it on. It showed that he had no fears of disaster, for he knew he could sell it. He knew how to do that anyhow. He moved it into his own store and called it "Apothecary's Hall," and hired Dr. Moses, "an experienced physician and pharmacist" as assistant. He did not reckon on any disagreement between them. In August it came, and resulted in the resignation of Dr. Moses. This left Uncle Ben "boss and all hands;" but he wasn't scared a bit. He ran the store until the fall of 1854, when he sold it to a very capable druggist, C. H. Williamson, who came from Cooperstown, and who carried on the business several years. Uncle Ben again retired from business, finally.

In May, 1855, William Hayes Chapman, only son of Benjamin Chapman opened "The Old Chapman Store" with a business similar to that which his father had conducted before he retired the first time. His first

advertisement was careful to add " assisted by Mr. B. Chapman," which meant in practice, that the " assistant " furnished the ammunition and would be there in his big chair and greet his old customers and friends as they came in. The business was a success from the start and dear old " Uncle Ben " was to be found in his big chair in the store every day, sometime, as long as he lived. Beside that he did very little to occupy his time, except to read the papers and his books. Of the latter he had gathered possibly 200 volumes of standard works.

There is very little further to say of Mr. Chapman. He was, naturally, so retiring, quiet and unassuming a man that one wonders how he ever was so successful as a merchant; but under his quiet and gentleness there ran a never failing stream of good nature and humor which was ready to break out at the most unexpected moment. These ebulitions were always so pat and pertinent that it was very evident they were not studied but were the flashes of a steady current of friendliness which was flowing all the time through his nature.

After 40 years of more or less strenuous business life he seemed to enjoy intensely the ability to be still, so he spent very much time in his home during the remaining years of his life. He died March 16, 1880, in his home, aged 80 years.

Mrs. Champan lived four years longer in the home. She died March 9, 1884, aged nearly 82 years. Both were buried in Mt. Hope.

DAVID MAYDOLE.

An early prominent business man of Norwich was David Maydole. He was born at Sharon, Schoharie County, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1807. He was of Scotch-Irish and Dutch descent on his father's side, and Dutch on his mother's side. The earliest ancester now known

was Alexander Maydole, who was married in Albany in 1736 to Margratt Berger. This was unquestionable the great-grandfather of David Maydole; and his wife, Margratt Berger, was without doubt from one of the early German or Dutch families which settled first in Rensselaerwick, near Albany, amongst the earliest settlers of that neighborhood, and soon after the landing of the Pilgrims.

It is supposed that the ancestors of this Maydole came from County Ulster, North of Ireland, being one of the Scotchmen who crossed over from the southwesterly portions of Scotland into County Ulster and there established that race of sturdy, intelligent Scotch-Irish people who have played so large a part in the development of our own country.

Mr. Maydole was a remarkable mechanical genuis and became a very shrewd business man. With thorough honesty and integrity unbounded, he had nothing to cover up. With courage unlimited, rugged, hard working and strong of muscle, he was sure to succeed, and he certainly did.

Many years ago it was asserted that the name Maydole was originally MacDougal and that it was changed to the simpler form because it was easier written and spoken. Be that as it may, it will never be changed back to the original, for " D. Maydole, Cast Steel " has gone to the farthermost bound of civilization in all the world; and even the Simplified Spelling Board could not change it now.

Alexander Maydole, the father of David, learned the trade of shoemaker in Albany. He then went to Schoharie County and worked several years; then located at Sharon on the well known " Cherry Valley Turnpike " and married Anna Van Valkenburgh in 1798. Her father's name was Adam. They had twelve children. Nine of them grew up. The father died in 1818. Of these children, David was the sixth. Pru-

dence was enforced on him as well as industry, as his father was in very moderate circumstances. The lessons were thoroughly learned so that he never forgot them as long as he lived. Winters he was at school in Meeley Hollow for some years; after which the family moved to Texas Valley, Cortland county (now Marathon), onto a small farm. His mother was an excellent woman and of very good judgment. She brought up the family well. She taught them the homely virtues of honesty, industry and prudence. From 1818, when his father died, David worked for farmers in the neighborhood summers and attended school winters, until 1822, when he became 15. In January of that year, he became an apprentice in the blacksmith shop of James Glover in Oxford,—one of the oldest trades known to men, and generally looked upon as a very hard, dirty and less liable to be remunerative above a bare living, than anyother; and yet it was the starting of David Maydole's fortune and fame. The papers were drawn by Lieut. Gov. John Tracy and David chose Mr. Glover as his guardian. The apprenticeship continued six years. Then he wanted a business of his own. His brother, Jacob, was running a shop in Eaton and David secured a partnership with him, in the fall of 1828, which lasted two years. Then he sold out to Jacob (1830) and worked for Gardner and Abbott a year. In 1831 he went to Lebanon as partner of Daniel Abbott in the Edge Tool business and remained two years. He then went back to Eaton and bought out Lyman Abbott, who had a chair factory and water power. David turned it into a blacksmith shop and made edge tools and carriage springs, in which he did a good business, having four fires running. In 1837 he thought to enlarge his business, so in company with his brother James, who was a blacksmith, he bought the Gardner and Abbott Scythe factory and water power and 60 acres of land. Spent a year in

working the farm and getting ready for business,—nothing more. When the title was delivered, it was found to be imperfect and they refused to take it. David then thought it a good time to leave Eaton for some other location, so in 1840 he moved to Norwich and formed a partnership with Levi Ray, who was carrying on a blacksmithing business in the "Old Stone Shop" on East Main street, which was still standing until a few years ago, when E. L. Smith tore it down and erected the substantial brick store on the same ground.

Mr. Maydole's part of the work was edge tools and carriage springs, at which he had become an expert, and had a wide reputation in this vicinity. In 1848 Arnold and Daniel Wait had built a carpenter shop on the ground whereon is now the wood part of the Hammer shop. The power was the waste water from the canal above the lock which was just east of the shop. Mr. Maydole leased one half of the Wait shop and half the power and in his own name opened up the tool and spring business; and about this time began making adze-eye hammers. I cannot find just when it was, but think it was at some time during the partnership with Ray; some large building was being put up in the village —possibly the Methodist or Episcopal churches. James Parton tells the story in "Captains of Industry." Six carpenters came from out of town to help in the work. One of them forgot to bring his hammer and went to David Maydole to have one made. Whether he was sent there or not does not appear; or whether he went to the shop nearest his job, and it happened to be Maydole's. If this was the way of it, the job was the Episcopal Church, probably as it was very near the Ray Stone Shop, and was built in 1834-5. I quote from Parton:—"Make as good a hammer as you know how. This was touching David in a tender place. Perhaps you don't want to pay for one as good as I know how to make. Yes I do, I want a good hammer. The black-

smith made him one of the best. It was probably the best hammer that had ever been made in the world, since it contained two or three improvements never before combined in the instrument. The man was very much pleased and showed it to his companions. All of them left an order for a hammer. Then the contractor ordered one, intimating that the one for him ought to be better than the others. I cannot do it, said David. When I make anything, I make it as good as I can, no matter who it is for." Then the storekeeper of the village ordered two dozen." It looks as though Parton thought there was but one storekeeper in town at that time, whereas there were nearer 40. If he had said the hardware storekeeper it would probably have been true and that one would have been Hiram Weller; and it is more than probable that he was the one. Whoever he was he got the hammers, and David Maydole was started in the hammer making business.

Mr. Parton came to Norwich in 1873, on an engagement to deliver a lecture. This was the time he got his notes about Mr. Maydole for the book mentioned. The lecture was one of the course given by the Young Men's Association. He was to be here all day, so some of us invited him to take a walk and see the village, which, of course, we were very proud of. We suggested that he might enjoy a trip through the Hammer factory, to which he assented, and we went in. Mr. Maydole was in the office. Mr. Parton was introduced and Mr. Maydole said he would show us through. He took much pains to explain carefully to Mr. Parton the process of making hammers; and when he returned to the office, Mr. Maydole gave him a hammer. Mr. Parton spoke his thanks into Mr. Maydole's ear and wound up with: "Well, Mr. Maydole, you make a pretty good hammer.' Instantly Mr. Maydole's body straightened up in great dignity, and he shot out, like the crack of a pistol—" No Sir! I don't make a pretty good hammer.

I make the best hammer that's made in the world, Sir."

The adze eye he ought to have patented, as well as other vital improvements in hammers, but he did not; nor did he advertise—but once. That was January 15, 1849. In the summer of 1848 the Wait and Maydole shop burned all up, causing a loss of $1,500.00 more than the insurance. This was a very severe blow to Mr. Maydole. It would have crushed many men. During the fire he was so dazed that men had to hold him by main strength, he was so determined to rush into the seething furnace to try to save his property. By the next day, when all that was wood had been devoured and everything was ruined, he was himself again, and with splendid courage was planning for a new building. He very soon had bought out the Waits and he was planning for bigger things than he had thought of before. Nine months after this, came this short advertisement in the Chenango Union, and presumably in the Chenango Telegraph also:

"David Maydole advertises that his new shop is all going making hammers, axes and edge tools." That told the whole story. In present day phrase, "That was goin' some." This building covered the same ground as the other; it was of wood and still remains as built, except that a third story was put on it in 1856 to provide more room. It will probably be replaced by brick in a few years. About this time, Mr. Maydole found it not an easy matter to keep the business going. Several times he went around to the stores and borrowed ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five dollars or whatever the merchants could spare, to enable him to pay off his help. When the money came in he would go around and return it. No one ever refused to loan him at these times. They knew it was entirely safe. My father was one of the loaners, I remember.

Nelson B. Hale became a partner with Mr. Maydole in 1853. He was, though a farmer's son, a very thorough

business man; and though he was in the factory less than two years, he had in that time introduced ideas into the business which were of great advantage to the business and to Mr. Maydole. The latter was very quick to see the advantages and to adopt the ideas. With all his misfortunes ,Mr. Maydole never lost faith in himself, nor in the business. The panic of 1857 reduced the amount of business somewhat, but it went through all right and when trade started again, he was ready for it. He never used any questionable methods, no matter what the temptation was. No hammer was stamped with his name that was not as perfect as constant inspection and care could make it. In 1849 he received a silver medal from American Institute, New York, for perfection in hammers.

Mr. Maydole was a skillful and inventive merchanic. Several times, when some article was needed in the manufacture of hammers ,he would invent a machine to make it; and he was also ready to adopt new methods when there was any advantage to be gained by their use. Up to 1876 he had used hand forging entirely. About that time he became convinced of the advantage, both in time saved and better results to the steel in the use of presses, so he bought and installed them. Many of the forgers who had been in his employ for many years, were very much incensed and tried hard to stop it. Some of them went so far as to quit; but he went ahead and put in the presses. All who stayed were given good jobs and no time lost. When any came back he gave them work just the same as the others. He held no resentment against any.

Mr. Maydole was never called by any familiar name, nor nickname. Somehow, no name but David Maydole seemed to just fit him, and yet he was very friendly and kind with the men, and many of them had abundant evidence of his desire to help any of them who were in need.

January 13, 1854, Mr. Maydole's mother, Mrs. Anna (Van Valkenburgh) Wiles, died in Cincinnatus, N. Y.

He married (first) May 5, 1830, Mary Madelia Hartshorn, daughter of Jacob Hartshorn, long a magistrate of Lebanon. She died in 1843. He married (second) Charlena Dickinson in 1846,—daughter of Abner Dickinson of Preston. She died May 10, 1898. Mr. Maydole died October 14, 1882.

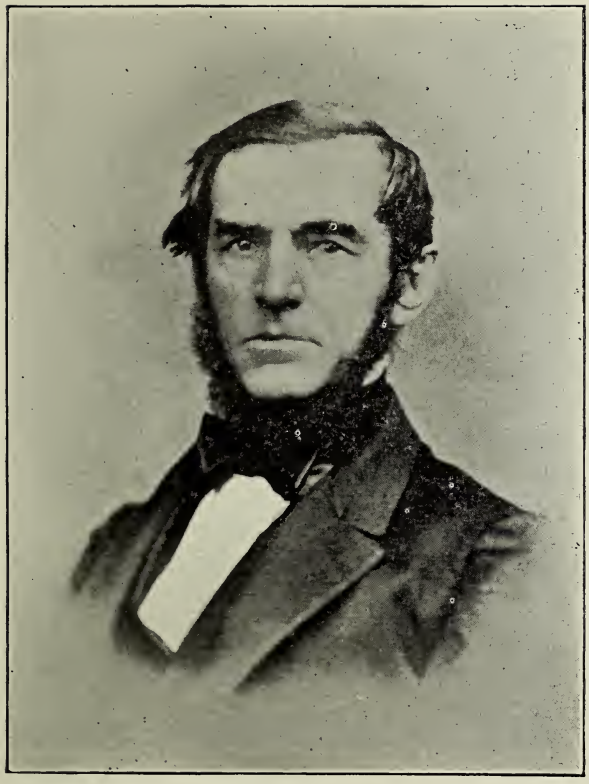
While Mr. Maydole was an apprentice in Oxford, he was converted and united with the (then) Presbyterian Church in that village. He was afterwards a member of the Congregational Church in Morrisville. He joined this church June 29, 1840 by letter from Congregational Church of Eaton, N. Y. Mr. Maydole was very loyal to his church. He had twice been elected trustee. By will he bequeated $1,000.00 to it, which was put into the new organ in 1884.

He gave a great deal to his church. After the repairs of 1874, at the first auction of the new pews, he undoubtedly intended to have the first choice of the pews; but it developed that Mr. Chapman had made up his mind to the same thing. They were both at the sale, but I cannot remember which started the bidding. Everybody knew " what was up " so no one else bid. The bidding between these two stalwarts soon ran up to $30.00 where it stood in favor of Mr. Maydole. By and by Mr. Chapman said $31.00, which, after a while Mr. Maydole raised to $32.00. Just as it was to be struck off, Mr. Chapman said $33.00, which Mr. Maydole decided not to raise, so Mr. Chapman got it. This never happened before, and I am sure it never will again. Selling church pews was the rule for the first half century of this church, and was the cause of a great deal of ill feeling and real hardship both to the members and to the trustees. The fire which wiped out the church building in 1858, wiped out also all the deeds of privately owned pews for ever. The Gospel

plan is fast coming into favor—absolutely free pews and weekly contributions, also voluntary, "according as God has prospered you." It takes a long time and a good deal of argument to get people to trust God, and it is doubtful if they will be willing to do it entirely this side of Heaven; but that is the ideal and we are slowly working toward it. "Have faith in God, He will bring it to pass."

Rev. Hiram Doane followed Mr. Bush and began the oversight of the church, January 6, 1856; and July 15, was installed by Chenango Presbytery. When I say that Mr. Doane was a Congregationalist, the statement should be writ in large capitals. Truman Enos had at last found a man as strong a Congregationalist as he. After Mr. Doane had got well into the work of the church, it became evident and inevitable that the church would return to Congregationalism. Mr. Doane was firm in that faith, and with great tact and persistence led the church in that direction.

The "returning to the old love" was much more disastrous than the breaking away in 1836. Then there were but two of the membership who were forced out; now there were perhaps a dozen. Then it was the most prominent man in the church; the man who, more than any other, had brought the church into being—himself and his wife were forced out; now it was several of that class—prominent and influential members and families who still held very decidedly to their Presbyterian faith. Probably the most prominent among them was Charles A. Thorpe, a prominent lawyer of Norwich, and his family—Mrs. Susan M. Thorpe, and their three daughters—Sarah S., who married William S. Thomas in 1855, and moved to the west before the crisis came; Elizabeth (always called "Lizzie), wife of Horace G. Prindle, also a prominent lawyer of Norwich, and county judge for four terms; and Mary S., who was then unmarried. These were accounted the



REV. HIRAM DOANE.

The Eleventh Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1856-1860.

leaders in the opposition. They were all very intelligent people and fluent talkers. They did not hesitate to say what they thought of the attitude of the majority.

Mr. Thorpe was born June 26, 1796, in Butternuts, Otsego Co., N. Y. He no doubt attended in his boyhood the schools in his native village and made good progress, for in 1812, when he was 16, he entered Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1816, and very soon entered the office of Judge Campbell, in Cooperstown, and began the study of law. He was admitted in October, 1820; practiced about a year in New Berlin and then went to Oxford as partner with Judge John Tracy, who had but a few years before entered upon the thirty and more years of his distinguished public career in various State offices. Mr. Thorpe was, a little later, a partner in the office of "Count" Henry Van Der Lyn, in Oxford. In 1828 he moved to Norwich and formed a partnership with David Buttolph, which was continued five years. They were in a little office which formerly belonged to James Birdsall, located on the west side of South Broad Street, just north of Chapman's store. The next year he married, November 12, Miss Susan Miller Avery. She was born May 6, 1805. They joined this church on confession, May 7, 1848, and soon became prominent and efficient in its work.

After the partnership with Mr. Buttolph expired, Mr. Thorpe opened an office by himself in Norwich, which he continued until 1846, when the state of his health compelled him to retire from business entirely.

"Squeer Thap," as he was generally called by the older men of the village, had not aspired to public office; but he became justice of the peace for one or more terms. He had been a good lawyer, but as a penman he was not a success; and many were the stories current fifty years ago, about the troubles court officers

were put to in deciphering Mr. Thorpe's legal papers. One of these had to do with a summons which he wrote returnable in South New Berlin. The Court had convened and was ready for the case, " when lo and behold " the officers were in the same predicament as Belshazzer. The Astrologers and the Soothsayers were not able to read the " writing," so an officer was dispatched to Norwich for Mr. Thorpe, and the Court waited until he came and played the part of Daniel, when the Court resumed business.

He was very enthusiastic in his zeal for the building of Norwich Academy in 1843-44. He was on the Board of Trustees for several years and was President, I think, most of the time. As the close of the spring term of 1857 drew near, the Chapel of the Academy being too small to hold the crowd which always attended the exhibition exercises, and the Baptist Church not desiring that it should be held in their audience room, as had been done for a few previous years, it being the largest hall in the village, Mr. Thorpe, President of the Board, proposed to procure Floral Hall, on the Fair Grounds, on West Main Street. The students as a body protested. Floral Hall had been used as a cattle pen during the winter by Jed. R. Wheeler, Jr., and was totally unfit for the purpose, unless it were thoroughly cleaned and painted. Evidently Mr. Thorpe wanted the students to make "a bee " and clean it themselves, but when he found that they were not so disposed, he proposed to start a dollar subscription and so raise the money for the renovation; but it had been delayed so long and the building was so manifestly unfit, the students rebelled. It was of further importance because the Principal, Prof. David G. Barber, and the Science and Lauguages teacher, Prof. Albert Gould, were not going to remain longer in the faculty; and they were to be presented with souvenirs. They were very highly esteemed. The

students therefore procured carriages and transported themselves with the teachers to Sherburne. Mr. Medbury put on a fine dinner; after which, and around the table, the Exhibition was held, all of which was very satisfactory to those present. Hon. Samuel H. Barnes, one of the trustees, favored very strongly the contention of the students, saying that they were right and Mr. Thorpe was wrong. In telling the circumstances, he summed it all up in this laconic sentence: "Squeer Thap thought he could raise a hell of a breeze on a dollar, but he didn't make it out."

This was one side of Mr. Thorp's nature—he was very persistent in whatever he wanted to do; and yet he was a thoroughly Christian man, fastidiously honest in all his intercourse with his fellow men; a thorough student of the Bible and made a very valuable Bible class teacher. Now that he had leisure, he made a profound study of the wanderings of the Hebrews through the Wilderness; and himself drew a large map showing their route and their triumphal entry into Palestine. The text of the description of this map he used as a lecture before Sunday schools and churches. It was very interesting, although it gave the impression that he was a crank on the subject. Hon. Samuel S. Randall says of him: "Mr. Thorpe was an excellent and painstaking lawyer; and a most worthy, exemplary and estimable citizen." February 14, 1840, he bought the house which stood on the same ground now covered by the M. E. Church and lived there many years. This home was the abode of sociability and friendliness, and many were the social gatherings within its walls, presided over by the parents and the estimable daughters. They were very well known and esteemed by the best people in Norwich. He was elected trustee of the church five times and was devoted to its interests, as were also his wife and his daughter, Mary. Lizzie was not a member.

Mrs. Thorpe was just as irreconcilable as her husband, regarding the attitude of the majority in the church breaking away from Presbyterianism. Mr. and Mrs. Levy Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Abner Warner, Deacon Samuel W. Williams and several others consorted with Mr. Thorpe and his family. Many hard things were said and Mr. Thorpe was summoned before the church; and again a church trial was on in full tilt; which resulted in Mr. Thorpe's name being dropped from the roll of members, with most of those who were with him; and later, he was excluded and Deacon Williams deposed from the deaconate. The talking, however, was not all on one side.

This drastic action resulted in a Presbyterian Church being organized about the middle of July, 1859, composed of the recalcitrant members. The use of the Academy Chapel was engaged; Rev. Hiram Dyer was engaged as pastor, and services established there. This, however, did not settle the controversy; and a good deal was said against those in the church who favored the proposal of breaking away from the anomalous position in which the church was then being held. They claimed to be the real owners of the property and called on the others, who were largely in the majority, to surrender it to them, which was, of course, flatly refused and the Congregational majority summoned the opposition to appear and show cause why they should not be censured and compelled to leave the church.

Rev. Hiram Doane, who was called by the majority, accepted the call and began his labors Sunday, January 6, 1856, and July 15, following, was installed by Chenango Presbytery. January 30, 1857, the Standing Committee of the Church resigned and the church by a resolution adopted by a vote of the church, declared that hereafter it would administer its affairs according to Congregational forms as generally understood.

This resolution was signed by Deacon Elijah Chamberlin and twenty-five male members.

Thus matters stood Sunday, February 2, 1858, at which date, in the early morning, the "Old Meeting House" took fire and within two hours was literally wiped off the map. While it was saddening to all the members, it was really a blessing in disguise; for the "meeting house" could no longer be a bone of contention. Neither faction could build, nor could they sell the lot had they desired.

Of course there was no service that morning; but The First Baptist Church, through their pastor, Rev. Lyman Wright, generously offered the use of their audience room for an afternoon service. This was accepted and Mr. Doane held services there. The story was told then, and was lately printed in the Congregationalist of Boston, that Mr. Wright, at service that morning, gave notice that the Congregational Church was burning and that he had "offered the use of our audience room to that church for an afternoon service and it had been accepted. We will close with the Doxology." We appreciate the joke; and something may have been said which could, by a little change, be made to appear as stated in the story, but the fact remains that the fire started about 5 A. M. and was all burned out at 7 A. M.; and as church services did not begin until 10:30 A. M., Elder Wright could not have given notice that the church was burning. He did offer the use of the church and it was thankfully used; and we have no quarrel with the joker whether it was true or not.

Very soon the chapel of the Academy was secured and regular services resumed. They were continued there during the spring and summer, until November, when 168 South Broad street was secured from Rawson Close. It was a store, and had been used by him as a furniture sales room. It was fitted up with a pulpit,

and a platform for the choir. A cabinet organ furnished the instrumental music, and Miss Nettie C. Pike was engaged as organist. Mr. John G. Pike, her father, was chorister. Miss Pike had been organist in the church since 1855. A man by the name of Babcock had an organ factory in Guilford in the early '40's. He made one for the Baptist Church and, I am confident, that he made the one in the Congregational also; and about the same time, which was probably soon after the Stone Baptist Church was built—1844-45. Miss Pike was to begin a new engagement as organist the very day the church burned.

Mr. Close, the owner of the hall occupied by the church, was also an undertaker; which fact a joker readily seized upon when it became known that the church had engaged it for its services. He called it "Coffin Hall;" and by that name it was known as long as the church used it.

Mr. Doane remained pastor until October, 1860. Early in 1859, at the earnest solicitation of members of the church, Mr. and Mrs. Enos brought letters from the church in Sherburne, and February 3, they again resumed their places in the fellowship of the First Congregational Church of Norwich, after an absence of almost twenty years. I have no records, but it is altogether probable that they had not been inside the old church building in all that time, though Mr. Enos must have passed it at least once each day in going to and from their home on West Main street. The old meeting house he had worked so hard to build, and for which he had sacrificed so much, was his no longer, but we can imagine how much of satisfaction it awakened in him, when he again stood up among the membership and again assumed his rightful place. He was now nearly 80 years old and could not take any active part in the conduct of its affairs, but the fact that he was back home afforded him great happiness. Though so old,

his back was not bent, and he still walked with the same firm and dignified bearing of the years agone; and still attracted attention as he quietly passed along the street. Mr. Scoville took very great pleasure in associating with him, and he soon won the old soldier's heart. He saw that one of the arm chairs was set just in under where he stood preaching (in the new church of 1862) and he invited Mr. Enos to sit there during the services, so that he could hear the reading and the sermon. These little attentions were really the cause of these histories, for while they were visiting, Mr. Scoville drew him out and led him on in the story of the long ago; and the pastor was ready with pencil and paper to put the incidents on record, and no one remembered them as well as Mr. Enos.

There was no question that the majority was with Mr. Doane, but at a meeting of the society, June 30, 1860, he tendered his resignation of the pastorate. It was not accepted. However, at a similar meeting August 2, he again resigned. This was accepted and he left in October.

For the next nine months the pulpit was not reguiraly filled, but services were conducted in the wareroom hall and pastors from the neighboring churches preached occasionally, so that the church was not left to drift. After the fire the troubles in the church entirely estoped any efforts to rebuild for nearly a year and a half; but the members who believed in a Congregational Church were loyal to their convictions and did not "grow weary nor faint by the way." On July 2, 1859, it was voted to erect a new church building; but legal questions appeared which delayed the matter two years more. (Ser. 1, p. 29.) February 19, 1861, a series of resolutions was passed, entirely severing all connection with Presbytery, and making the church entirely independent. This action was taken four months after Mr. Doane had left the place, so it could

not be charged to his personality and influence. It was simply the settled purpose of the members to be able to manage their own affairs by themselves; and this they fully decided to do.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Doane, the fact remains that he was a most original and forceful preacher. He had a stiff leg; he had a decided nasal twang in his voice; he was very homely of face and quite awkward in manner and gait, but—a very important word just there—fifteen minutes after he began to speak, a stranger would have forgotten all these idiosyncracies; their presence being entirely overshadowed by the words of wisdom which came from his lips. His sermons were epigramatic in a great degree and fixed ones attention closely. An instance I well remember. Services were being held in the old Academy Chapel. One day in his sermon, he said:—"Religion is a skeleton hanging on the wall. Orthodoxy comes along and crawling inside, it peers through the holes where the eyes ought to be; breathes through the place where the nose ought to be; speaks through the place where the mouth ought to be and cries O-R-T-H-O-D-O-X-Y! O-R-T-H-O-D-O-X-Y!"

Two or three times in the lecture courses, some noted lecturer, finding it impossible for him to reach Norwich for the evening set for his lecture, would wire the committee. They at once engaged Mr. Doane to fill the number. He did not fail to gave a satisfactory address even on short notice. (Ser. 1, p. 64.)

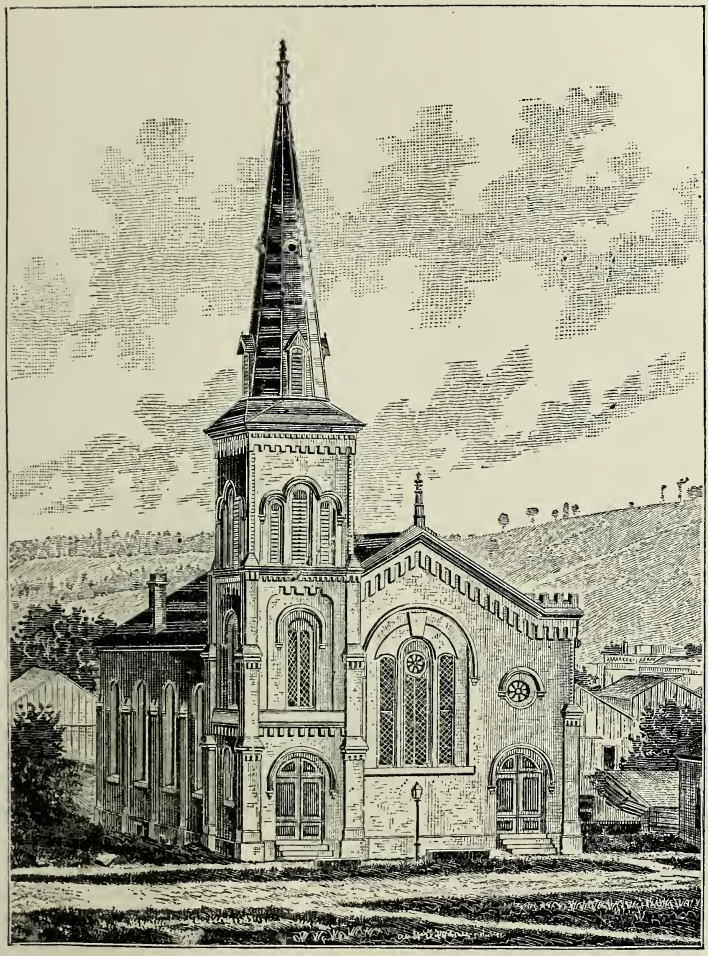
The man who followed by Mr. Doane was Rev. Samuel Scoville—a wonderful personality. He inaugurated a new era in this church—an era of love, which completely transformed it; overcoming all bitterness, acrimony and estrangement, made brethren of those who a few years before were utterly irreconilable, and made them see how far from the great law of Christ they had gotten away.

The call and coming of Mr. Scoville are related in detail in Ser 1, pp. 30-33.

He came to Norwich first, February 3, 1861, and preached two sermons; then he returned to Brooklyn, and waited patiently (I speak advisedly) for the call. It came early in June and he began a " three months on trial " engagement on Sunday, June 23. In September he was formally called to the pastorate; accepted; went to Peekskill and was married to Miss Harriet Eliza Beecher, only daughter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, by the father at the Beecher country home. Returning with his bride to Norwich in October, he began the remarkable pastorate of 18 years. His coming at this time was, in its far reaching results, one of the most important events which ever occurred in Norwich.

It was his first pastorate and he was therefore without experience. The two sermons he preached February 3, were the first he had written and preached. He was so sure the call would come that he just waited for it, refusing other openings into which he might have entered. He was sure God had a work for him to do in Norwich, and yet he had never seen Norwich before that winter morning. He was recommended by Prof. Charles Hopkins, late principal of Norwich Academy; but at this time proprietor of Chenango County Bookstore, which had been carried on by James G. Thompson. Mr. Hopkins was a classmate with Mr. Scoville in Yale. He knew him so well that he pressed the matter very strongly, so the trustees invited him to conduct the services for February 3. The trustees and other members on whom the care of the church rested, were at their wits ends with the difficulties and obstacles which beset the church. With neither a pastor nor a meeting house, and many conflicting opinions to be harmonized before anything like a settled policy could be assured to a pastor, or a building erected. Added to

this several legal questions must be satisfactorily settled; and the hostility of the Guernsey family showed signs of indefinitely postponing the erection of the much-needed church building. The trustees were Col. Hewitt, Judge Lewis Kingsley, John Hammond, Samuel R. PerLee, Samuel H. Barnes and Charles P. Browning. Hewitt, Kingsley, Hammond and Browning were members of the church; Barnes and PerLee were not; but there seemed to be a harmonious feeling on the part of these men, and a strong desire to find a way out of the difficulties which confronted them. Added to these obstructions was the determination to break away from every Presbyterian form of procedure. One can well pity this body of men on which lay these perplexing problems which they were set to solve; and it was no wonder that they took four months to see their way clear to a definite proposal to Mr. Scoville. However much they might doubt and hesitate to assume the risk, Mr. Scoville's heart bounded with joy and he was eager to get into the harness. He had been on the ground but a short time before his energy and sublime optimism changed the whole trend of affairs. He began the three months' engagement June 23. Work on the foundation of the church was pushed rapidly and August 3, at 2 P. M. the corner-stone was laid with quite elaborate exercises, not the least interesting of which was the singing by the audience of the hymn written for the occasion by Judge Kingsley, set to "Old Hundred." Mr. Scoville made the opening address, and after the stone was laid he spoke in these prophetic words:—"Beneath this stone we bury all bitterness, all hatred against brother members forever. Upon it we testify to the goodness of God and consecrate our time ,our strength and our money to Him who is our Lord for ever," and in those ringing words he gave the key note of all the 18 years of strenuous endeavor which he was to put into the church.



BRICK CHURCH.
Dedicated June 16, 1862.

The building was inclosed before winter set in and the inside work was pushed during the winter. The forepart of June saw it completed, and it was dedicated Monday, June 16, 1862.

Since November, 1858, all the services of the church were held in the Close Wareroom facetiously called "Coffin Hall" by the "Bohemian Sons of Belial." The lease expiring November 1, 1861, Concert Hall was leased and used until the dedication. This hall was used first, Sunday, November 3, 1861. Mr. Scoville had just returned from the wedding trip and he preached his first sermon as pastor at this time. With the church an accomplished fact, he at once began, but very quietly, the work of reconcilliation, which he firmly believed God had sent him here to do.

The Presbyterians were still using the Academy Chapel for services and had hired Rev. Hiram Dyer as pastor. Mr. Scoville managed to get acquainted with a few of them and kept at it until he had met them all. They could not help liking him; and the love of his big heart was too much to overcome. It took about two years to love them all back; then a resolution recinding all the unwise and objectionable action of the church cleared the record and the good people were brothers again, and he had the satisfaction of calling for the vote which wiped out the stain, and the third tragedy, which so long had hung over the church, was ended. Some years after, Mr. Thorpe and his daughter, Mary, returned from the west and were living in Norwich. They came under the spell of the pastor's great heart and they readily came back into the church; and "the hurt of my people was healed." Both were greatly esteemed in Norwich. God grant that this church may never have another such tragedy. If Mr. Scoville had done nothing during his 18 years life in Norwich but this—the wiping out of this most lamentable and unnecessary affair—it would have been years well spent.

The prominent facts and features of Mr. Scoville's pastorate are related in Series 1; and his personal history in the Memorial at the end of this volume so they need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that it was with many tears on the part of himself and the members of this church that he and his family took their departure in October, 1879, for Stamford, Conn.

He had the names of fifty men, citizens of Norwich, which he carried in his pocket and prayed for every day. They were personal friends. As time went on a few were converted; but the rest were not. He felt that his influence had waned and that a new pastor might set them thinking. This became an obsession and for the first time in his pastorate he was discouraged; and in this, in his going away, is apparent one of the few mistakes chargeable to him and shows conclusively that he need not have left at all. He probably did not realize it, but his mind, dwelling on that list, covered up all other outlets for his energy and also several much more promising fields for his best endeavor. He had put the Sunday school on a basis which showed marked results and promised much greater results for the future. The Young Men's Club had the same future and so had the Young Peoples' Association; and either one of the three was worth the whole attention of the pastor; while the 50 men gave apparently no promise, further than an occasional one which would break through the ice. He entirely overlooked all these very hopleful prospects and allowed his mind to dwell on this hopeful prospects and allowed his mind to dewll on the grip, and, like Elijah, ran away. He thought another would take up the list and bring them in. Let us see how it worked out in practice. Dr. Taylor came. He knew nothing of the list; or if he did he never made it known in any way. He flatly said, " I cannot work in Mr. Scoville's harness," so he put no effort on the list at all; re-organized the Sunday school; let the Young

Men's Club die and gave scant encouragement to the Young Peoples' Association. I don't know that he can be blameworthy, for he tried hard to bring good to the church according to his own ideas and manner of working; but they were radically different from Mr. Scoville's and he could not fit them to Mr. Scoville's plans; therefore those plans had to give way and all the promising future of them was lost. This would all have been saved had Mr. Scoville remained and put the same energy into them which he had before and could have done again; and as he did in Stamford—with the same courage which was so characteristic of him—*if* he had first burned the list of fifty men. The Sunday school was the largest it had ever been; the Young Men's Club was doing fine work; the choir, the Women's Working Association and the Young People's Association, all these were flourshing and doing good work and were all loyal to him; and there was no reason why they were at all liable to fade away. And the debt—yes, the debt! The church had by strenuous work such as it could do again, lifted just as large and even larger ones; so that need not have caused any anxiety. Therefore we see that he might have stayed in Norwich his whole life. But it was not so to be.

The doubling his salary was a great temptation to him, for he saw in that the fulfillment of his great desire to educate his children; and we see now the splendid result, for all four of them have attained distinction, which only has been possible through a thorough education; so that the hand of God may have been in it after all. Nevertheless, we cannot but regret the evident loss which came to this church by the departure of Mr. Scoville. He stayed in Stamford two years longer than he did here. He really had no other pastorate, for he did not live in Vineland; he only went there and preached. His home was all the while in Stamford. Plymouth Church was only an experiment. He

found he was not physically strong enough to endure it—but found it out too late.

He was followed in the Norwich pulpit by Rev. Edward Taylor, D. D., of Binghamton, former pastor of the Congregational Church in that city. He began his labors in Norwich as temporary supply October 12, 1879, preaching morning and evening. He was recovering from a year's illness and was just getting his strength back. He kept gaining all the time, but did not do much beside preaching morning and evening on Sundays.

"The Gospel is like the little letter y, it makes ours yours." This epigram from one of his sermons in this church, tersely put in his quaint phraseology, illustrates both his style of writing and the ideal of his daily practice—always anxious to be of service to any one in need of help either in mind or body; and this gives one of the reasons, and a very important one too for his uniform success as a pastor.

He was the son of Abner and Mary Taylor, and was born October 6, 1821, in Lee, Berkshire County, Mass. This county borders on New York State, Lee being less than ten miles from the border. The last census (1910) gives it but 1,106 inhabitants. Probably it was very small in 1821, but the father supported his family by his trade, which was cabinet making. He and his wife were Christian people; and the son was baptized in 1822; and as he grew in years attended the village school, also the usual preparatory schools. He was a Congregationalist first, last and always; as was his father before him and probably most of his relatives. In 1839 he entered Williams' College, from which he graduated and was converted in 1842, and from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1846. In February, 1847, he was ordained by a council in Hinsdale, Mass., and installed pastor of the church to which he had been preaching since leaving the Seminary The same year,

REV. EDWARD TAYLOR, D. D.
The Thirteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church,
Norwich, N. Y., 1879-1883.

October 6, he married Miss Jane Gorton Wood at Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, He was 26 at this time. She was of Quaker descent and later was nicknamed "Quaker" by the family.

He left Hinsdale in 1850 and was installed pastor in Lansingburg, N. Y. He remained there until 1855, when he became pastor in Kalamazoo, Mich., and remained eight years. In 1863 he was called to the pastorate of South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and in 1867 to the Congregational Church, Binghamton. The next year he joined Susquehanna Association. In 1877 he was compelled by insomnia to give up pastoral work, but did occasional preaching in neighboring churches, keeping his home in Binghamton at 100 Main street, which address became very well known by many people.

Mr. Scoville had resigned his Norwich pastorate to take effect October 1, 1879. On the D., L. & W. R. R. one day he found Dr. Taylor and they settled down for a visit. His resignation was mentioned. Dr. Taylor asked if any one had been engaged to supply the pulpit and when Mr. Scoville said no, Dr. Taylor asked if he himself would do as a supply? Mr. Scoville replied that he had no doubt he would; so they arranged it that Mr. Scoville should speak to the trustees about it. He did so at the next prayer meeting and it was voted that the trustees engage him; and Mr. Scoville was made a committee to do it. He saw him soon and the arrangment was made. Mr. Scoville and his family left town October 10 and Dr. Taylor began his engagement Sunday, October 12, preaching morning and evening, but he did not take up his residence in Norwich. He came up every Friday and remained until Monday, going back to Binghamton for study and writing his sermons; and coming up any time when needed. His services were so satisfactory that in January he was engaged for one year from April 1, by a rising vote

of the church. He accepted and was recognized as the pastor of the church.

He soon took up the church debt, which then amounted to $9,000.00. The parsonage was sold to Mr. Cyrus B. Martin for $4,500.00; and on June 13, the whole amount was secured—largely by the application of good business tactics by Dr. Taylor. He readily saw that the debt was a bugbear and was the cause of much censoriousness, which was depressing the activities of the church. He also saw that the parsonage was a "white elephant"—too large for any pastor the church was able to support; and too valuable a property to use for a parsonage in Norwich. He very strongly advised its sale; and the more as Mr. Martin stood ready to take it any time for cash. Mr. Scoville owned the vacant lot back of the parsonage, on Miller street; and that Mr. Martin also agreed to take. In that way Dr. Taylor got a cash customer for both, which might otherwise not have been sold in several years; real estate at that time was very dull in Norwich.

While in town, Dr. Taylor had room and board with Mrs. Elizabeth (Foote) Turner, widow of Deacon Lester Turner ("Aunt Libbie," as she was called) 14 Cortland street. The same arrangement with Dr. Taylor was made for the year 1881; and also for 1882. During the summer there was in evidence a growing feeling that the church needed a resident pastor. There was no other objection to Dr. Taylor. His wife—as he put it:—" 'Quaker' would not leave her home," so he let it be understood that he would not make any further engagement after April 1. His last service was Sunday, March 25, which was Easter. He preached at morning service an Easter sermon; and in the evening a union farewell service was held in the Congregational church in honor of Dr. Taylor. He left the church in a good condition both financially and

spiritually and with all had made many friendships which lasted until his death.

From Norwich he went to Utica, where he instituted Plymouth Congregational Church, the first church of that denomination in the city, to which he ministered about a year. He then supplied the Congregational Church in Greene for a while; then to the Congregational Church in Cortland for five years, still retaining his residence in Binghamton as before. After this he supplied several churches in the vicinity which were without pastors. The last time he was in Norwich he attended the ordination of Rev. Daniel W. Dexter in this church, March 19, 1901.

When Dr. Taylor was attacked with insomnia, he made a contract with the Lord, that if He would give him the needed strength to continue preaching, he would (1) take the most needful work; (2) never inquire as to the amount of pay; (3) never try to preach a great sermon; (4) always try to win sinners to Christ. "Under this covenant" he once said "the Lord gave me another turn. We have kept faith with each other; and I have had twenty years of varied, happy and fruitful public and hand picking service." Dr. Taylor very surely kept his part of the contract, for his services were in great demand all through the central part of the State; so that he seemed rather as a pastor at large for all that great parish. He also kept faith in the second proposition; his sermons were not great. He seldom spoke extemporaneously—his sermons were all written out in full; but he was not confined to the manuscript. His style was of a peculiar, epigramatic character, sometimes giving the impression that he was a foreigner, but so terse and clear that his meaning was never covered over with words—every sentence was clean cut and clearly enunciated which gave great satisfaction to his audience. He evidently thought that if his sermon was worth writing—the task he was hired to

do—it was worth delivering in such a manner that the hearers could understand what he said. He did not make much effort at oratory, but read his sermons and addresses in an easy, conversational tone and manner with clear utterance, so that he was clearly heard and understood in all parts of the room. I am sure that he must have given much time and study to aquiring this style of speaking. He once told me, in speaking of the thirteenth chapter of I Cor., that he had Prof. Whitney, the noted elocutionist, drill him thoroughly in reading it, so that he might be able to bring out what was best in that remarkable peroration of the great Apostle. There was no brilliant flashes of wit, but very often he indulged in quiet humor, which always provoked a smile and fixed in memory the point he had in mind.

In addition to his duties as pastor he had much to do with the cause of education as taught in common schools, and had been on the boards of trustees of two colleges; also of two Theological Seminaries. He had been identified with the State National Guard, having been commissioned Chaplain by Gov. John T. Hoffman, of the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn; and by the first Gov. John A. Dix, to the 44th Regiment of Binghamton. In the Civil War he was for a time agent of the Christian Commission and stationed with Gen. Hancock's Veteran Corps at Camp Stoneman, near Washington, D. C.; also at various other headquarters; and so had some war experience.

He traveled in Europe, Egypt and Palestine for a year. Attendants of this church will remember the lectures he gave in this pulpit when he was pastor here, telling what he say and heard in those faraway countries. He made the narration very interesting and instructive for young and old.

In stature he was below the medium of men. Was somewhat stout in figure, but very active and alert.

Even after he was 78 he preached often—probably nearly every Sunday and made addresses in many places. He took good care of his health, and so was enabled to carry on his chosen work with ease.

In 1865 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Olivet College. Later in life almost no one spoke of him or to him by any other name than "Dr. Taylor." He died in Binghamton, Tuesday, November 4, 1902, at the family home, at the good old age of 81 years and 13 days, after somewhat more than a year of ill health.

He was present at the dedication of this church, December, 1874.

As an illustration of his quaint humor—he came out of the church after service one Sunday behind Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Johnson. He said, "I never can get a chance to walk up with either of you, for you are always together. I wonder if you would even let me sit on the fence and see you go by."

COL. EZRA HEWITT AND MRS. HARRIETT AUGUSTA (RANDALL) HEWITT.

There have been three men prominent in the history of this church, who were typical Connecticut Yankees—Truman Enos, born in Winsor; Benjamin Chapman, born in Saybrook; Col. Ezra Hewitt, born in Stonington. A fourth can be added in the person of John Hammond, born in Newport, R. I. He had marked Yankee characteristics, but not as unmistakably pronounced as in the others. He had great energy and knew how to do things; but had not much skill in finding out new ways of doing them,—improving on the old ways. This is not said in dispargement of Mr. Hammond at all, for he was a very valuable man to have in any community,—very industrious, and he did not stop and throw down his tools when difficulties arose. He

always knew what a thing cost before he bought it and he seldom bought what he did not need because it was cheap. These qualities belonged to the other three, but they had some which he did not. They made their own circumstances and compelled circumstances to come their way. Discouragements they used as stepping stones to higher achievements and to a wider outlook.

A fifth name might be added who had not a drop of Ne wEngland blood in his veins and probably never saw Connecticut until he had come to manhood; but he had many of the pronounced Yankee characteristics of the other four men. This man was David Maydole, a man who by his energy and the impulse of his personality built up a business in this small inland village which is today known in every country on the face of the earth. If he is not entitled to be named a Yankee, the name is a misnomer. A sketch of him will be found at page 78.

Col. Ezra Hewitt was a Connecticut Yankee. There was no doubt about it. A stranger could not talk with him five minutes without guessing his ancestry and his traits of character. He had no use for shams nor doubtful expedients and spoke right out what was in his heart; and there was in his heart very little beside what was good. He was born in Stonington, Conn., October 7, 1795. His father was Elias Hewitt and his mother was Desire Hull. He grew to manhood in the place of his birth; and I am sure if we knew his history during those years—1795-1829—we would find it very interesting, for he must have been a boy who "did things." He married December 8, 1829, Miss Phoebe Esther Randall, daughter of Col. William and Martha (Cheesbrough) Randall. Her grandfather, John Randall, was in the Revolutionary War and her father was in the War of 1812; and took a prominent part in framing the Connecticut State constitution.

Ezra Hewitt was a very active man of 34 years. He

had been elected two or three times to the Assembly and was a Colonel in the State Militia. He was also Selectman in Stonington. September 16, 1839, his wife died. They had no children. After a year or so he came to Norwich, N. Y., and sought the hand of Miss Harriett Augusta Randall, daughter of Col. John and Hannah (Snow) Randall, who lived on South Broad street about where is now the residence of J. S. Sturdevant. The same house in which Col. Randall then lived is still in use, having been moved to the south corner of Frances avenue and occupied for several years by Judge W. F. Jenks. Col. Randall was a son of Capt. John Randall who emigrated to Norwich from Stonington in 1797. He married November 25, 1806, in Stonington Hanah Snow, daughter of Abraham and Elizabeth (Hale) Snow. This Mrs. Snow was the one whose counsel and prayers led to the conversion of Truman Enos in 1811. Just when she came to Norwich is not recorded, but I am confident that it must have been about 1809 or 1810, and that she was then a widow, her husband having died not long before she emmigrated. She probably sold out the property in Stonington and came with her two sons, Henry and William, and they made a home in Norwich. The two sons were bachelors. It will be remembered that she and her daughter, Mrs. Randall, were constituent members of this church, Mrs. Randall's husband's father, Capt. John Randall, was a constituent member of the Baptist Church of which he husband became a member later. Mrs. Randall could not be a Baptist; no more could he be a Congregationalist; so they agreed to disagree; and every Sunday they would start for church together from their home; but when they reached West Main street corner, she would swing off and go to her own church and he would go on to his. This was evidently a mutual agreement, for Col. Randall paid the same amount yearly in both churches. Into this unselfish

and Christian family came Col. Hewitt for a wife in in the person of the daughter, Harriett Augusta, who was a cousin of his former wife. He was accepted, and they were married in the family home July 6, 1843, and went to Stonington. He was 48, and she was just half his age.

Not long after they returned to Stonington, the State election was held, in which Col. Hewitt was a candidate for State Senator as an "old line Whig." The district was strongly Democratic, but he was very popular and the Whigs hoped for victory, but he was beaten. Had he been elected, no doubt the future of Norwich would have been very different from what it has been, for Col. Hewitt, it is very probable, would not have become a resident of the village—at least, not at this time, and perhaps never. When he found that he was defeated, and probably urged very strongly by the host of relatives of Mrs. Hewitt living in Norwich as well as by herself, he closed out his property in Stonington and moved to Norwich. His first wife was a niece and his second was a grandniece of Rev. Jedediah Randall, who died in Norwich, on Washington's birthday, 1844. August 8, 1843, Col. Hewitt bought from Samuel Randall, an uncle of his wife, the farm on the North Broad street hill, now owned and occupied by Howard D. Newton, for which he paid the very modest sum of $2,609.00. This farm was Mr. Randall's home. The house was an unpretentious one which, I think, he built several years before. It was, however, not suited to Col. Hewitt's tastes, so he moved it back some rods and built a new one on the same site, in which he lived the remainder of his life. They moved into it in May 21, 1845. March 30, 1846, Col. and Mrs. Hewitt united with the First Congregational Church; he by letter from Stonington and she on confession, and they soon come to be very loyal to it. It did not take long for Col. Hewitt to "get to work" in the church; for at a

Society meeting, held June 15, 1847, Jeduthan Hitchcock, Ezra Hewitt, Abner W. Warner, Hiram Weller, and Benjamin Chapman were appointed to sign a call which the meeting had just voted to present to Rev. Daniel Clark, Jr., to become the pastor of the church. These men were also to prosecute the call at a meeting of Chenango Presbytery the first Tuesday in July, 1847, at Norwich. At the same time Messrs. "Hitchcock, Warner and Hewitt be a committee to determine what shall be required of the sexton;" and that "the same committee report at an adjourned meeting on Tuesday next, what repairs they consider necessary and proper to be made to the house of worship of said Society." At a meeting held June 28, 1847, it was voted to shingle the roof and repair the steeple, paint and make any repairs or alterations which the committee see fit." Hitchcock, Hewitt, Chas. A. Thorpe, Hiram Weller and Warner were made such committee; and $600.00 was placed at the disposal of the committee; and they were to make all contracts and see that the work was properly done. Col. Hewitt was made chairman. The next meeting, July 12, 1847, was of the society for the election of four trustees, as no election was held in 1846. Col. Hewitt was elected one of the four. At a meeting, December 8, 1847, he made a report of repairs and money expended. The cost over-ran the appropriation by $20.88. Four pews which had belonged to Joseph S. Fenton (he had, probably, bought them when the church was built) but which Benj. Chapman and Col. Hewitt had bought for the society when Mr. Fenton was leaving for Palmyra, N. Y., where he was to make his home; these were placed in Col. Hewitt's hands to sell.

There was no election in 1848, '51, '52 and '53. In 1854 Col. Hewitt was again elected a trustee. There was no election in 1855; but in 1856 he was selected to fill a vacancy of one year. In 1857, he was elected for a

full term and again in 1860; but resigned, February 20, 1862, and was not again elected a trustee. There is no reason given in the record for the resignation. It was during the time when the church was being finished. He had been elected five times. The above record shows that he had the confidence of his fellow members to a remarkable degree. He still remained very active in the work of the church and in many ways showed his loyalty to it. He was seldom absent from any of the services; or from any of the business meetings. He never shirked any duty laid upon him by the church. He was rarely absent from prayer meetings and rarely allowed the meeting to close without a prayer or an exhortation, and usually both. In every prayer he used the phrase "Almighty God," several times, spoken in his vehement style of speaking, which to a stranger would be startling. In this and in his vigor and his untiring energy he very much resembled Truman Enos. Both were "Boanerges" as truly as James and John. At one time, being designated with him as a committee to raise some money for some purpose, we sallied forth on our quest. It was like Saul and Jonathan—Jonathan was the armor bearer; Col. Hewitt did the execution. We brought in the money all the same.

He was always ready to do more than his share of the work in almost anything he was called upon to assist in doing for the church; and whatever the work, he did it as well as he knew how; and he was never at a loss to know what needed to be done. He was thoroughly honest and trustworthy. When in 1852, the church decided to own a parsonage, Col. Hewitt was the man to secure it. In the winter of that year he bought the home of Ralph Johnson, now 295 North Broad street. Rev. Samuel W. Bush was the pastor at that time, and he occupied the house about April 1. Rev. Hiram Doane followed early in 1856, remaining until 1860. The next year came Rev. Samuel Scoville in June. He was

not married and the parsonage remained empty until November. In September, Mr. Scoville married Miss Harriet E. Beecher, and they did not come to Norwich until November. During this absence of the pastor, Col. Hewitt, as committee, made extensive repairs in the house, at a cost of about $4,000.00; so that Mr. and Mrs. Scoville opened it late in the year with a " house warming." A very large company assembled to greet the pastor and his bride; and all were enthusiastic in praise of the bride and groom. From that time on, while Col. Hewitt was able to be about, the days were very rare that did not see in some of the hours " Old Gray," or " Old Duke," waiting demurely at the hitching post, though never hitched, for the sturdy Colonel and his kind-hearted wife to finish their call. The old buggy, more often than not, had contained in its ample storage room under the seat, several bundles of "things from the farm" for the pastor and his family, to whom this worthy couple very soon came to be " Uncle and Auntie Hewitt " and so remained as long as life lasted; and they are affectionately remembered by the same titles by the pastor's children who remain.

Col. Hewitt was not a wealthy man according to the present day meaning of the phrase; but he had a competency large enough to supply their needs and benevolences. There was always a young man who cared for the farm and a maid to care for the house so that they were not often obliged to remain at home. They had a family horse—" Old Gray," which was as reliable as his master; and a low, easy, covered buggy which had ample room for the large-hearted and stout-bodied owners; and, mysteriously, for any " goodies " which their ever-thoughtful hearts put in for the parsonage, or for some needy or shut-in one whom they were knowing of down town. Later " Old Gray " died, and by some means, I don't remember how, Colonel found an almost exact counterpart; and " Old Duke "

came to be as well known as "Old Gray" had been. Both would stand wherever they were left without hitching, as long as the principals desired them to; and neither would go faster than "a dog trot," unless coersive measures were applied; and as soon as the application ceased the dog trot was at once resumed. Both were white all over.

One winter evening, however, contrary to all precedent, "'Old Duke" decided to start a sensation. He had been left standing in front of the parsonage. It had got to be rather late when the principals terminated their visit, and Duke was nowhere to be seen. "Lordymassy! where's Old Duke?" shot out the Colonel like a catapult. No answer. The couple walked home—Duke was not here. There *was* a sensation sure. A thorough search was made, which located Old Duke, cutter and all intact, quietly waiting in the parson's garden. I am sure that the good Colonel forgave him—if he wouldn't do it again. There is no record nor remembrance that the old fellow failed to keep his promise.

"Lordymassy" was Colonel's exclamation for a sudden surprise or to clinch an argument; but for violent indignation "John Rogers!" spoken with great vehemence, seemed to give him the greatest satisfaction. Just at dusk one summer evening as "Old Gray" was creeping up the hill on North Broad street, about opposite Judge Ray's house, some miscreant ran behind the buggy and reaching through, under the seat, caught Mrs. Hewitt by the ankles. She screamed and Colonel bounded out with whip in hand, but "the grabber" had vanished "and was no more seen." The Colonel was heard to exclaim with great explosiveness "John Rogers!!! if I could only get hold of him, I'de thrash him." As no one appeared to claim his promise, the worthy couple were drawn home by "Old Gray," the

Colonel in very explosive words, the meanwhile, voiceing his indignation.

I am sure that no more public spirited man ever lived in Norwich. He was intensely loyal to his country and was the same to his adopted home. I never heard him, and I am sure no one else ever heard him say that he had any desire to return to Connecticut to remain. He did not seek public office and seldom had one thrust upon him. He was street commissioner for a few years, but, though he attended to the duties to the best of his ability, he did not seem to care to take any means to hold it. He was born to command; and it was this quality which made him Colonel of militia in Connecticut.

He was in 1855, President of Chenango County Agricultural Society and he took great satisfaction in assisting in its work and making it a success. He secured Phineus T. Barnum as speaker at the Fair, which was held on the Guernsey lot on West Main street. He got a large farm wagon and had a new box put on it of unpainted boards. On the morning of the day that Mr. Barnum was to speak, Col. Hewitt hitched twenty-one yoke of fine oxen to his new wagon, stood up in the front of it with a long whip in his hand and directed the drivers of which there was one for each yoke, the whole led by the Norwich Cornet band. He came down North Broad street and swung up in front of the Eagle hotel, at which Mr. Barnum was being entertained. In a few minutes the speaker, the officers of the society and several citizens "got on board," and the cavalcade at the command of the president, with a "Haw Buck, Gee Bright," swung out into the street on its triumphal way to the grounds, followed by many farmers and others in carriages with their families.

Col. Hewitt had rugged health and a tremendous amount of energy; qualities which gave him the power to bring things to pass. In this he showed his Yankee

blood. There was an acre or so of swamp land in a meadow back of his house which he had no use for and he was bound to reclaim it, but how? That was the problem. He studied it thoroughly. He somehow got hold of a big subsoil plow. Then he got six yoke of oxen and hitched them to the plow and had five or six men to guide the plow and it went through the muck beam deep. When he was done the muck was all the other side up to the sun. He had performed a miracle; and that is about what "Yankee" means. He was never satisfied to let things drift. In this he was a good second to Mr. Enos; but he was a better educated man than Mr. Enos and was not at all bigoted; although what opinions he had he held very firmly and did not hesitate to affirm them when he thought it necessary. He was as strong a Congregationalist as Mr. Enos, but did not hesitate to unite with this church when it was under Presbyterian control; but when it came to vote as to whether or not it should fully return to Congregationalism, he voted that it should and signed his name to the declaration and stood by his vote firmly, but without anger or malice; and tried in brotherly love and forgiveness to win back those who had withdrawn. He was a tower of strength to his pastor, Mr. Scoville, in his efforts at reconciliation. He and his wife were among those who forgot the past and with loving devotion, voted to take away all bars to reunion.

He died after a lingering illness, June 28, 1879, in the home on the hill, aged 83 years. He was ready to go and prayed that it might be God's will that he should go quickly. He was buried in Mt. Hope.

Mrs. Harriet Augusta (Randall) Hewitt, was the wife of Col. Ezra Hewitt. She was born September 20, 1819, in Norwich; she was therefore 24 when she married. She was strong and healthy; a bright and cheerful young woman, with a marked ability to make friends and keep them. She was the seventh of the nine children

of her parents. Col. John Randall, her father, was a prosperous farmer. His children were fairly well educated, but they were also taught that life did not consist in having an easy time, or spending all one's time and efforts on one's self. These lessons Mrs. Hewitt very thoroughly learned, so that while she did care for her own assiduously, she gave just as assiduous care to many, many others who were in need of it; and countless blessings were poured upon her head from the hearts of those whom the great world passes by. She had also learned how to keep house. "Aunt Hannah Randall," her mother, not alone by word but by example, taught her and her five sisters, this important lesson and in after years they all made good in that department of their education; so that when Harriet set up a home in the new house which her husband had built, she was not long in demonstrating that she was equal to the task and had no hesitation in undertaking it. We have seen how her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Snow, was the bright light in the darkness in Norwich in 1811, when she was able to send a ray into the soul of Truman Enos and open the door of his heart to Christ. Mrs. Hewitt inherited a good deal of her grandmother's devotion to that ideal; so that when she with her husband united with this church, and promised devotion to the Master through life, it was not a prefunctory answer to a question; it was the giving of the life unreservedly to a most noble purpose; and her future life only perfected the gift and sanctified it. They were not fighters for a tenet, but loyal soldiers for the Christ to win men to His standard. She was not long in making the effort. There is no record when she entered the Sunday school, but she must have been in it several years when she was married and continued right along, for in 1857 she was elected assistantsuperintendent and was continued in that office until 1874—

17 years. Before that she had taught the infant class for several years.

She was also a very efficient worker in the women's organizations. She was a constant attendant at the weekly prayer meetings, and later years her voice was often heard in them, by either a few words out of her own experience or some verse of Scripture, so voiceing a thought which she hoped might be helpful to some burdened soul. She was always willing to do anything which ought to be done. It was pathetic when her son died and in a year and a week her husband, and left her with no one to carry on the farm. She was thus forced to leave her pleasant home which she had built up through the 36 happy years of her married life. Her one child, William Snow Hewitt, had been born in that home in 1848 and reared to honorable Christian manhood in it. But now both were gone and the home was broken up. Oh the tragedies of life! Will we ever know the reason of it all! After a while she sold the farm and belongings for less than half it was really worth, and taking with her her granddaughter, Miss Annie, procured rooms and board down town. Miss Annie had lived at the farm since the death of her mother, Hattie PerLee Hewitt, so now she remained to be a companion and to care for the grandmother, who loved her as a daughter.

Mrs. Hewitt, from the first of her having a home of her own, had a large circle of relatives and a larger circle of friends. All these Col. Hewitt very soon met and by his whole-souled cordiality won their esteem. Later he raised turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, and many a turkey or chicken-pie dinner was given to the large table full of guests. Whatever fowl it was that was served, it came on whole and Colonel standing at the head of the table would carve it. It was his pride to be the best carver in Norwich. He would force the large two-tined carving

fork into the carcass astride the breast bone, hold it firmly with the left hand. Then with the right hand grasp the large carving knife, which he had ground to "a razor edge," and by several deftly executed cuts completely dissect the whole carcass without withdrawing the fork, until the operation was finished. He knew every joint and separation of the bones and every place where a cut ought to be made to facilitate the serving. When all was done and the different pieces were laid in order over the spacious platter, Colonel would deliberately glance around the table and selecting the oldest lady, say, "Mrs. X., what part of the fowl do you prefer?" The part designated was quickly transfered to a plate and passed. The same process was followed until all were served. It was a very novel and interesting sight to see him carve a twenty-five pound turkey, and it was not an uncommon occurrence at that table, either. There was nothing about the anatomy that he did not know. After all the guest were filled (I speak advisedly!) then came mince and cream (yes, it was *cream*—home made, too,) pie, made by the deft fingers of the hostess. Did anyone but she ever make such a cream pie? "I trow not." Other fine cooks in Norwich, who had eaten them and had the recipe from Mrs. Hewitt herself, tried time and time again—the result was a good pie, a very good pie, but it was not Mrs. Hewitt's pie. The "how of it" I cannot tell. It simply did not have Mrs. Hewitt's brain in it. There were not many fancy culinary concoctions at the Hewitt's dinners; but there was a whole lot of good, substantial, well-cooked, appetizing food which one could not help eating almost to satiety. After reading the foregoing the natural conclusion will be that the Hewitt's were good feeders, and the conclusion will be the right one, for they both had sound bodies and robust health so that eating was a pleasure.

While they were building their house they boarded

with my father and mother. Before going to bed, the Colonel would often ask for a bowl of milk and a piece of apple pie. He would first cut the pie into small pieces and dump it into the milk, then eat it with the spoon. I thought it a very funny mixture, and the first chance I got when mother wasn't looking, I tried it on. I wished that I was a man like Col. Hewitt so I could have it when I wanted it.

At all of the Hewitt's repasts "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" was as much a feature as the viands. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Hewitt were great jokers and they never were at a loss for something to say. As a consequence there was never a dull moment at any of their functions. They were often guests at social occasions all about the village. Wherever they went they carried joy and gladness. Do not such lives fulfill, in part at least, the law of Christ?

They were also very liberal with gifts of money where the recipient was worthy, but not otherwise. They were large contributors to the church and its work, and to Missions, and the other benevolencies of the church.

Mrs. Hewitt also presented to the church the marble baptismal font now in use, "In memory of loved ones." She died December 29, 1900, at her home on Hayes street, aged 81 years, and was buried in Mt. Hope.

WARREN AND ISAAC SPRAGUE NEWTON.

Asahel Newton was a Revolutionary soldier. He came into very straightened circumstances and having a large family (most of them did in those days) it fell out that a very large share of the care of the family devolved on the oldest son, who, later became Capt. William Newton. He was very industrious and had a large share of common sense. He began to study on

what his occupation should be. He was born October 15, 1786, in Colchester, Conn. He saw that folks must have clothes and he had faith that he could supply that need, so he became an apprentice to the trade and so diligently applied himself that in a few years he started out to find work. He came to Sherburne in 1806, the same year that Truman Enos came to Norwich and started in the leather business. William Newton was then twenty years old. Mr. Enos was his senior by eight years. Young Newton obtained work very soon with Landon & Mills, at Bullock's Mills. He was frugal and industrious. He worked a while in New Berlin in 1807, and in Camden in 1809, August 22, 1810, he married, in Hamilton, N. Y.,, Lois Butler, who came into this country in 1794 with her father, from Weathersfield, Conn. He moved to Sherburne May 11, 1812, and spent the remainder of his life there. He bought 20 acres of land the same year and built a house on it. He also built a woolen mill near it, on the bank of Handsome Brook. This was burned in 1822. It was rebuilt in 1823. This second mill was burned in the winter of 1826-7, and was not rebuilt. He built a second dwelling in 1822, which he occupied until his death, August 13, 1879, at the great age of 93 years.

Eleven children were born to William and Lois (Butler) Newton—seven boys and four girls. The boys were all successful men, each in his chosen vocation;—Warren, a lawyer first, then a banker; Isaac Sprague, also a lawyer; Lucius, a farmer on the homestead; Huburt A., a professor in Yale; Albro, J., a manufacturer in Brooklyn; Homer G., a physician, and later a banker. Two of the daughters died in young womanhood, and two married and have homes in Sherburne. But two of these children have a place in this history—Warren and Isaac S.

Warren Newton was born in Sherburne, N. Y., December 31, 1817. He began his education in the village

district school, and worked with his father in the woolen mill. Later, his father became a contractor for large public works, and soon the son was able to help in that also. It is told that when the boy was but ten years old, he drove alone a team of horses from his home in Sherburne, down into the middle of the State of Pennsylvania, where his father had a big job building a railroad, the first in the country. The father also had a job on the Chenango Canal in this vicinity. In all of these endeavors Warren showed the same earnestness, vigor and integrity, which, later made him an ideal banker.

Although he was faithful in what he was then doing, it was not quite to his liking; so he in 1834, began to study law with the very learned but eccentric Benjamin F. Rexford; was admitted to the bar and became a partner with Mr. Rexford in 1844, in Norwich, where he had decided to remain. Mr. Rexford was also a native of Sherburne. He came to Norwich and settled in 1833.

In 1852, Warren was joined by his brother, Isaac S., and they opened an office over the dry goods store of D. E. S. & D. Bedford, in the Old Stone Block, corner of South Broad and East Main streets, under the name of W. and I. S. Newton. In this office the Bank of Norwich was born and afterwards organized, June 15, 1856. Mr. Newton was a large subscriber and a leader, and I have no doubt was *the* leader in the interprise. In it the brother heartily joined. This led to the breaking up of the law firm.

The Board at once elected James H. Smith, president; Warren Newton, cashier, and Isaac S. Newton, attorney. The present site was secured and a substantial brick building was soon begun. As soon as the first floor was available, business was opened. Warren Newton was the controlling factor from the first and remained so to almost the last day of his life. No one

disputed his control. Scrupulously honest and capable, he never for a moment used the money of the bank for his personal profit. He was utterly fearless. He could afford to be for he had nothing to cover up. He had a peculiar way of saying "Yes" and "No." If he granted a customer a favor his "Yes" assured the man that Mr. Newton trusted him and believed he would do as he agreed. If he said "No" —it was not at all what Dr. Taylor called it in some people—a "no" with a "yes" in it—it showed at once that there was absolutely nothing further to be said on that subject. Warren Newton is not and will not be remembered in this town as a lawyer; and yet he must have been "learned in the law" to have held a partnership with B. F. Rexford in 1844 (he was then 28), but he will be remembered as a financier. Many times I have heard the remark made by level headed business men, "He is the best financier in the county." Whether this was true or not I do not know; but I know this, that the Bank of Norwich was the cause of very much of the prosperity that came to this county, and that has developed in this town; and that the kindness of Mr. Newton and his undaunted faith in the business men of Norwich and Chenango county ever since the bank opened its doors for business, has been a steadying factor in all enterprises public and private. Many a man has had, and some of them often have had occasion to realize Mr. Newton's kindness of heart in his desire to help honest men in times of dire need.

I am confident that I am right in saying that the bank has prospered from the very first, and that it has not passed a year without adding something to its surplus; and when it was reorganized a few years ago its stock had become worth three to one above par; and this over and above yearly dividends of six to eight per cent.

Mr. Newton brought from North Stonington, Conn.,

in June, 1851, Miss Lydia Ann Wheeler as his wife. They were married May 28, at her home in that village. He soon after bought the house and lot, now 258 North Broad street, and it remained their home as long as their lives lasted, and from it their remains were taken to burial in Mt. Hope. Mr. Newton died December 25, 1891, aged but a few days less than 74; and Mrs. Newton died February 22, 1896, aged 69 years. It will be noticed as a somewhat peculiar circumstance, that his death occurred on Christmas Day, and hers on Washington's birthday.

Ever since Mr. Newton came to Norwich, he had attended The First Congregational Church, but had not joined it. His wife was received into membership in the spring of 1863; but it was not until April 7, 1872, that Mr. Newton became a member. A series of meetings, following the week of prayer for that year, was carried on by Mr. Scoville, until the latter part of March, and the forepart of April; finishing with Union meetings led by Rev. Mr. Potter. In these meetings Mr. Newton and Mr. T. D. Miller were converted, with several others, well known people and regular attendants of this and the other churches. From that time Mr. Newton was seldom absent from his pew on Sunday.

Mr. Newton could not have been called a pessimist. He was public spirited, but he wanted public affairs managed economically; therefore he kept close watch of the taxes and all public expenditures, and if he saw, or thought he saw, that wastefulness would ensue from the carrying out of any project, he fought it to the very last moment. He was in favor of public schools, but not of a public High School in Norwich; and from the time that the first proposal was made that the Academy be made a public High School, he set himself against it. As the sentiment of the community grew more and more in favor of the change, his oppo-

sition grew in intensity, and with the whole force of his nature he battled against it. His brother, Isaac, was very much in favor of the change. The part he took will be related in the sketch following this.

Mr. Warren Newton was a very different personality from his brother. He was reserved and reticent, while his brother was a good visitor, cheerful, and had a pleasant word for everybody. He was not a large giver to the church, nor to any other project; but when he was solicited for a gift he must thoroughly understand the object for which his gift was desired. If it appealed to his sense of right and fitness he gave what he thought was due from him; but if it did not so appeal to him no amount of urging influenced him one iota and he answered with his peculiar "No" and "the incident was closed."

No business man of our village was more attached to his home than he, and when the business cares of the day were over, it was rarely that he would not be seen wending his way homeward.

He was not a natural visitor, but if company came they were made very welcome in the beautiful home; and I am sure that invited guests were pleasantly entertained there by himself and family. This home was situated diagonally across the street from my father's, and as Mrs. Newton was a relative (though very distant) of my mother the families became very intimate, which continued until broken by death.

It has been said that "a man's first duty is to be well born." In this case the seven sons of Capt. William and Lois Newton amply fulfilled their first duty—they were certainly well born; and as evidence of the fact, they all reached mature years. Warren and Isaac did an immense amount of work while they lived, and they were very seldom kept from work by illness.

Isaac Sprague Newton was born May 18, 1825, in

Sherburne. He used to say in jest something to the effect that he was named for Sir Isaac Newton, but that his parents got the initials reversed and did not think that "Isaac Sir Newton" would sound good, so they let the initials stand and changed the Sir to Sprague, which little scheme made it all satisfactory. The truth of the matter was that he was named for the man who was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Sherburne at that time and was therefore the one who baptized him—Rev. Isaac Newton Sprague. Mr. Sprague lived many years after the death of this babe to whom he had given his name and died finally at upwards of 90 years. Isaac's boyhood was, I suppose, the kind usual with boys in those days. The "Shenang Country" was new; the village of Sherburne was not yet thirty years old, and boys, even of the well-to-do, had to work as well as go to school. He seems to have used his advantages to good purpose and laid well the foundations of an education in the district school and Academy in his native village, and had the further advantage of a course in Yale, in the class of '48. After a year passed in Sherburne, he began the study of law. In 1850 he was a student of Benjamin F. Rexford. He also was a student in the office of Finch & Lynde in Milwaukee. He then went into the office of Nathaniel B. Blunt, who was at this time District Attorney of New York city. This gave him much valuable experience. Coming back to Sherburne he practiced for some months; then came to Norwich and formed a partnership with his brother, Warren, who had lately retired from the well-known law firm of Rexford & Newton. The new firm was styled W. & I. S. Newton.

In the fall of 1853 he was elected district attorney of Chenago County, and he filled it with so much ability that he was re-elected in 1856. This year the Bank of Norwich was organized and Mr. Newton was made

attorney for the bank; and this position he retained until his death, when his son, Howard D. Newton, succeeded him both in this position and the law business. When Warren Newton was made president of the bank, in 1885, Howard D. Newton succeeded him as cashier.

The office of district attorney brought Mr. Newton fame and skill in his profession. He had gained a valuable reputation for clearness and conciseness in statement of intricate questions of law and a memory in which facts and figures never became entangled.

In 1884 his son became a partner with him in the law business. For several years Mr. Newton was counsel for the D., L. & W. R. R. Then he became attorney for the N. Y., O. & W. R. R. This position the firm held at his death, and it passed to the son.

In 1855, Mr. Newton married in Canajoharie, N. Y., Miss Jane Campbell Dunlap. They came at once to Norwich, and early in the next year they both united with the First Congregational Church, Norwich, by letters. Mrs. Newton died in 1864, and he married Miss Jane Newton. She united with the church in 1871.

Mr. Newton had a prominent place in the church ever since he came into it. He was many times a trustee; and very often selected to act on committees where good judgment and skill were needful. He had almost entire oversight of the large addition to the church building of 1873-4. He was a very busy man, but he always responded to the call of his church and gave hours and days willingly. He was rarely absent from the church services if in town, and very often at the Thursday evening prayer meeting and would offer prayer or say some helpful words. Many of these short talks were gems, which I would prize very highly if I had them. It was his duty at the dedication, after the repairs of 1873-4 to present the large audience room to Dr. Holbrook for dedication. He was sitting in one of

the side pews in front of the choir (the rom was full.) When called upon by Mr. Scoville for the presentation, the side pews in front of the choir (the room was full.) more than five minutes, yet in very impressive manner and tone, made the presentation. It was the best speech by far of the whole dedication service. I went next day to get it for preservation. To my great disappointment he had not written a word and could not remember what he said well enough to write it out. I asked him several times if he could not call it to mind, but it was gone past recall.

He had a Bible class for many years, made up of the older people in the church. His marvelous familiarity with the Bible made him a very interesting teacher. All the time he had cases at law literally all over the state, many of them very intricate and important, yet he found time somehow to be in his pew in church when in town, and before his large class thoroughly prepared to teach the lesson of the day. He was for two or three years superintendent of the Sunday school.

He at one time wrote a lecture on the trial of Christ, showing from the standpoint of a lawyer the utter lack of reliable evidence, or any testimony which any modern judge would allow or even tolerate. Those who heard it praised it very highly. He gave it in some churches outside of Norwich, but he did not give it in Norwich. Mr. Newton was an orator, and had he chosen the platform or the pulpit as his life work, would have been widely known among the many orators of the generation last past.

I was intimately acquainted with him almost from the time that he began his residence in Norwich and I cannot recall a single instance when his unfailing good nature did not show itself. He was always ready with a pleasant word and often a joke. Not long after he came to Norwich to live, Miss Julia Mead had come down from the farm to visit my sister for a day or

two, as was her custom with several of the young ladies on and around North Broad street. In the evening Mr. Newton called. Always a good conversationalist he never was at a loss what to say, and so the three were having a pleasant visit. In his talk he remarked that an Irishman came in the office and asked: "Is Loi-yer Newton in?" The laugh which of course followed had hardly got away when Miss Mead came out with "Synonymous terms." For once the young man was caught, but he enjoyed the joke just as much as any one.

I have said that Warren Newton was very flatly opposed to building our High school, and that was true; but Isaac S. Newton was just as thoroughly and persistently in favor of it, and did all he could to bring it about. Several meetings were held in Breese's Opera House for the purpose of educating the mass of the people, women as well as men, that they might feel the importance of it. At most of these meetings Mr. I. S. Newton was chairman. His brother was usually present, but not being a public speaker he did not attempt any oratory at these gatherings. He confined his talking to individuals, in the bank, on the street, wherever he could get anyone to listen to his arguments. At one of the meetings after several had spoken, all very much in favor of the school, he sprang to his feet and made a short speech, which showed very plainly that the course of the meeting was not at all according to his liking. His voice quivered and he evidently was much excited. The chairman smiled and George W. Ray rose to speak. There were no philipics thrown at Mr. Newton. It was just a short heart to heart talk which Mr. Newton did not attempt to answer. There was a quisical look on the chairman's face which plainly showed that he was in favor of the High school just the same, and the large audience applauded vocif-

erously. The High school proposition was carried by a strong majority.

He was a broad minded man, a good financier, and easily grasped any proposition made to him. He had a state-wide reputation as a lawyer and legal advisor.

Monday morning, March 18, 1889, himself and his son and partner, went to Bainbridge, where they had some business to attend to. That over, Mr. Newton took the train for Albany alone. The next day he had an important case to argue before a legislative committee. Having finished his argument, he bid good-bye to Judge Follett and others, and went to the Central railroad depot about 7:30 to take the train for home. He was waiting for the train, when suddenly he sank down and was dead. This was Tuesday, March 19, 1889. His age was 63 years, 9 months and 1 day.

Mr. Cyrus B. Martin went to Albany and brought the body to Norwich. His brother, Prof. Huburt A. Newton of Yale, also came from New Haven. They arrived at Norwich at about 10 P. M. Many were at the depot and escorted the body to the home on Hayes street. Friday the funeral was held in this church, the pastor, Rev. Clark C. Otis, officiating. Burial in Mt. Hope. The Chenango County Bar, the Board of Directors of the Bank of Norwich, the students from the schools were present at the funeral; and a very large concourse of citizens filled the large auditorium to over-flowing, who had come to honor their friend, for he was a friend to the whole community.

It is said of him: "He was a lawyer of broad and comprehensive grasp and distinguished for his power to lucidly and consisely present intricate questions of law. Facts and figures never escaped his memory. In the courts of record in our own county, scarcely any case of importance has been tried in which he has not bourne a prominent part as attorney or counsel. No member of our Bar has been called so often to the

courts of other counties and the Appellate courts of the State as he."

When Mr. Newton was converted it was a thorough work of grace and no one can say truthfully that he did not fulfill the promise. He was also a very liberal man. He gave a great deal of money to Missions, and was very much interested in the work of the American Board—A. B. C. C. M.—and in a quiet way made many gifts to its treasury unknown to any one but himself; I heard him at one time, say to the trustees, "I will give you $50.00 a year for a pew and you can give me any one you choose." He was also a large giver when any repairs were to be made, or anything brought for the church, whatever it may be. In view of these many valuable traits of his character he has been very greatly missed in the work of caring for the church.

DEACON JAMES McCAW.

(By his son, W. J. McCaw.)

James McCaw served this church as deacon the longest of any member throughout its hundred years of history. He was elected July 13, 1861, and served until his death in May, 1902, a period of nearly 41 years. His election was for life, a custom in the church previous to January 1, 1897, when among some changes in the polity, the elective term of deacon was limited to four years. The death of Mr. McCaw leaves but one life deacon—Mr. William Porter Chapman, elected July 9, 1876, and now in the 38th year of service.

James McCaw was the son of a Scotch shepherd, whose home was typical of his occupation—a stone-walled, thatched-roofed cottage, on a mountain side, looking down upon heathered hills and verdant valleys, the grazing grounds of thousands of sheep. Out of sight of any other human dwelling it stands today almost

unchanged from a century ago. In a letter to a friend Robert Burns wrote regarding his early home: " A novel writer might have viewed the scenes with some satisfaction," and then adds moodily, " but so did not I." He described the daily life as " the cheerless gloom of the hermit with the unceasing moil of the galley slave." But Burns was a poet and a dreamer and his ploughboy lot was hard and unhappy. The family life on a farm was a constant struggle for existence and his father was always in debt. His home was in the vicinity of Ayr and he was envious of the village " younkers"" who he thought had superior advantages while he was "destined to drudge behind the scenes." When he went to a country dancing school he incurred his father's severe displeasure and gives that as one of the reasons for his dissipated career.

In cheery contrast to all this was the wholesome life in the shepherd's cottage, among the hills, far away from the voices and vices of the village, though separated just as far from most of its privileges. Even the church and school were miles away. For six days of the week the life of the sturdy shepherd and his thrifty " wife " was simple nd strenuous enough and it was hardly less so on the seventh when this earnest, devout couple walked several miles to the nearest church that they might not miss the regular Sabbath services. Into his home, James, the first-born, entered May 25, 1817. When he was two weeks old his mother carried him in her arms to church. A friend of his latest years on hearing this incident exclaimed, And I don't believe he has missed a Sunday since." He was christened James Smith McCaw but so seldom was the middle name used that aside from the baptismal record it was all but forgotten. The advent of a son brought sacred cheer to the lowly, isolated home where sunshine reigned; but a deep shadow fell when the father, smitten by fever, died, leaving James, less than

four, a brother, William, two years younger, and a baby sister, Jean, to the care of the mother, who for ten years carried on the farm in her husband's stead.

As soon as they were able to stand the long walk, James and William were sent to school. They learned their letters from the Bible, their first and only reading book. They not only became familiar with its text but its eternal truths became indelibly fixed in their receptive minds and laid the lines of their future living. It is easy to picture the pair poring over the sacred page as they read: "There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks." Eagerly they read how to these same humble shepherds the Angel of the Lord brought the first, joyous news of the birth of Christ. How the quaint, sweet story touched and thrilled the hearts of these two lonely shepherd boys. How naturally and inevitably it helped to link their lives to that of the Good Shepherd who gave himself for his sheep.

In the vitalizing mountain air, aided and abetted by plenty of good Scotch porridge, the "younkers" grew and waxed strong in brain as well as body. Their school days were not all solemn and serene. For some breaking of the rules William was sentenced on Friday by the schoolmaster to select and learn an extra portion of Scripture to be recited before the school on Monday. Now William's memory was working well and didn't mind a few extra verses. He selected the 119th Psalm, the longest in the Book, and memorized all the 176 verses. When called upon to recite he responded promptly and kept right on continuously until the master was forced to cut him short. The master frowned ominously while the school children grinned decorously, and William saved the remaining verses for another recital. He early showed a literary bent. Later in his life when he had followed in his father's footsteps and became a shepherd he found

time to write an essay entitled "Truth Frae 'Mang the Heather or Is the Bible True?" which secured a prize offered by the University of Edinburgh, the highest educational source in Scotland, for the best treatise on the evidences of Christianity. The essay was published in book form by the University and attracted unusual attention, passing through two or more editions. It revealed the shepherd's simple, unswerving belief in a Supreme Being, evidence of whose existence he found in the trees, and in the flowers; in the habits of the birds and the animals; in the solicitous care of the mother sheep for her young; in the sagacity of the shepherd's dog; in the rain, the thunder and the rainbow; in everything to quote the author's own words, "from the woven wing of the insect to the roll of the heavenly orbs he read evidence of a skill and wisdom that baffles the united wisdom of the sons of men."

In their boyhood and youth the brothers spent much time together and shared their abiding belief in God until to them the existence of their Heavenly Father was as clear as the sunlit sky above their heads; their faith was as real as the ground beneath their feet.

On New Year's Day, 1836, James being in his 19th year, left this secluded home to try his fortune in the outside world. Five years before this his mother had married a second time and was now the wife of William Armstrong, whose brother, Thomas, was a draper (dry goods dealer) in Cambridge, England. To him James applied and was accepted to learn the trade. His sister, Jean, followed soon after to keep house for him. Four years later, in 1840, he set up in business for himself in St. Albans, not far from London. In 1842 he paid his first and only visit to his old home in Scotland. His mother, widowed a second time, was again left with three small children. The youngest of these, Agnes, accompanied James upon his return to England and remained with him until she had fitted

herself for a teacher when she went back to Scotland to make a home for her mother. After her mother's death she came to America and was a resident of Norwich and a communicant of the Congregational church for several years before going to California.

For very good reasons James and his former employer, Thomas Armstrong, kept up their intimate and friendly relations, St. Albans and Cambridge being conveniently located. Both were single men and each had a devoted sister making a home for him. These rather curious coincidences led to some connubial consequences.

Ann Armstrong was a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie (comely) lass" with brow as pure and eyes as true as Annie Laurie's of the most familiar Scotch ballad. Just as a matter of fact she was born in the county adjoining the bonie braes of Maxwellton where the real Annie lived. Presumably to James' eyes "her face it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on" for she won his heart and he asked her to be his bride. They were married November 5, 1851, in the Downing Street Congregational Church in Cambridge. Thomas Armstrong had forestalled the loss of his home-maker by marrying Jean McCaw, a year or two before.

Shortly after starting in business in St. Albans James had united with the Spicer Street Congregational Church. He was made a deacon and was superintendent of the Sunday school for sixteen years. His business thrived and he was laying up a comfortable fortune when in 1857, his efforts to save a friend in financial straits swept away the earnings of twenty years of hard and zealous effort. He was again on the bottom rung of the ladder and the provider for a wife and three small children. It was then he decided to try America of which he knew something through letters from friends already here. The Atlantic was

crossed in a sailing vessel, six weeks' time being spent on the water. During the voyage, when if ever a soothing smoke must have been a real solace to him, he resolved, for the sake of his example to his little son, to forego his first and only small vice. Many years afterwards he replaced the pipe he accidentally broke for a Norwich smoker with a decorated one he brought over from England but had never used.

The family landed in New York in August, 1857, and reached Norwich, riding down from Utica in a stagecoach, the later part of the same month. They came to visit friends, expecting to continue their journey later to Canada to settle on British soil. But something about Norwich seemed suited to their pressing needs. Of course they went to church and equally as a matter of course they sought the Congregational that having been their church home before crossing the water. Among the happiest recollections of that period is the cordial greeting of Mrs. Ezra Hewitt who shortly before had been chosen assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. Her kindly interest in the new-comers presumably had much to do with settling their stay in Norwich. She welcomed the children to the Sunday school and her many gracious acts were never forgotten.

The first winter in Norwich was memorable, the head of the house having no regular employment. The family lived in second story rooms on Hayes street. The next spring Mr. McCaw became a clerk in the grocery store of Hiram Goodrich on North Main street. A year later he entered a clerkship in the hardware store of Ralph Johnson at the present Burchard Brothers' Co. stand, which continued for thirty years, through numerous changes of ownership.

Rev. Hiram Doane was then pastor of the church and received Mr. and Mrs. McCaw into membership January 4, 1859, by letter from the Congregational

Church of St. Albans, England. Rev. Mr. Doane was succeeded by Rev. Samuel Scoville, who had been pastor less than a month when Mr. McCaw was chosen a deacon. He gave to his church equal devotion with his other life duties. Its place in the daily round was foremost and fixed. He was always in his pew at the Sunday service and never absent from his place in the midweek meeting. His early religious teaching had been wrought into the very fibre of his being, and steadied and strengthened his whole long life. Through all the buffeting of the middle years he never let go of his first simple childhood faith but always held fast to that which was good. He died May 28, 1902, aged 85.

MRS. GERTRUDE L. D. JOHNSON AND MRS. NETTIE C. P. MITCHELL.

Gertrude Louise Dunlap was born August 19, 1842, in the (then) village of Watertown, N. Y., in State street, a few houses east of The Public Square. She was the daughter of Prof. John and Mrs. Louisa (Mallery) Dunlap, who were natives of Rutland, Jefferson County, a small farming town about ten miles east of Watertown. Prof. Dunlap was then principal of Jefferson County Institute, a widely known school. We call them High schools now. After a few years Prof. Dunlap became principal of an academy at Rodman, and later held a like position in Martinburg, both in Jefferson County. Later he went o a similar position in Onondaga Valley, and in 1854 to the principalship of Cortland Academy. September 6, 1858, he came to Norwich and became principal of Norwich Academy, following Prof. David G. Barber. He rented what we know as the Judge Jenks house, corner South Broad street and Frances avenue, and soon the parents and seven children were installed there. After about a year they moved to 26 Hayes street.

They all entered heartily in the school, social and religious life of the village and formed very many acquaintances, not a few being life-long. They were Presbyterians, but as the church of that faith was claimed by both Presbyterians and Congregationalists they decided not to get into the controversy, so the family atended the First Baptist, Rev. Lyman Wright, pastor. Miss Gertrude was then sixteen. She was being very carefully educated by her father, who stood very high as an educator. Miss Gertrude was very capable. If at any time the principal was called out, or any of the teachers obliged to skip a class, she would step in, take the class and no break occurred. She had had a good deal of practice with the piano and was a rapid reader of music. She had also a clear, ringing soprano voice, so that she often played anl led the singing at the opening and closing of school. She was very active and possessed of an abundance of energy; a vivacious and interesting talker, and was never so well satisfied as when she could be of some help to some one. She was very soon invited into the choir of the Baptist Church. Albert C. Latham was the leader and Mrs. Almira Penticost was the organist. These both became her intimate friends, and remained so, so long as she lived. She also very soon became acquainted with Miss Nettie C. Pike, organist of the Congregational Church and they became very firm friends, and both her teacher on the piano.

Miss Dunlap was always very thorough in every thing she did, and could always be depended on in whatever task she was set to do, whether it was congenial or not. Her father was a very successful disciplinarian. He seldom spoke to a mischevious student but once. He never got angry or even excited. His personality conquered and words were unnecessary. In these respects his daughter was very much like him. She was a very much readier talker than he, but knew

MRS. GERTRUDE L. D. JOHNSON.

Our One Hundredth Anniversary.....June 19, 1914

....The....

First Congregational Church

NORWICH, NEW YORK.

Paul Riley Allen,
Minister

36 West Main St. Marquis 'phone 52

SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1914

Communion and Reception of Members

The First Sunday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

YEAR TEXT

Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Malachi 3:10.

MORNING WORSHIP

10:45 O'CLOCK

ORGAN VOLUNTARY—Prelude in D Flat.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN—No. 420 (The congregation will rise and remain standing until after the Gloria Patri).

THE CALL TO WORSHIP:

Minister—O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.

Congregation—Be sure that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Minister—O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His Name.

Congregation—For the Lord is gracious. His mercy is everlasting: and His truth endureth from generation to generation.

THE INVOCATION.

SELECTION—The Choir.

THE RESPONSIVE SERVICE—Selection 24, page 18.

THE GLORIA PATRI.....*Gounod*

THE MORNING LESSON—2 Peter, Chapter 1.

ANTHEM—"Sanctus," .....*Gounod*

PRAYER.

HYMN—391 (Congregation Standing)

OFFERTORY—Violin Solo .....*Selected*

MR. W. F. STEINHAUSER

ANTHEM—"I am Alpha and Omega,".....*Stainer*

SERMON—**"A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE."**

RECESSIONAL HYMN—No. 415.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION (Congregation seated)

POSTLUDE.

BIBLE SCHOOL

12:00 O'CLOCK

SUPERINTENDENT.

ASSISTANTS—Mr. Dwight Gifford, Mr. F. J. Tuttle, Mrs. M. E. Gray.

WEDNESDAY, 7:15 P. M.—The junior choir will meet for rehearsal. This is the last rehearsal until September. A full attendance is necessary.

THURSDAY, 7:30 P. M.—The midweek prayer meeting in the lecture room. Subject, "The New Century."

8:30 P. M.—The senior choir will meet for rehearsal.

The Loyal Workers Circle will meet at 3:00 o'clock Monday in the church parlors to pack a barrel for Piedmont College. The Treasurer will be there and the members are urged to come prepared to pay dues.

NEXT SUNDAY—The Rev. W. A. Trow of Sherburne will preach in the morning in exchange with the Pastor.

7:30—Evening service and sermon by the Pastor.

This will be the last evening service until September. The junior choir will be assisted by Mr. Galpin's orchestra. Mr. Frank Hartwell will sing.

TONIGHT—There will be a union service in the First Methodist church. The sermon to the graduating class of Norwich High School will be preached by the Rev. A. R. Burke.

It has been a great pleasure to welcome old friends and make new friends during the past week. We wish more of the former members of this church could have been with us. We know they were thinking of us while we were thinking of them. It has been a time of well wishing and good cheer. How much it means to wish each other well in the spirit of brotherhood and good cheer! Let us carry this spirit on into all our work together. It is the spirit of a great love expressing itself in sympathy and tenderness and care which are everywhere the supreme values in life. We have been instructed and inspired by the messages we have heard; messages replete with tender memories and ringing challenges. Let us keep alive everything in the past that was good, and reach after everything in the future that is worthy of men and women who would attain unto their highest. "Now are we the children of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," That our church is one hundred years old means something, it means more that we have the church now. What of the second century? What shall we make it now? Never was there a louder call for the church of the strong men, never such need of the church equipped for service.

We are very grateful to all who have come from away and helped in making our Anniversary pleasant and profitable. The Pastor especially desires to express his appreciation of the splendid co-operation of the members of the various committees and all others at home who have given time and talent in preparation for the Anniversary and during the exercises. The work, no matter how hard, has been gladly done. Every one said "I will do what I can and all I can." It is this fine spirit of fellowship and helpfulness that has smoothed many rough paths and made many impossible things possible during the last seven years.

May we "Increase and abound in love one toward another and toward all men."

Officiary

✠

Pastor

REV. PAUL RILEY ALLEN, 56 West Main St.

Clerk

L. M. Donaldson, 14 Cortland St.

Treasurer

W. H. Field, 16 Piano St.

Treasurer Envelope Fund

Clarence Ames, 91 South Broad St.

Treasurer Benevolent Fund

W. J. McCaw, 14 Division St.

Board of Trustees

W. P. Chapman, President

R. D. Eaton E. S. Moore S. A. Jones J. L. Millspaugh W. H. Field

Prudential Committee

Rev. Paul Riley Allen, Chairman L. M. Donaldson, Clerk

Deacons:		Messrs.
W. P. Chapman	G. W. Nagel	M. E. Gray
W. J. McCaw	Chas. A. Burr	William Gasten
T. E. Wands	N. F. Wiley	R. C. Chapman
C. R. Johnson	George H. Graves	F. J. Tuttle

Deaconesses

Mrs. W. J. McCaw Mrs. R. D. Eaton Mrs. F. O. Graves Mrs. Mary M. Sumner

Superintendent Bible School

M. E. Gray, 18 Elm Street

Leader, Loyal Workers' Circle, King's Daughters

Mrs. J. F. Windolph, Hayes Street

Leader, Loving Kindness Circle, King's Daughters

Miss Abby Beals, 16 Birdsall Street

Leader Gateway Circle King's Daughters

Miss Margaret Newton, North Broad Street

President Woman's Missionary Societies

Mrs. William E. Reed, 94 South Broad Street

Vice-President Home Branch—Mrs. R. C. Stofer, 28 Hayes Street

Vice-President Foreign Branch—Mrs. T. E. Wands, 14 Francis Avenue

President Mothers' Club

Mrs. Paul R. Allen, 56 West Main Street

President Woman's Working Association

Mrs. M. M Blakeley, 38 Hayes St.

President Scoville Brotherhood—Mr. Clarence Ames, 91 South Broad St.

President Men's Brotherhood—J. F. Windolph, 15 Hayes Street

Organist

Miss Mary E Lewis, 34 Elm Street

Director Senior and Junior Choir—Mr. Harry Millspaugh

Chairmen of Ushers

Morning, M. M. Blakeley, 38 Hayes St. Evening, George Waters, 44 Birdsall.

Sexton—M. B. Steward, Cortland St.; Marquis Telephone 2156

when to talk and when to refrain. Mr. Dunlap's pupils were always loyal to him and even to this day the few who are left speak of him with affection and praise. In 1862 he resigned and accepted the principalship of Palmyra, Wayne County, Union school and at once removed to that place. The ties of friendship were too strong to be so lightly broken and it was not many months before Miss Gertrude, at the persistent and urgent invitations of her many friends, came to Norwich and remained for a few weeks among them, to the great pleasure of all concerned. Several of these friends returned this visit and reported a very enjoyable time.

In September, 1864, she married a Norwich young business man and came to Norwich and made a home, which she maintained as long as she lived.

The church had at this time become Congregational. Mr. Scoville was the pastor and was in his third year. Her husband was a regular attendant of that church and had come to be an intimate friend of Mr. Scoville; so that when the bride and groom returned they went to the Congregational Church at once; but they did not become members until the next spring. A strong attachment also sprang up between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Scoville so that it was not long before the mutual attachment took in both families and this remained until the end.

Mrs. Johnson was like her father—she was a born teacher and disciplinarian. I have forgotten how it came about; but I know it was not long before she had a Sunday School class of young ladies from 15 to 18 years of age—some fifteen of them. A strong attachment sprang up between them. She kept the class until most of the girls had married and left town. The class was under very rigid rules; but as the rules were made by the class, no one objected. About 1875 Mrs. Johnson was elected Assistant Superintendent of the Sun-

day school in place of Mrs. Harriet A. Hewitt, who had held the office more than 16 years, and was very much disappointed at the result of the election. This election was very embarrassing to Mrs. Johnson, because Mrs. Hewitt was not only a cousin of her husband, but was a very much esteemed friend whom we could not afford to turn down. She was also "Auntie Hewitt" to all the Scovilles and Col. and Mrs. Hewitt were indefatigable workers in everything pertaining to the church. Mr. Scoville had many conferences over the matter with Mrs. Johnson who was ready to resign for the sake of peace, and to avoid all cause of bitterness, but Mr. Scoville was very decidedly opposed to any such solution of the problem. He was very anxious that Mrs. Johnson should stay. He thought that there should be a younger person in the place. How he managed it I do not know, but Mrs. Johnson held the place and the relations between the parties remained entirely harmonious; a marked illustration of Mr. Scoville as a pacifier.

The infant class had been in charge of Mrs. Julia A. Sumner for several years. It consisted of a class of five to eight girls, and a class of four to six boys. It showed no signs of increase, which did not satisfy Mr. Scoville, and he brought it about that Mrs. Johnson should teach the class as assistant superintendent. Its name was changed to primary department, so that children a few years older could have a place in it. One night about 10 o'clock in the fall of 1875. we heard a quick footfall on the steps and in an instant the door was opened and "Good evening, children" revealed the cheerful voice of Mr. Scoville, who came in and sat down. He had worked out a very complete three years' course of graded Bible lessons and had got them printed and ready for use. It was certainly a very fine thing and was an entirely new idea at that time, though later a similar idea was introduced into

the International Lesson leaves. Among the first words he said was: "Gertrude, I want to make the primary department amount to more than it does now and I want you to run it." She protested that she knew nothing about it and was sure she was not the one fitted to conduct it. "But I want you to take it just the same and I will stand by you and do anything I can do help you." She still said, "No, I'm not the one." He stayed perhaps an hour and argued and urged, but to no purpose; so he left with this final shot: "Yes you must take it. Think it over, Good night," and he was gone. If ever a woman studied a knotty problem she did that. I said that I knew she could do it and ought at least to try. At the next election she was elected —unanimously, I think—superintendent of the primary department—and accepted. It took some time to block out the schedule, but it was ready in time. Classes were formed and teachers secured. No class to have more than six pupils under any circumstances. She chose former members of her class as teachers and other yovng ladies as they were needed. Every teacher must come to teachers' meeting every week unless prevented by something which she could not control and must have the lesson so thoroughly learned that the lesson leaf was not necessary in the class. Complete records were kept and three violations of any rule by any teacher, resulted in a new teacher taking the class. People said "you can't make that work;" but she did make it work; and the department grew enormously. She led it five years or more. When she took it there were two classes—one for boys and one for girls—about 12 to 15 in all. When she left it there were fifteen teachers and officers and more than 125 pupils, all—officers, teachers and pupils—intensely loyal to the superintendent, to each other and to the pastor.

Hon. John W. Church, at a church social facetiously remarked, that "Gertrude was so enthusiastic over her

department that the moment she heard that a child had been born in town, she at once hastened to call on the mother and engage the "kid" for her Sunday school." Rather overdrawn, yet at the same time, every member of the department was just as enthusiastic as the superintendent, and the result followed of course. In the meantime, Mr. Scoville had gone and Dr. Taylor had come as supply. At the end of the year he was hired as pastor. While he did not oppose the conduct of the department, it soon became apparent that he was not in sympathy with it. Deacon Charles H. Stanton was superintendent of the whole school and was heartily in sympathy with the management of the primary department. They both saw that a clash would come sooner or later. Mrs. Johnson's health was far from good. Dr. Brooks gave the positive command that she must leave the school entirely. She was, from childhood, a big bundle of energy stored in a not too strong body, which she had been constantly overtaxing; but now the time had come when a halt must be called to avoid a total collapse. She resigned and a new superintendent was elected. Not long after Mr. Stanton also resigned. Several classes were graduated into the intermediate department; the International Lessons were adopted and a new superintendent eelcted.

This was the last of Mrs. Johnson's taking any leading part in the work of the church, except playing at Thursday evening meetings. This she did almost continuously for 15 years—during several years in the later part of Mr. Scoville's pastorate; all of that of Dr. Taylor; all of Mr. Upton; all of Mr. Otis; and a while in that of Mr. Scudder. She was always faithful to the trust, attending and on time every meeting that it was possible for her to attend—many times at great risk of her health; and no dragging nor sluggishness in the time of the music.

February 7, 1887, Dr. George F. Penticost of Brook-

lyn began a series of evangelistic meetings in Norwich. It was a Union effort by the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Churches. Afternoons were given to Bible readings in the Baptist Church; and a cabinet organ was brought in to help in the singing. No one was engaged as player. It was expected that some one would volunteer. For a few days the playing was too slow and dragging. At the next service he asked who would play? Someone said "Mrs. Johnson." Dr. Penticost said, "will Mrs. Johnson please play for us?" She did so. After the service he came to her, introduced himself and said, "Won't you come and play for us every day?" She said she would. The last service was in the Congregational Church. After the service had closed several were standing talking with him, when he thanked Mrs. Johnson for playing and said he wanted to give her a souvenir, and handed her a paper folded. She thanked him and opening the paper found it was the typewritten notes of the sermon he had just preached.

The last work that she did in the church was in the spring of 1901. The church teas and socials had been almost failures, and the ladies were a good deal discouraged over the prospects of the next one, to be held the next month. They finally concluded that if Gertrude Johnson would take charge of it it would go. They found her in far from good health and, as she thought, not able to undertake it. Later they came again and said they would do all the work if she would only boss it, which she finally consented to do. She made a list of young ladies as a committee for work and sent a postal to each to meet at her home at such a time. They were all there and on time and full of enthusiasm for work. She laid out the village and gave each young woman a district and the work she was expected to do, and which was to be all done and she was to report at such a time. Every one of the committee reported

her work done to the last detail—eatables all promised, waiters engaged, reception committee and all the paraphernalia needed for the occasion. The social met as proposed. Every detail was provided for and the event was a very decided success. In nine months she had passed beyond earthly cares and efforts and found "the rest of the people of God." She had done what she could, during a life of nearly 60 years; loved by all the children—a more enduring monument than cenotaphes and world applause.

Another woman who is still with us, and has been identified with this church for more than half its history,, and who has been a leader in one of the most important of its activities, deserves recognition in this history. I am not in sympathy with the "unwritten law," that a person must be dead before a full expression of the appreciation of the church and the community can be made; so I am going to violate that law in two cases—not for fulsome praise, but because they are entitled to it, and I am very sure every one will concur with me.

Mrs. Nettie C. Mitchell is a name very well known in this church ever since Mr. Scoville, in 1865, joined her husband and herself in marriage. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Pike, and was born in McGrawville where was her parents' home. Her father was a musician of considerable ability. He was a choir leader and an organist; and had studied music very thoroughly. He had a pipe organ in his home, which was somewhat larger than usual for a house organ. He and his wife were both players and singers and the father was an expert snare drum maker and player. In fact he was an all-around skillful mechanic. He had also been a merchant. He and his wife came to Norwich to a fair, or some doings of that nature, visiting DeCalvus Rogers, who also came from McGrawville. They were so well pleased with Norwich

MRS. NETTIE C. MITCHELL.

that they soon decided to move here. They bought the lot just east of the S. W. Berry residence in Mitchell street and built a house and moved into it October 6, 1856. Miss Nettie began practice on the organ as soon as she could sit on the organ stool. Her father and mother had very early discovered that she was interested in music. Her father taught her the rudiments very thoroughly; such as time, reading, etc., so that when she began to play her progress was rapid. Her first piano teacher, after her father, was Miss Maranda McGraw of the well known McGraw family, from whom the village was named. The young lady soon outdistanced her teacher. Soon after the family came to Norwich she had Mrs. Abby M. (Harris) Hinsdale (daughter of Dr. Harvey Harris) of Norwich, as her teacher. Mrs. Hinsdale, a few years before, had also given lessons to Linn Babcock (later Dr. Linn Babcock.) Miss Nettie also took lessons of Miss Almira Thomas, who about this time married Dr. John Penticost, a dentist, in Norwich. Miss Nettie was then 13 years old. She also took lessons of Linn Babcock, who was then teaching in Hamilton. He drove to his father's home in South New Berlin every Saturday and would come around by the way of Norwich and give Miss Nettie a lesson.

Her father about this time was leader of the choir in this church and she began playing the organ. On the very Sunday in which the church burned, she was to have begun an engagement as its organist. She played while services were held in the Academy and in the Close building. This was in 1859. The next two years (1860-1) she spent in New York and was a pupil of S. B. Mills, who was then reputed to be the best pianist in America. She also, in 1875, studied in New York with William K. Bassford, the famous organist of Madison Avenue Baptist Church. At the same time she took vocal lessons of Sig. Steffanoni. It was

on one of her trips home during the lessons in 1861 that she was placed in the care of Mr. Scoville and with him had the memorable ride to Norwich, when he came to preach his first sermon.

When she returned from her musical studies she came into the choir of this church. J. H. Gould was then the organist. He remained but a short time and then went to Binghamton, when she was again engaged as organist and continued as such until 1903.

Not long before she was married she had several letters from S. B. Mills urging her to come to New York and take up the piano as a life work, assuring her that she would surely succeed; but she was soon to be married and she thought it would not be right to break the engagement. Who can say she did not do the proper thing!

She also developed a mezzo-soprano voice which she also cultivated as far as she could; and by the time she was 16, she was playing and singing in concerts, both in Norwich and several other towns in the vicinity.

When the new church was opened in June, 1862, the organ set up was not a large one; but it was much larger than she had had much experience with before, but she very soon mastered its excellencies and its defects and made it do royal service for at least fifteen years.

It was war time when the church was dedicated. Rev. Samuel Scoville was pastor. The organist, choir and pastor were for "The Union" first, last and always. Nobody supposed that "The Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle" and all the rest of the patriotic airs were "Sunday Tunes," but it was assumed that they were when the pastor read a telegram from the pulpit announcing a Union victory—taking of Richmond—and the organ roared them forth with every stop pulled out and the pedals "jinin' in" under the nimble feet of the player. She thoroughly

understood harmony, and it was not long before the choir realized that she was improvising her voluntaries; and from that time to the time that she gave up the leadership of the music in the church, more than 30 years, it was a very rare circumstance that she brought any music for a voluntary; all were improvisations. I should be very happy if I had them all now in print; but they are past recall now.

The enlargement of the church in 1874 and the forming of a new chorus choir by the chorister, are related in detail in the first history and need not be repeated. In 1874 the need of a piano for use in prayer meetings, Sunday school and in various other uses was seriously felt. An effort to buy one soon took form and it was decided to circulate a subscription. When there was some difficulty in getting some one or more to circulate it, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Johnson promptly volunteered and they started at once. It is safe to affirm that no such strenuous committee, nor such a strenuous campaign ever "went for" the Congregationalists. "Did they get it?" Of course they got it, and three months before the church was ready for it; and the same piano is still in use, but is very much worn and has survived its usefulness for anything beside the most common use. This campaign reminds of the one by Enos and Fenton for the first church.

Mrs. Mitchell rounded out 28 years as organist and chorister, when sickness of herself and in her family compelled her to leave the work to others to carry on. She never refused to give her services for concerts, sociables, conventions and all sorts of entertainments for the benefit of the church; and for funerals she has many, many times taken the whole or parts of the choir and furnished the music. Several times she has been offered and urged to accept pay for this

service, but she has always firmly declined the proffered remuneration.

It is a very remarkable coincidence that almost the exact counterpart of Mrs. Mitchell's service in the Congregational church, should also occur in the (now) First Baptist Church, just across the West Park. Almira H. Thomas, began practice on the piano as the scholar of my sister, Miss Mary Johnson, not far from when the present Baptist Church was built. Miss Johnson was then about 15. My father led the choir and his daughter played the organ. She must have taken lessons of Miss Abby Harris, who, I am quite sure, was the first to give piano lessons in the village. She was the oldest daughter of Dr. Harvey Harris, who lived in the present Harris homestead, North Broad street, corner Rexford. When young Miss Thomas had practiced enough so that she could read music, Miss Johnson taught her to play the organ, so that when she went away to Troy Seminary, Almira was left in charge of the organ. Albert C. Latham had come to be chorister in place of Ralph Johnson. My position remained the same—I blew the organ, at least for a while, until from one of Latham's winter singing schools I graduated into the choir.

In 1855, Miss Almira Thomas married Dr. John Penticost, a well known Norwich dentist; but she kept right on playing the organ. Not far from this time Mr. Latham went west and was gone some years, and Albert Cary took the leadership of the choir. In 1856, Mr. Latham returned and formed a partnership with Ralph Johnson, and very soon again became chorister in the Baptist choir. In the meantime Dr. Penticost had died; but Mrs. Penticost was still the organist. November 19, 1862, she married Mr. Latham. She played the organ first when she was 14, she therefore began a little before Mrs. Mitchell; but Mrs. Mitchell was the first to become chorister—the first to suggest

SENIOR CHOIR OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORWICH, N. Y., 1914.

(Left to right, back row.) C. B. Chapman, E. L. Nash, J. L. Millspaugh, L. H. Burnside, Dwight Gifford, L. M. Donaldson, C. R. Johnson. (Second row, from back.). Miss Edna Nash, Mrs. O. A. Thompson, Miss Marcia F. Stewart, Mrs. W. E. Eaton, Mrs. H. W. Millspaugh, Mrs. M. M. Blakeley. (Third row, from back.) Mrs. C. T. Willis, Miss Bessie Thompson, Mrs. J. H. Whitbeck, Miss Ruth Burnside, Mrs. W. J. McCaw, Mrs. Romer, Mrs. D. E. Johns, Mrs. L. H. Burnside, Mrs. E. L. Nash,

it was Mr. Scoville, in 1875. Mrs. Latham retired about a year ago; so she had remained in service about nine years longer than Mrs. Mitchell. During all this long time that Mrs. Latham and Mrs. Mitchell have worked and striven as it were, side by side, I have yet to hear of one thought, word or deed which has marred the life-long friendship. And this all in the face of the proverbial jealousy of choirs in general and singers in particular.

Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Johnson, with the pastor, Mr. Upton, were very largely instrumental in installing the fine organ which since 1884 has been a joy to all and of great assistance in the services. It is fully described on another page.

Mrs. Mitchell has been for quite a number of years a vice president and chairman in the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Charles B. Chapman took Mrs. Mitchell's place as organist and chorister temporarily, as it was supposed that Mrs. Mitchell would be able to take it up again after a while; but as time went on and it was realized that she would not be able to return, Mrs. Chapman was engaged permanently for the work. She retained the position until about May 1, 1904, when she also was compelled to give it up from illness. Mrs. J. L. Millspaugh was then engaged for the position. She retained it about a year and resigned. The trustees, after a good deal of thought and discussion, engaged Miss Mary Eugenia Lewis as organist and Mrs. Jessie Nash Stover as chorister and soprano soloist. Mrs. Stover remained two or three years, when she left Norwich permanently: and Miss Lewis assumed both positions, of organist and chorister and continued them until 1912. Mr. Frank P. Hartwell came from Sherburne and he and his wife united with the church. At once Mr. Hartwell became a member of the choir and very soon collected a choir from the boys and girls

in the church and they sang at the services Sunday evenings; the former choir singing at the morning services. The names given them were the Senior choir and the Junior choir. Now the arrangement has become permanent. Soon after the Junior choir was formed the subject of gowns was broached, I think by the pastor. The idea seemed to appeal to Mr. R. D. Eaton, who volunteered to pay for them; so they were made for both choirs and pastor. They have since been regularly used at both services.

In 1911 Mr. H. W. Millspaugh, a conductor of music and a tenor soloist, from New York city, and his family, took up their residence in town. His brother, J. L. Millspaugh, and his family, had been residents of Norwich for several years and members of the church and of the choir, and Mrs. Millspaugh was, for about a year, organist and chorister, as stated. In the spring of 1913, Mr. H. W. Millspaugh was engaged as chorister. He at once invited into it several singers from the congregation and the processional and recessional were introduced and the ceremonial is used at both Sunday services.

THEODORE DE WITT MILLER AND WILLIAM PORTER CHAPMAN.

Theodore Miller came to Norwich in 1830—perhaps a little earlier. Where he came from does not seem to be known. June 18, he bought from Asa Pellett, Sr., the lot on East Main street just west from Mr. Pellett's own house. On this lot, in 1836-7, he built the substantial house which is still standing, No. 123 on that street. In this house his only son, Theodore DeWitt Miller was born May 7, 1837. The family lived in this house until 1840 when Mr. Miller bought the property at Plasterville and moved there. I suppose he built the plaster mill but no one seems to know now. There

JUNIOR CHOIR OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORWICH, N. Y., 1914.

(Left to right, back row.) Wm. B. Wilbur, Leon Brown, R. Bishop, H. W. Millspaugh, Miss Mary E. Lewis, Geo. L. Graves, Harold Moore, Frank Skillman. (Middle row.) Mildred Gucker, Hidred Powell, Jessie Thayer, Reda Ingram, Martha Little, Marthena Brown, Elizabeth Graves, Bernice Fuller. (Front row.) Elsie Newton, Mildred Fryover, Merle Cheesbro, Bessie

was also a saw mill and a grist mill; and later Mr. Miller established a store which was quite successful. He brought limestone from Oriskany Falls by boats on the Chenango Canal and ground it into land plaster which he sold to the farmers by the ton. It was considered then to be almost a necessity for grass land, and Mr. Miller sold an enormous amount of it; farmers coming from a radius of fifty miles with teams for it. Mr. Miller was 46 when he began this business. It gave the name to the hamlet. It has since been known as Plasterville, but there has been no plaster ground there for at least 40 years; but the saw mill and grist mill have been in use most of the time. In February, 1914, they took fire and were wholly burned. The property is owned by Nehemiah H. Brown, son of George Brown, the former owner.

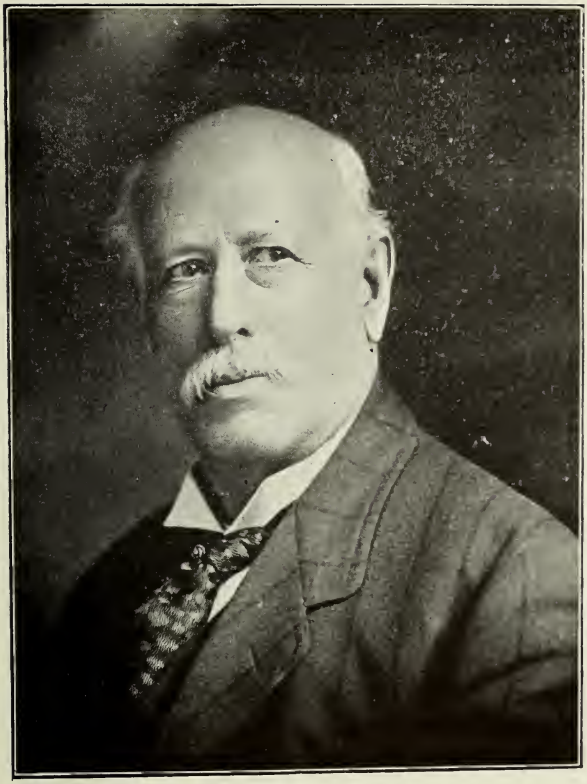
Mr. Miller sold the whole property in 1848 to Horace Hickok and moved back to Norwich, probably to the East Main street house. In 1850, he sold this house to Samuel H. Barnes, and February 4, 1851, he bought from Robert O. Reynolds (who bought it from James Birdsall) the house, now 3 East Park Place, which has since been the home of the family. Mr Miller was born April 30, 1794. He died July 31, 1860, aged 66 years. He was buried in Mt. Hope.

Mr. Theodore Miller attained a good deal of prominence in Norwich during the 12 years before his death. He was one of the thirty-nine original stockholders of The Bank of Norwich and one of its first board of directors. He was elected, with S. H. Barnes, a trustee of this church, but was never a member. His wife united with the church May 10, 1846. She died April 26, 1877, aged 76 years. She was born in 1801.

Theodore DeWitt Miller was the only son of Theodore and Emma (Blair) Miller. He was born May 7, 1837. He helped his father in the mills and attended school at Norwich Academy. When The Bank of Nor-

wich was started he was made teller and held the position for several years. About this time W. P Chapman came to Norwich as a clerk in the store of his cousin, W. H. Chapmaan, and soon " De and Porter " became very good friends. They both attended the Congregational Church, and were both clean young men and attentive to business. A revival came to the church in 1857, under the pastorate of Rev. Hiram Doane. Chapman was converted and joined the church, but Miller did not at that time. In 1860 his father died and " De " had the management of the estate, and from that time until his death he had something to do with the management of the bank. A director 40 years; vice-president, 1873, for ten years. From 1849, for eighteen years he was president—until his death. Somewhere near 1869, or 1870, he bought out the drug stock and business from Hill & Mitchell. The business was in the corner store at South Broad and East Main streets. Though he knew very little of the drug business, yet he made it a success and continued it until about ten years ago, when he sold it to two of his clerks and he retired from mercantile business.

Soon after the revival of 1857, Miller and Chapman were elected ushers for the two aisles of the church—Miller for the east and Chapman for the west aisles. After the burning of the church they continued in the Academy, the Close building, " Concert Hall " and into the new Church in 1862. Miller was first elected trustee in 1867. Again in 1872, and every third year thereafter until his death—14 times, making 40 years; and a very large part of that time he was treasurer of the church. Since the adoption of the envelopes, he had charge of their distribution. Sunday, September 18, 1910, a Memorial service was held in the Congregational Church for Mr. Miller, at which an address was delivered by Hon. George A. Thomas, a part of which will be quoted here. He begins by relating the



THEODORE DEWITT MILLER.

story of Curtius, the noble Roman citizen, who threw himself into the chasm to save Rome, drawing the lesson that good citizens are the most valuable product a nation can have; therefore he speaks of Mr. Miller as a citizen. (Mr. Thomas died about a year ago. His address will apply to himself as fully as to Mr. Miller; and to Mr. Chapman also.)

"We of this great nation are beginning to learn the same truth—that the one thing that counts above all others things in nation, in state, in community—and our most precious possessions, is a loyal patriotic, non-self-seeking, honest, citizen. I am to to speak of T. DeWitt Miller in his relation to Norwich as a community—in other words of T. DeWitt Miller the citizen. As a citizen he was conservative, and yet progressive. He heartily entered into all the projects of our community life Some of his work brought him financial gain. Other work brought him only the satisfaction of having done it. T. D. Miller showed himself a good citizen by his diligence, enterprise and stability in fostering and advancing legitimate business enterprises.

"In early manhood he was elected teller of the lower bank—now the National Bank of Norwich. That was the beginning of his business career in our community. He was faithful to his every duty; and a half century later when he died, he had held for nearly a score of years the position of president of that same bank. Leaving the bank he engaged in the drug business. Here he came in contact with every class and condition of people. But he conducted that business in an upright, honest, sincere and helpful way. His influenece broadened. The man dominated the business. No one ever spoke of him as the druggist; but as Mr. Miller, the man. The occupation was forgotten in the man. He believed in his town and its future. When the project of supplying our village with wholesome water

was agitated, he proved his faith by his acts. He put his money, his time and his energies into that quasi public enterprise, The Norwich Water Work company. He lived to see it a great success and an immeasurable benefit to thousands. He was a trustee and secretary. In his later years the Norwich Pharmaceutical company was started. From the beginning it had a friend in Mr. Miller; and later, and up to the time of his death he was a valued and efficient director and manager of that great business enterprise.

"Had T. D. Miller spent his entire life and given his whole time to these business enterprises the consensus of opinion would have pronounced him a good citizen. But further he was a good citizen by the gratuitous work and time he freely gave to the purely benevolent and eleemosynary enterprises of our community. When the Chenango Valley Home was started the managers in charge called liberally on his time, his business skill and matured judgment. They never called in vain. This benevolence had no more enthusiastic advocate, no more willing worker; and he sealed his devotion with a handsome legacy.

" Another enterprise partly public and entirely benevolent so far as any world-gain could ensue, was the creation of the Norwich Cemetery Association. He was an officer from its inception and gave time, thought, and labor to its advancement. Today he sleeps within its confines; but Mt. Hope's added beauty is a fitting monument of the disinterestedness and public spirit of T. D. Miller, citizen.

" He was a good citizen by the attention he bestowed upon local, civic, political, church matters. He was also a good citizen by the many little, thoughtful courtesies and graceful kind acts he did for many persons. I haven't time to dwell, but you all know the aged and infirm, the orphan boy or girl, never appealed to him in vain. They love him today for what he did. I must

speak of one thing though I trespass upon your time. Do you remember how busy his automobile was in 1909? The summer of a year ago? What was he doing? Riding for pleasure?—in one sense—but let me tell you when he purchased that automobile he said to himself, "I will give every aged, infirm, shut-in person in Norwich, who never had a ride in an auto, and who probably never will, at least one spin this summer, and he did it. Such a shut-in was a passenger in nearly every ride. Do you think they ever forgot it? Go and call upon them today and they will speak of T. D. Miller—not as the banker, the church trustee—the business man—No, but as the kind-hearted citizen who gave them a ride in his automobile; a recollection that will light all the remaining days of their lives and keep his memory more fragrant than daily fresh flowers on his lot in Mt. Hope.

"Just one more thought—T. D. Miller was a good citizen by the simple, matter of course way in which he did what he thought he ought to do. A friend of mine who used to live in Norwich (Albert C. Latham) and was a profoundly religious man and conscientiously observed every duty, once went on a fishing and hunting excursion with T. D. Miller. Night came and they were about to retire at a farm house. The thought came to my friend—how about my evening devotions? Shall I omit them, or whisper them, or what had I better do? Then a slight noise attracted his attention; he turned and looked; on his knees by the side of his bed was T. D. Miller saying his prayers. Said my friend, 'I felt rebuked; but my regard for T. D. Miller went way above par.' I have reached my climax. I will close, leaving in your memory this good man, this citizen of Norwich on his knees, saying his prayer like a good, honest, conscientious, well-mothered boy. It is a citizen like that—a citizen like T. D. Miller—which is the most precious thing any community possesses.

"Lord of himself—and having nothing, yet hath all."

William Porter Chapman. We never know "whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." Many a man has made good out of very unlikely environment. This thought has been suggested by the lives of the two subjects of this monograph. In the latter part of the first half of the last century, in the little hamlet of North Walton, a son was born to Rev. Charles and Mrs. Elizabeth (Porter) Chapman. Norwich was not interested in the event, but it ought to have been, for that babe was destined to fill a very large place in the commercial, religious and social life of that municipality. The boy was named William, from his grandfather, Porter, from his mother, and his third name told what his life work was to be. He was a nephew of Benjamin Chapman, who at that time had been for 25 years, a very well-known and respected merchant in Norwich. This boy was not born to wealth, as was the other boy just written about, but that did not put any handicap on him, as we shall see. He could not go abroad to get an education, so the want was in a measure supplied by the public school at home and by the faithful and earnest efforts of his parents who saw to it that his religious nature was fed as well as the mental. To this end they gave him good books to read, the chiefest of which was the Bible. In this way he acquired a good knowledge of his native tongue and a taste for good literature: and all the atmosphere of the home was surcharged with a reverence for and a devotion to what was lovely and of good report. Both of these boys had Christian mothers, but the father of the first was only nominally Christian, although he was a good citizen and stood for good things.

As "Porter" grew to young manhood the choice of an occupation became a matter of study and choosing. The most available thing was as an errand boy

and general helper in the store of his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Douglas, in Meredith, Delaware County. To this store young Chapman went and for two years faithfully did the work assigned him; and all the time kept his eyes and ears open. He had learned a lot about storekeeping.

In 1855 his uncle, Benjamin Chapman, in Norwich, had gone out of business and his cousin, William H., son of "Uncle Ben," had started, successfully, a mercantile business in the "Old Chapman store" in Norwich. The next year "Porter" came into this store as a clerk, not being yet out of his teens; but he had used his advantages to so good purpose that he knew what to do in the larger place and did it every time. His habits were fixed and he had no bad ones to correct nor to be a handicap on his advancement in the new place; and he very soon made a place for himself in the new surroundings. He was given a place to live in the family of his uncle, where he was helpful, gentlemanly and considerate and compelled respect and consideration from all with whom he came in contact. He had learned the homely virtues of honesty, industry and energy; and his idea was to make himself a successful merchant. He did not allow pleasures, society nor questionable habits and practices to lure him from his purpose. At the close of every year he knew he was nearer his ideal, so with splendid courage and grit he grasped the problems of the new years undaunted. He took up his church duties and made good in them also. "De" had become identified with the church, but not yet by conversion. The two young men were made ushers; one for each aisle—there were but two in the old church. Then came the revival of 1857. Rev. Hiram Doane was the pastor and the revival was quite extensive. "Porter" was converted, but "De" was not; but it did not drive him out of the church. There was not

much of the emotional about him. He never got excited over his own affairs; so he kept right on doing what he had been elected to do of church work.

I said that Chapman was converted, but perhaps I should modify that statement somewhat. He himself often said in after years, that he did not know when he was converted—" brought out " in the language of 1814. He made an open confession of Christ, but there was none of the pagan about it—no harrowing experiences; no " distress of mind." He had been brought up in a family where the whole atmosphere was Christian, so he had no specific sins to be mourned over. It was as simple a matter as walking the street and turning around and going the other way. When he had made up his mind to do it, he did it and it was just as thoroughly done as though he had taken months of prolonged agony to bring the result. His daily life for these many years has proved the thoroughness of the work. Young Miller had not the long training in the family, so he could not—or thought he could not, act on the moment and the time went by unimproved; and remained so for 15 years.

The next February, the church burned; but in the Academy, in " Coffin Hall," in Concert Hall and into the new church of 1862, these two young men remained faithful to their duty. These same traits they both carried into their commercial life.

Sunday, December 27, 1863, " The Old Stone block," South Broad street, was burned. About 1865 the present brick block was built. Soon after, John F. Hill and George Mitchell opened a drug business in the corner store, next to the Park. A year or two after T. D. Miller bought the business and left the bank, retaining his stock, however, and his directorship. He knew next to nothing about the drug business; but he made a success of it.

In 1858, W. H. Chapman decided to live in New

York. He thereupon offered W. P. Chapman a partnership in his business. W. H. Chapman to do all the New York buying; and W. P. Chapman to have sole charge of the Norwich end of the business—under the style of W. H. Chapman & Co. "Porter" assumed this responsibility with a good deal of anxiety.. It was his first trial of entire, or practically entire responsibility; but with a splendid courage he took the reins and drove the steed to victory. The business was a success from the start; but it would not run alone. He put into it a tremendous amount of hard work. He knew every detail and kept up with it all to the very last minute. This partnership continued about twenty years.

September 12, 1866, William Porter Chapman and Mary Evelyn Curtiss, daughter of Roswell and Polly Mary (Hale) Curtiss, of Norwich, were married by Rev. Samuel Scoville. Soon after this, Chapman bought the house and lot, 25 Hayes street, and established a home. In this home their three children were born; a daughter, Mary Evelyn (who died in about three months) and two sons, William Porter, Jr., and Roswell Curtiss.

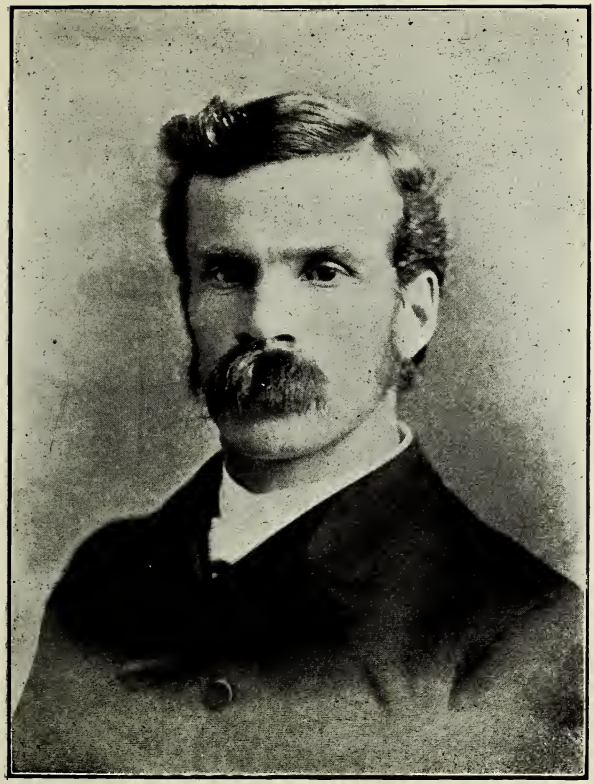
June 19, 1874, Mr. Chapman was elected a trustee of the church. He had made a place for himself in the commercial life of the village. Now it was discovered that he hade made a place for himself in the activities of the church. To the present time he has been elected trustees fourteen times, and has been chairman for many years. The term of a trustee has been three years. Beginning with 1874 he has been re-elected every time and is now serving the fourteenth term. Mr. Miller was first elected a trustee March, 1867, and served the term; but he was not again elected until 1872. From that time he was re-elected every term since until his death, at which time he had one year to

serve, making thirteen consecutive terms—fourteen in all.

July 9, 1876, Mr. Chapman was elected a deacon for life. Then there were four of them. Now he is the only one left. In 1897 the church voted to limit the term of the deaconate to four years when any vacancy occurred. Mr. Chapman has been the longest time a member of this church, at this time, of any one living.

Thus these two men have rounded out over half a century in the service of this church; the first eminently fitted to care for the material and the second as eminently fitted to care for the spiritual interests. As we see Mr. Chapman has had the care of both interests. He has been a member of the Prudential committee since his election as deacon, July 9, 1876. The writer was elected church clerk September 30 of that year, and to the deaconate in 1906.

Mr. Miller was a little pessimistic occasionally, when things would not go as he wanted them to; but not so with Mr. Chapman; he always saw the "silver" back of the cloud. He was in the church as he was in business—if the axe was dull he "put to more strength." He has the faith of Father Enos. I speak from knowledge. In 1809 that faith worked a miracle. He was laid on his bed by what was named by every physician (and he had some of the best) Bright's disease and that he could not possibly live. Of course this was not told to him; but he probably surmised it, for he said repeatedly "I'm not going to die. I'm going back into the store again." He faithfully followed all the medical advice and for a while remained about he same, but he made the same assertion many times. Suddenly there was a change—slight at first, but it was for the better and from that time his improvement was slow but steady and he did go back into the store. He spent some part of each day there until a few weeks ago when the concern was reorganized and Mr. Chapman retired.



REV. AUGUSTUS GOODNOW UPTON.
The Fourteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1883-1888.

He has also resumed his duties in the church. When Isaac Newton died in 1891, the Bible class, much to Mr. Chapman's surprise, choose him for the teacher. He declined; but the class was very urgent, so he finally consented. He put the same enthusiasm into the task which had carried him through many another difficult proposition; and after his sickness, the class was still insistent; so he again took up the duty and he is seldom absent from his place in the class or his pew at morning service.

He has proved untrue what has often been asserted, that a business man cannot be a Christian. With him the end never justified the means. If a course of action appealed to him as true, he followed it. If it did not, no amount of policy nor prospect of personal gain was thought of. He would not touch it. The Chapman business has continued for more than a century and has always had a member of the family at the head of it—one named Chapman; and they, until now, have all been members of this Church. It just happened so.

REV. AUGUSTUS GOODNOW UPTON.

As I remember it now, soon after Dr. Taylor left and a committee on looking up a pastor had been appointed, as church clerk I wrote Rev. Charles C. Creegan, who was Home Missionary Secretary of the State of New York, whom I knew very well and who was very well known to many in this church, telling him of Dr. Taylor's leaving and saying that he knew about what kind of a man we wanted, and asking if he could put us on the track of a pastor. About as soon as " by return mail " came the answer, " Yes. Just the man you want and he will fill the bill I know, for he is in every way capable. "I turned the letter over to Mr. Miller or Mr. Stanton, I cannot say which now. Rev. H. W. Teller, who later came to Sherburne church, was already invited to spend a Sunday here,

which he did; and then Mr. Upton was invited to do the same April 15. April 14 came and the last train, but no Mr. Upton. The committee had quite a discussion on what to do. The clerk had, however, great confidence in Mr. Creegan and was sure from his estimate of Mr. Upton, that the later would be here if he had to walk. That he probably, not knowing the country, had got off at North Norwich. If that was true he would drive into town in an hour or so—and that was just what happened. Mr. Upton soon found his mistake and hired a farmer to drive him down; and while we were discussing the matter he alighted at the Eagle Hotel, and soon made the acquaintance of the brethren who were to "show him around."

What was seen when he was found, was a fresh, bright appearing young man, of 30 years of age; very cheerful and cordial; a good talker and with an earnest energetic manner; good looking, pleasant and not at all put out by his misadventure, which he, with much humor, related as a good joke and we all had a hearty laugh. In his state of mind the ride down the beautiful Chenango valley was a delight and a revelation to him, as well as an attraction as a place to live. He spent the rest of the day in looking around the village and meeting some of the men of the church; forming some acquaintances which were very enjoyable through his life and to this day are blessed memories deeply cherished.

At the service next morning his sermon was from the text, II Cor. 6, 17—"Come ye out from among them and be ye separate." The title was, "Separation." The Great Apostle's advice to the Corinthian church. He thought that Christians should have those words for a motto and live by it—be separate from the world; and he fearlessly affirmed his belief in the sentiment so clearly taught by St. Paul and trusted that those who heard him would make their lives conform

to the plain meaning of the words. The evening sermon was a plain talk on "Haman."

Monday Mr. Hammond and two or three of the committee took him around town. One of the business places visited was Deacon Chapman's store, where they remained for perhaps half an hour. In the conversation Mr. Hammond said with a smile, "Mr. Upton, I think it rather singular that you chose that subject for your first sermon in town as a candidate." "Well, Mr. Hammond, I admit the force of your remark, but as I most thoroughly believe in the idea, I could not see any reason why I should not preach it"—thus in a single sentence revealing the character of the man. His listeners could not but say he was right. He made no excuse, nor any effort to smooth over the sharp incisive force of the text, nor his equally clear statement of it. The next day he left for home.

Other good men came as candidates, but none seemed to get hold of the people. It came to near the first of July and the matter seemed to have come to a standstill. One day the clerk met Mr. Miller on the street and asked what has been done about a pastor? "Nothing," he said. The clerk with some energy affirmed that that was hardly the right course to pursue for the good of the church, for it was in great need of a pastor. The members all knew Mr. Creegan, and were confident that he would not recommend a man as he did Mr. Upton, unless he knew he was suited for the place. They were willing, therefore, to trust to his judgment; so why don't you give Mr. Upton a call at once and end this uncertainty? Whether this outburst was the spark which set ablaze the dormant fire of the committee or not is not known; but very soon a meeting was called of the church and society and a resolution calling Mr. Upton was carried with but two negative votes. The call was sent and July 3, the acceptance was received to take effect September 1.

August 29, Mr. Upton and his wife and daughter arrived in Norwich and took rooms at the American Hotel, and began the task of getting acquainted. Mr. Upton led the prayer meeting Friday evening. Sunday was Communion. He preached a short sermon on the pastor's office and how he should preach and then administered the Communion. Three persons united with the church by letters.

Rev. A. G. Upton.—In the home of a sturdy Massachusetts blacksmith named Benjamin Upton, located in Heath, Franklin County, on December 7, 1851, was born a boy. The name given him was Augustus Goodnow Upton, and the mother's name was Miranda. It is somewhat curious that the man who succeeded Dr. Taylor in the pastorate of this church, was also a native of the western section of Massachusetts. Heath is about 30 miles a little east of north from Lee, the birthplace of Dr. Taylor. It is also about 10 miles directly east from the Hoosic Tunnel and North Adams. It was a small village then and is yet, in the Berkshire Hills. and some miles from any railroad; the Fitchburg being the nearest. This boy was converted at fifteen and baptized in Elyria, Ohio, in 1866.

In 1869 he entered Oberlin College, which is about 10 to 15 miles from Elyria. Graduated August 6, 1873, and at once entered the Theological department of the College. Was graduated from this department July July 29, 1876, and ordained August 4 following by the Presbyterian church of Elyria. Nov. 23, 1876, he married Lucy Heywood Metcalf, daughter of Eliab Wright and Eliza Maria (Ely) Metcalf at the family homestead in Elyria. He taught in Oberlin College from 1871 to 1875. October, 1800, he joined the Central North Conference, Ohio, of which he was a member when he came to Norwich. He soon after joined Oneida, Chenango and Delaware association. His first pastorate was at Windham, Ohio. It began in 1876.

He resigned in 1878 and became pastor of the church in Wayne, Mich., from which he resigned in 1880 and went to Wakeman, Ohio. In 1883 he came to Norwich, N. Y., and became pastor of the First Congregational Church, September 1. Mr. Upton resigned his pastorate in this church April 30, 1888, and went directly to Syracuse, N. Y., and assumed the office of Secretary for New York State, of American Home Missionary Society. He remained there but a few years, when his health failed and he was obliged to take a rest. He went to Colorado Springs in November. In the spring he returned to Syracuse; but was obliged to go back to Colorado Springs in the fall; and later to Denver. There he took charge of two Mission churches in the poorer part of the city. One of these grew from a congregation of fifteen to so many that there was hardly standing room in the church. About 1895 he went to Weiser, Idaho, and became president of a school for higher education; a sort of preparatory school for college. He was for a time also pastor of the church at Weiser. January, 1910, he went to Arizona for the winter and in May back to Colorado Springs; all the time seeking health in the high altitudes of the far west. Here at this time they built their house in Broadmoor, a suburb of Colorado Springs. Then they took letters from Plymouth Congregational Church, Syracuse, N. Y., and transferred their membership to the First Congregational Church of Colorado Springs. He did not have, however, long to enjoy the new home, nor the new church home. His disease soon ran its course despite all medical aid, and he died in the new home November 20, 1901, at the age of 49 years, 11 months and 13 days, just at the age when he would have been doing much of his best work. Interment was made in the family plot in Elyria, Ohio.

Some very important things were brought about in Norwich by Mr. Upton during the five years he lived

here. He was really the one who started the Y. M. C. A. Library Association.

He also made possible the purchase of the beautiful and remarkably complete organ which for 30 years has done royal duty in this church. January 5, 1881, during the pastorate of Dr. Taylor, the Young People's Association voted to begin raising an organ fund. By the second year of Mr. Upton's pasorate the fund had grown to about $550.00. He proposed to the Young People, which included Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Johnson and the large choir, that a campaign be started vigorously and the organ installed as soon as possible, which was enthusiastically taken up. Mr. Upton had cards printed in the form of stock certificates, good for five shares in the new organ at $1.00 a share. The Young People were given these to sell and they started in at once vigorously. The idea took with the people and when the canvas of about two weeks was over the results figured up $2,100.00, cash. They decided to order a $3,000.00 organ at once. Mrs. Mitchell had, while the canvas was going on, been looking up organs and had done it very thoroughly, with what help Mrs. Johnson could give; and they, with the pastor laid the matter before the truseees, who authorized them to get the best organ they could for the money. Mrs. Mitchell was of course the chairman of the committee. They thoroughly went over the matter and decided to give the contract to Johnson & Son, of Westfield, Conn. They found that Mr. Johnson was very anxious to get one of his organs into this part of the state as an advertisement—a large territory in which he had no specimen of their work. He therefore very readily proposed to build an organ based on whatever price they decided to pay, at cost; and he further offered to subscribe $100.00 toward the fund. They gave him an order for an organ and water motor at the price of $3,000.00 and he began the work.

It was well known that Mr. Maydole had bequeathed $1,000.00 to the church, and the money was in the hands of the trustees. Mrs. Merritt, his daughter, proposed that the money be added to the organ fund. The other heirs expressed the same desire and Mr. C. B. Martin, who was one of the trustees, said he would see that it was voted. The result was that the organ fund was $4,000.00 instead of $3,000.00,so the order was put at that amount for the organ alone; and it was decided that the old organ would sell for enough to pay for the motor; and Mr. Johnson was so notified. This was February 1, 1884. May 9, the parts of the organ were all in the church, spread over the tops of the pews. May 24 ,the instrument was all assembled and set up in its place, ready for use, but was used only enough to test it, when it was closed and not to be used until June 25, when an inaugural concert was given on it by Mr. Michael Cross, a noted organist of Philadelphia, assisted by Mr. W. Apmadoc, of Utica, tenor; Miss Clara Ensign, of Syracuse, alto; Miss Nellie Reed, of Greene; and Mrs. Nettie C. Mitchell, of Norwich, sopranos.

Sunday, June 29, the new organ was first used at church service; Mrs. Nettie C. Mitchell, the organist playing. Mr. Upton's sermon was "On Music and its Place in Worship." The old organ was sold to the church in Sidney for $275.00.

Anyone looking over the parts of the organ as they lay spread out over the tops of the pews could with exact truth say " That is a very thorough piece of work." Nothing was left undone. A piano manufacturer would have said, " That is a beautiful job and done 'pon honor." When it was set up and ready for use the word " elegant " was the only word which seemed to fit the case. From the beautiful and artistically decorated show pipes and the elegantly grained quartered oak of the case to the very last detail of the

intricate interior, there was not a blemish. Mr. Johnson had fulfilled his part of the contract. The decoration of the show pipes was done by the junior member of the firm, who had a nation wide fame as a decorator. The exquisite taste in the delicate tracery could not be done except by an accomplished artist, and any one studying it will find new beauties every moment. When one hears the price, if one knows anything about an organ, it is at once apparent that the maker must have lost money on the contract. Every noted organist who has used it (and there have been several of them) have expressed surprise that we got it as so low a price and have added that it could not be duplicated at less than $8,000.00. This is its thirtieth anniversary and it has not yet had any extensive repairs, which shows that neither time nor expense were considered in its building.

Not only is its value shown in its manufacture; but is shown in its capabilities. The wonderful playing by Mr. Edward Brechlin at the concert of the Monday Evening Musical club was a revelation to many people who have supposed they had heard all the organ was capable of under the hands of masters such as Michael Cross and others who have delighted us with their music, but I venture to say that on no other organ in this vicinity could Mr. Brechlin have played that improvised fantasia on an old theme as he gave it at the concert mentioned. The organ and the man had come together. It helped us to appreciate the value of the organ better.

It was a very unfortunate circumstance that the case had to be stained over in the repairs of 1910, and thus the exquisite beauty of the quartered oak covered over and lost forever. Only a vigorous protest saved the beautifully decorated pipes from the same fate. "Mona Lisa" could not be improved by a coat of paint, no matter how beautiful the shade.

Mr. Upton was an interesting speaker and very often truth would be put in such a way that one would find it in his memory days after. In one sermon was this: "Some people come to a church social, sit against the wall with arms folded and a determined look, as much as to say, "Well, I'm here now entertain me if you can." In another sermon: "We build the walls of our churches so low that anyone can step in; forgetting that they can just as easily step out." In another sermon: Speaking of "Original Sin," he said some believed that

"In Adam's fall
We sin-ned all;
In Abel's murder
We sin-ned furder."

April 29 was Mr. Upton's last Sunday. At his request it was made Communion day. Eleven persons were taken into the church and he administered the communion. He had no sermon, but gave a few minutes' talk on what he had tried to do during his pastorate here. For a text he read this: "I Will Go Before You Into Galilee." In the evening he wanted a conference meeting, but Rev. W. G. Partridge and Rev. A. J. VanCleft had notified him that they should give up their evening services and unite with his church in a farewell; so the meeting was held in the audience room and every seat was filled. Not long after the services began, Rev. M. M. Goodwin, rector of the Episcopal church came in, followed by his membership. He announced that the gas in their church had gone out, so they decided to come over and join in Mr. Upton's farewell. Mr. Goodwin was invited to a seat on the pulpit and, later, he added his testimony to Mr. Upton's Christianity, to what the others had said.

Mr. Upton replied to it all in a short, familiar talk full of thankfulness and love. After a hymn by the

choir and congregation and the benediction the services closed and very many came and took Mr. Upton by the hand and said good-bye. He left town next day, going to Syracuse.

REV. CLARK CHESTER OTIS.

After the retirement of Mr. Upton April 30, the usual committee on pastor was elected and the campaign for a new pastor was set going. Candidates galore were heard in the pulpit and one of them, Rev. J. A. Biddle, was given a call, which was "declined with thanks." After several others came and went, Mr. Scoville happened in town one Sunday and preached in the evening; and one Sunday Rev. H. P. V. Bogue, son of Rev. Horace P. Bogue, a pastor of this church in 1830-33, was invited and preached one Sunday. He lived in Avon, N. Y, In some way the name of Rev. Clark C. Otis, financial secretary of the American Missionary Society, of New York, became known to the committee. Near this time Joseph H. Latham went to New York on business and called on Mr. Otis in the rooms of the society. He brought back a very good report. About that time letters were received from Mr. Upton and Mr. Scoville recommending Mr. Otis, so the committee invited him to come up for a Sunday and preach. He came December 23, 1888. The impression was so favorable that a call was sent him December 26; his acceptance was reecived December 31, and he was in Norwich January 4, and ready to take up his work January 6. He went to Stamford, Conn., Monday, January 28, for his family and goods. They were here February 1, and on February 5, a reception was given them in the church parlors, at which time there was a very large attendance. He was certainly "a hustler."

Through the efforts of Mr. Otis, Rev. Charles H. Yatman, evanglist, was secured in the fall of 1889,

REV. CLARK CHESTER OTIS.

The Fifteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1889-1890.

was a union of the three churches and the meetings were continued until December 23. There were many conversions. Thirty-four came into the Congregational church by the first week in May. Sunday, November 23, 1890, Mr. Otis read his resignation and said he had received a call to the pasorate of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, Ill. It was accepted November 27. Sunday evening, November 30, there was held a union meeting as a farewell to Mr. Otis. Rev. T. G. Cass, of the Baptist Church; Rev. E. B. Olmstead of the Methodist Church; Rev. A. J. VanCleft also of the Methodist Church, all took part in the services. Mr. Otis preached a farewell sermon. The next day, Monday, the Young People's Association gave a reception for Mr. Otis and family and presented him with $25.00, to be used in the purchase of a souvenir. December 2 they left for Springfield.

Mr. Otis was a man of great energy, a good sermonizer and an eloquent speaker. When Prof. Henry Drumond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" came out, Mr. Otis preached a series of sermons in sermons in explanation of the book, taking a chapter as a text for each sermon. They were intensely interesting and instructive; and many flashes of eloquence shot out from the thought of the speaker. Some of these flashes came out, Mr. Otis preached a series of Sunday evening meeting talks.

Mr. Otis' father was a Congregational minister. His name was Norman L. Otis and his mother's name was Elizabeth (Morgan) Otis. The son was born March 6, 1856, in Vermontville, Mich., so he was a "Michigander." He was converted in 1871, in Hubbardston, Mich., and he early decided to become a clergyman. He entered the preparatory department of Olivet College in 1872 and the college proper in 1875. Took first rhetorical prize June 20, 1878, and

graduated in 1879. His home was then in Crystal, Mich. Entered Theological Seminary at Oberlin the same year, where he spent a year, and two years in Yale Divinity School. Graduated in 1882 and was ordained by a council, August 3, in Orange, Conn. He preached his first sermon in July, 1880, at Mackinaw, Mich.

December 27, 1881, he married Mary Amelia Reed, daughter of John and Olive Reed, in Olivet, Mich. John Reed was a farmer. Mr. Otis was made financial secretary of the Home Missionary Society September 17, 1887. He said he "was married to Congregational Church in Norwich, January 1, 1889." He got a divorce too soon I have always thought.

He came east in the summer of 1886 to raise money for Puget Sound Academy. He secured an endowment of $10,000.00; and for purchase of building and forty acres of laid, $5,000.00. The building had been built for a sanitarium, but the owner failed. It is at Coupeville, on Whidby Island, Puget Sound. The people bought the site and Mr. Otis raised the money and got the school started with sixty pupils—all in nine months.

In Orange, Conn., he was pastor from July, 1881, to September, 1883. While he was there the church prospered greatly and there were many conversions. He was installed there August 3, 1882. Rev. H. W. Teller (later pastor in Sherburne, N. Y.) gave the charge to the pastor. Resigned July 1, 1883. Resignation accepted July 22. Preached farewell sermon Tuesday, August 19, and the first of the week following he left for the west. His wife had gone to Michigan a while before. September 17, 1883, he entered Home Missionary work in Washington Territory and was stationed at Seattle, and was superintendent of Western Washington. In July, 1883, he was a delegate from Orange, Conn., to the Home Mis-

sionary meeting at Saratoga. He raised the last $2,000.00 for Whidby Island school about Christmas, went home about the middle of January, 1887, and organized the church of Whiby Island, at Coupeville with sixteen members. Was appointed General Missionary of the United States and general financial secretary, with headquarters in New York.

The following incident better illustrates a very strong feature of Mr. Otis' character than any words I could speak. It also shows what an influence a very trivial incident often has in shaping a person's future life. He was always ready and anxious to do whatever he could to be of help to some body; and was alert and aways ready to do something worth while.

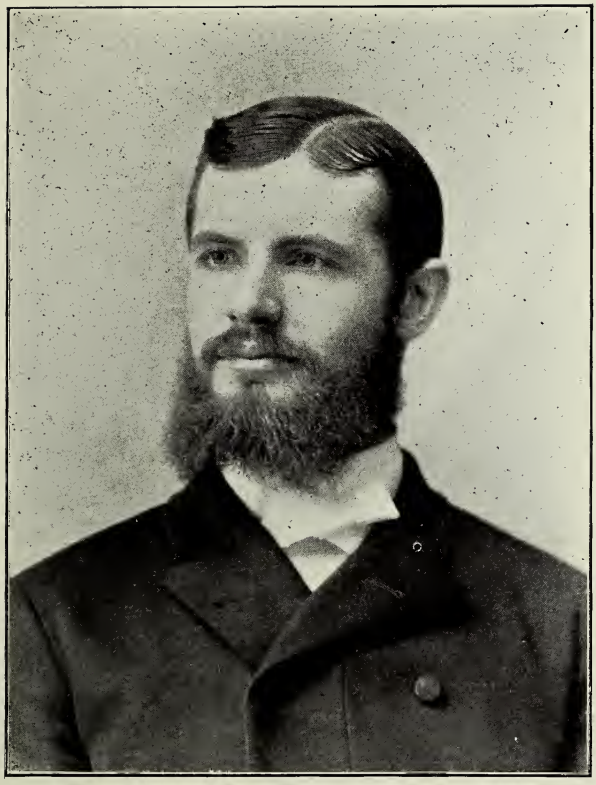
When he was in Yale Seminary, New Haven, at the breakfast table one Sunday morning he overheard one of the students with whom he was not acquainted, asking one and another of his fellow students to take his place at such a Congregational Sunday school where he had engaged to take a class for that day only, but would not be able to attend. As it happened no one of those to whom he spoke was able to go. After breakfast Mr. Otis introduced himself and said that he noticed that he had trouble to get anyone to take his place and said that he would go if it was agreeable to him. The young man, much pleased, accepted the offer. Mr. Otis went to the church at the time, taught the class, was chosen permanent teacher and became thus a regular attendant of the church and a worker in it though he did not unite with it. The pastor of this church was Rev. H. W. Teller, who was pastor of the Congregational Church in Sherburne about the time Mr. Otis was in Norwich; and who just before Mr. Otis came to this church, preached in this pulpit one Sunday as a candidate. As a result of all this, Mr. Otis was one day asked to go to Orange, Conn., the following Sunday and preach. He went

and was soon after called to the pastorate of the church. He had not yet finished his course in the seminary, but he accepted the call with the understanding that he should finish his course of study. This he did, serving the church the while. Soon after he began work in Orange, a revival began in the church and many were converted and came into the church. As a result of his work there he was written to by the American Home Missionary Society on the subject of entering the mission field. He attended the convention at Saratoga and while there accepted the appointment to Washington Territory related above.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY SCUDDER.

Mr. Otis had gone and as had been the case so many times since 1879, the church was up against a vacant pastorate; but this time was remarkable for, almost at once, the man we were after loomed up in Boston within a month. Mr. Otis left December 2, 1890. The committee on pastor was appointed December 4. Mr. Scoville came December 26, for a wedding and went home. Somebody had heard about Rev. William H. Scudder, of the famous Scudder missionary family. He and his family were in Boston, having just come east from the Pacific coast. He was engaged to preach in this pulpit for a Sunday, January 13, but, later, on account of the week of prayer he was invited to remain for the week and take charge of the meetings. He consented and came January 5. The service he rendered was so satisfactory that he was called to the pastorate and accepted at once, arriving with his family—his wife and five small children—January 21, and took up quarters at the American Hotel.

January 15 the church voted to pay a debt of $1,650.00 and buy or build a parsonage very soon. February 11 Mrs. Scudder gave birth to a daughter, which was named Mary Hedley. It was the sixth



REV. WILLIAM HENRY SCUDDER.
The Sixteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1891-1896.

child born to them. The family had moved from the hotel to the Isaac Newton house in Hayes street, which happened to be vacant. The church then, more than ever saw the need of a parsonage, but, although the vote to buy or build had been taken a month before, practically nothing had been done; and it took two years more to accomplish it. February 20, 1892, the trustees bought of the estate of Elizur H. Prindle his late residence, 56 West Main street, for $5,000.00. Rather extensive repairs were made and some changes, so that it was not until into the summer of 1892 that the family moved in and got to living there. The Dr. Mitchell bequest of $1,000.00 was used in this purchase.

As time went on two boys were ushered into the pastor's family, making eight children, all of them young; but to the parents there were none too many. They were perfectly willing to endure any sacrifice they were compelled to endure for them. It was not long ,as we shall see, when a terrible emphasis came upon the other side of the beautiful picture.

At the suggestion of Mr. Scudder a Men's Sunday Evening Club was organized about May 1, 1894. Its object was the re-vivifying of the Sunday evening services. There were some fifty or sixty men of the church and society who signed the roster and entered into the scheme with great enthusiasm. There were seven committees of five members each. The first service arranged for was held Sunday evening, May 6, 1894, which was a success. They had an elaborate program of responsive readings, hymns and anthems and other music by the choir. These entertainments went all right for a few times; but the pace was too strong. They could not keep it up, and the enthusiasm soon began to wane. Then came the eightieth anniversary. This was something which the Club could enthuse over and it was a success. A decade

service was arranged. Eight persons, each giving the history of one decade, was very enjoyable. Mr. Scoville was present and gave an address, and a talk by Dr. Taylor; and all the sessions interspersed with music by the choir led by Mrs. Mitchell, with several solos, closing with the solo by E. L. Nash, "O What Must it be to be There," and a course of ice cream and cake—done by the men of the church—it shows what they can do when they really set out. But the fact remains that the enthusiasm don't last when it calls for contiued effort. It is stick-to-ativ-ness that counts in any effort and especially in the church.

In July, 1895, Mrs. Scudder and the oldest son went on a visit to Boston for a few weeks, leaving Mr. Scudder and the other children and the maid to care for the home. One evening, on the 24th, came a most distressing casualty. It had been a pleasant day and the windows and doors were all open to the cooling evening breeze. The children were all in bed, when there came from the next door a request that Mr. Scudder would get a doctor for their little child who was sick. They knew that they would not call in vain, for the minister was always more than glad to help anyone who was in distress; so leaving his own in the care of the young woman, he started out, expecting to be away but a few minutes. He had trouble in finding a doctor. Before he had finished his search the fire alarm rung. He soon found a doctor and hurried home to find the house burning at the rear. He assayed to enter, but the rooms were full of smoke, but he called for help and groped his way up stairs followel by several men. Each one took a child and went down. The father examined all the beds and found no one, and the men said they had all been taken down. Once down it was a little while before he could get the children together to see who they were. Then it was found that two were missing. By that time

the firemen had driven the fire back to the back part of the house and himself and others hurried up to the room and for a while could find nothing; but further search revealed Mary under the bed next to the wall smothered and Clarice was in a clothes press in the hall alive, but unconscious, and she died before morning. They were all given shelter for the night. In the morning what had been saved was taken to the Gibson house across the street and temporary accommodations made. Mrs. Scudder and the son returned that day. They knew nothing of the fire until they were nearing Norwich. A house was found in Fair street into which they moved and started a home anew. The two little ones had their funeral in the church and were taken to Staten Island and buried July 27 in the family plot of Mrs. Scudder's father, John H. Hedley. Rev. Isaac Pierson, of Hamilton, officiated.

Much of the belongings of the family were ruined, but none of the other children were injured in any way. No one seems to know what was the cause of the explosion. There was no fire in the house at all, except in the range, and that was very low. The maid said that about 9 o'clock there was an explosion in the kitchen range and in an instant the house was on fire. The back part of the house was badly injured, but not beyond repair. The front was injured only by smoke and water. There was some hitch about the insurance, which was not adjusted for something like a year, so that Mr. Scudder did not return to it. I think it was not finished when he left.

March 22, 1896, the pastor told the committee that he had a letter from Philip Armour of Chicago, inviting him to take part in a free excursion from Chicago to the Pacific Slope and return, to take about four to six weeks. He had arranged for pulpit supply and the weekly prayer meeting. The committee read-

ily gave its consent and he left March 25. He returned May 29 and reported a very enjoyable trip.

June 14, Children's Day, after the notices, he read his resignation of the pastorate to take efftct July 19. He had been called to Tacoma, Wash. The resignation was accepted and resolutions of respect and tender regard were passed. Friday evening, July 17, 1896, a farewell reception was given in the church parlors with remarks by citizens of all denominations. Music and light refreshments were given. At Mr. Scudder's request, Communion was held Sunday, July 19, and eight persons united with the church. Before church he met all those who had come into the church during his pastorate and exhorted them to faithfulness and courage. Ninety-five persons had thus come. The Sunday school listened to a talk instead of the lesson; and then he stood at the door and took the hands of all.

The evening was a union farewell service. He preached and the other ministers gave short talks. Tuesday the family left for Buffalo. From there they went by steamer through the lakes to Duluth and by rail to Tacoma. Monday night they stayed with Deacon C. H. Stanton. As they came down North Broad street in the morning to take the train, as they were opposite the Johnson home, Mr. Scudder ran across the street and into the house and looking all about said: "This was the first house I was in in Norwich and now it will be the last"—and with a pleasant "good-bye" he was gone. Many were at the D., L. & W. train to say farewell.

Dr. John Scudder, who sailed from New York with his wife in 1819, for India, was the first medical missionary sent to the heathen from America. The family became very famous as foreign missionaries and even to this day have several representatives in that branch of missions. Jared Waterbury Scudder and his wife,

CHOIR OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1897.

(Left to right, back row.) John A. Hellriegel, Dane M. Crombie, Mrs. W. J. McCaw, Mrs. Geo. G. Marr, Miss Waite, R. D. Eaton, C. S. Norris, N. P. Bonney, H. B. Daniels. (Middle row.) Miss Nellie Smith, John H. Croll, Miss Annie Hewitt, Miss Phoebe Ruckteshler, E. L. Nash, Miss Hunt, C. B. Chapman, Miss Fannie L. Makepeace, Miss Lillie M. Ruckteshler, F. J. Fairchild. (Front row.) Miss Georgie Dimmick, Miss Clara Schorn, Mrs. C. B. Chapman, Mrs. Nettie C. Mitchell, Mrs. F. J. Nash, Mrs. R. D. Eaton, Miss Fannie C. Makepeace, Mrs. J. D. [illegible]

Julia (Goodwin) Scudder, went as missionaries to Vellore, a considerable town in about the center of the Madras Presidency district, near the east coast of India, in 1855, and into the Arcot Mission in Vellore and became the parents of William Henry Scudder, the subject of this sketch. He was born in Vellore, February 10, 1858, and was baptized. When he was in his tenth year (1867) he was brought to America, from Madras, and was given a home with Mrs. Thomas C. Doremas, in New York city, who had a great deal to do with his education. He was also much of the time with his uncle, Rev. Henry Martin Scudder, D. D., in Brooklyn, who he says, gave him his "enthusiasm for the ministry, and my conception of preaching." When he was not quite thirteen he was converted in Passaic, N. J. He must have been attending school and had made good progress, for he entered New York University in 1874, when he was sixteen; and was there two years, when he changed to Rutgers, New Brunswick, N. J., in 1876; from which he graduated in 1878 and entered Long Island Medical school. In September, 1879, he entered the Reformed Dutch Theological Institute, at New Brunswick, N. J., from which he graduated May 18, 1882. He was also in the College of Physicians and Surgeons 1891-2 and was ordained June 2, in New Durham, N. J., by the Classis of Bergen. His first sermon was preached in "The North Dutch Church," Fulton street, New York city, August 22, 1880. His text was Ps. 1:1. In 1878-9 he was a tutor in Brooklyn.

September 27, 1882, he married Miss Mary Battin Hedley, daughter of John Henry and Annie (Sturges) Hedley. Mr. Hedley was a lawyer. They were married in St. John's Episcopal Church, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y. She was born August 21, 1859, and baptized in 1860, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.

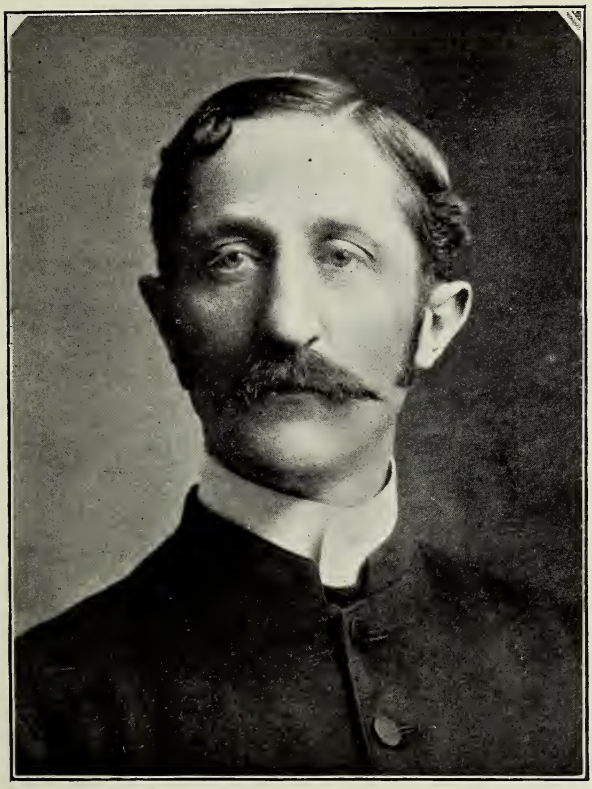
Mr. Scudder was a quiet man both in life and in preaching. He seldom spoke in a loud voice even in the pulpit. His sermons were well thought out and clothed in good and often in beautiful language and always written and read; but he could speak extemporaneously if required to do so. I remember at a Thursday evening meeting he was explaining the Sunday school lesson. In it was the phrase "God is a Spirit." He gave the clearest, most comprehensive and most beautiful explanation of that statement that I ever heard. His face and his whole frame seemed to glow with the comprehension of the full meaning of the words.

He had great admiration for Mrs. Mitchell, both as a friend and as an organist, and for her musical ability. He had been an organist himself—while in college—and so knew of the labor and close application required to gain proficiency. Near the close of his pastorate, in a sermon in which he was telling how much help he had received from this and that organization in the church; he spoke particularly of the choir, saying that it had always been faithful, "led by the genius at the organ."

He went from here to Tacoma; and from there to Park Avenue Congregational Church of Berkeley, Cal., of which he was pastor from 1891 to 1896. He had two or three pastorates in the neighborhood of San Francisco and died about a year or so ago.

REV. EDWIN JUDSON KLOCK.

Again we were pastor hunting; but there was one thing in our favor—it had taken five years and a half to come—the longest pastorate since Mr. Scoville by about six months. What the matter was with the church neither the Prudential Committee nor the pastors seemed to be able to diagnose. The dismal fact remained in evidence—plainly.



REV. EDWIN JUDSON KLOCK.
The Seventeenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1896-1900.

July 23, Mr. Upton suddenly appeared in town and visited at Deacon Chapman's. He had come from Weiser, Idaho, where he was president of a Preparatory school. He was at the prayer meeting, and told us of his work, which was 3,000 miles from Norwich. He left next day.

A committee was appointed to look up a pastor. Soon after a letter was received by the clerk from Rev. Edwin J. Klock, pastor of the Congregational Church of Niagara Falls, stating frankly that the climate at that city did not agree with his wife, so they were compelled to leave and go to some dryer location, and asked a hearing in the near future. The clerk turned the letter over to the committee. After a little investigation, Mr. Norris and Mr. D. R. Hall were sent to Niagara Falls for over Sunday, to hear and make inquiries about Mr. Kock. They returned with a very favorable report and Mr. Klock was invited to spend two Sundays and the week between with us. This he did, with the result that he was given a call, which was accepted and he began his pastorate November 1, 1896. He and his wife arrived in Norwich October 27, and were taken directly to the parsonage, which had been thoroughly repaired during the summer. Their goods had come a day or two before and had been taken to the parsonage. A committee of ladies and gentlemen had arranged them as far as they could, so there was a place for them to exist until such time as they could settle finally. The clerk and wife were there to receive them and show them around. In a few days they gave notice that they would be glad to see all who would call.

At the annual meeting, after very thorough discussion by the Prudential Committee. two extra deacons were elected, increasing the board from six to eight, and the terms made for four years instead of three; two to be elected each year. A board of deaconesses

was also formed to consist of four members, one to be elected each year. Their duties were to assist the pastor in visitation and benevolent work in the church. To secure rotation in office one was elected to serve four years; one to serve three years; one for two years, and one for one year. At the "sale of pews" at auction, which followed, there were two pews sold at a small premium. This was the last sale of that kind so far and it is hoped that it will remain the last for all time. Free pews is the ideal; and voluntary contributions.

In February, 1897, the Prudential Committee began the inspection of the roll of members. This was very carefully and thoroughly done and several changes were made in the polity of the church. A new Manual was printed, which was, in many respects the most complete of any that the church had ever put out; and in this the influence of the pastor was manifest. As one reads, he realizes that a great deal is said in a very small space—hardly a superfluous word. Of course all the committee had a hand in it; but the pastor revised all the manuscripts before the printer had them. Besides that, all the members whose addresses we knew, were written to and kindly urged to remember the church; and those in town were invited and urged to return to the church.

June 6, 1897, the new Manual was given out to all who cared to take them. A weekly calendar for Sunday services was begun January 2, 1898; and is still used.

The annual meeting of State Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers assembled in the church May 17. The same association had assembled in the same place 25 years before, when Mr. Scoville was pastor. He came at this time and remained through the session. He had never transferred his membership, so took part in the discussions and voted

just the same as he did at the former meeting. Mrs. Mitchell played the organ, as she had done at the former assemblage. There was a very large attendance; but thanks to Mr. Scoville, we still had a church big enough to hold them—an audience room with ample capacity; and open homes and cordial open hearts enough to entertain them royally, so that every one of the large delegation was comfortably housed and abundantly fed, so everybody was full of good cheer and every face wore a smile. Not by any means least of the pleasure evident all through the large gathering was the marked smoothness with which the convention was run. Mr. Klock was the moving spirit in the preparations of the details. He had done a great amount of very hard work in making ready. Everything was thoroughly worked out before the convention assembled; and he was everywhere watching with the precision of a general every detail. Indeed, the absence of any jar in the machinery was so evident that a delegate put it very patly when he said: "It runs just like Klock work."

Thursday evening, as a fitting close to the convention, which had given so much pleasure to all, the service opened with an organ recital by Mrs. Mitchell; then by an address by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and closing with a Communion service led by Rev. Edson Rogers of Cincinnatus, N. Y. He was a very close friend of Mr. Scoville and had been the pastor of the Congregrational Church at that village for many years.

June 17, 1900, Mr. Klock gave notice that he had given his resignation to the trustees to take effect July 1. On that day, being Sunday, the usual Communion was held and one new member was received. In the evening was a union meeting at which Mr. Klock preached his farewell sermon. At the close many took him by the hand and said "Good-bye, and God bless you." He left town Tuesday morning, July 3. Mrs.

Klock had gone to the Vermont home some days before. Mr. T. D. Miller met Mr. Klock at the train and as he said "Good-bye," handed him an envelope containing $60.00 in gold. He was very much surprised and could only say "thank you."

Mr. Klock was born March 28, 1862; and a few days later baptized. January 13, 1891, he married Miss Minnie Laselle Stafford. She was born June 18, 1863. He united with this church by letter from Congregational Church, Middlebury, Vt., and she from the Congregational Church, Wallingford, Vt. They took letters from this church to the church in Wallingford, but they went from here to North Stonington, Conn., and Mr. Klock became the pastor of the Congregational Church at that place.

Their first child, a son, was born a few weeks after they were settled at North Stonington. He is preaching now in Bristol, Vt.

REV. DANIEL WEAVER DEXTER.

July 2, 1900—and again the church faces the problem of securing a new pastor. Again a committee was elected, and the pulpit was supplied from Sunday to Sunday. One of the supplies was Rev. Samuel Scoville, September 23. He preached at morning service. The evening was a Union service, but Mr. Scoville preached, The service was given this form so that all the people could hear Mr. Scoville once again.

Rev. Mrs. Annis Ford Eastman from Elmira occupied the pulpit November, 11.

The plan of "candidating" adopted by the committee, worked the same as it has so many times before whenever it had been tried—out of the long list of men four finally gave promise of being available; but the committee was at loggerheads. The four were entertained by four different members of the committee and each of the four were very much in favor of

REV. DANIEL WEAVER DEXTER.
The Eighteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1901-1907.

the man he entertained and would not vote for anyone else—" and there you are." Several meetings were held and " nothin' doin'." One of the four finally had grace enough in his heart to realize that he was wrong; so he moved that they wipe off the slate and start on a new tack. This caused quite a good deal of discussion, which ended in a unanimous vote in favor of the idea. It was rather hard on the four ministers; who were to all appearances available men, who would have made good pastors; but it was the only way out of the dilemna. It had to be done; but the committee had learned something by experience.

Well toward January 1, 1901, someone heard of a young man whose home was in Elmira, the son of a banker who had been Judge and Surrogate of Chemung County. The young man had been thoroughly educated and had not yet been ordained. He was invited to take charge of the church for the month of January. He at once answered that he would come. He was soon on the ground. As the days went along the interest in the young man grew; and he made a place for himself; and by the time that the close of his engagement drew near the church voted him a call to be the pastor. He accepted and at once began to plan for the ordination. A council was called to meet March 19, 1901, at which Mr. Scoville and Dr. Taylor were invited Rev. Samuel Eastman, the young man's pastor in Elmira, was invited to officiate at Communion February 1, postponed from January 1. He came and the young man assisted,. Mr. Eastman preached a short sermon.

This young man was Daniel Weaver Dexter, son of Judge Seymour Dexter, who was a banker of Elmira, who has since died. The family were very excellent people.

It was rather a singular circumstance that just at the beginning of his pastorate, three funerals occurred

of members of this church. He officiated at them all. Sunday, January 27, introductory to his sermon, he made a formal acceptance of the pastorate and said he had no form of theology to introduce, but should, like Paul, preach Christ and Him crucified.

March 19, the council convened at the church at 3 P. M. and at once organized for work. Mr. Dexter was called on for a statement of his religious experience, his purpose in entering the ministry and his theological belief. He thereupon read a paper he had prepared, which was so clear, concise and comprehensive that Dr. Taylor, when asked by the Moderator if he had any questions to ask, said: "There are no questions to ask; Mr. Dexter has covered the whole ground." Two or three perfunctory questions were, however, asked, but they were really of no importance, and the council withdrew for consultation; returning in a short time with a unanimous acceptance of Mr. Dexter's statement and a recommendation to ordination. The ordination occurred in the evening.

The service opened with music by Mrs. Mitchell and the choir. Sermon by Dr. Taylor. Invocation by Dr. Chambers. Ordination by Mr. Scoville. Charge to the pastor by Mr. Tweedy. Charge to the people by Mr. Scoville and benediction by Mr. Dexter.

At the close of the afternoon session, the ladies of the church gave a bountiful lunch to the council and some others.

Rev. Daniel Weaver Dexter was born in Elmira, N. Y., March 12, 1872. His parents were Judge Seymour Dexter and Mrs. Ella (Weaver) Dexter. Judge Dexter died May 5, 1904. The son was baptized in Park Church in Elmira by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. He does not know when conversion came, but he united with Park Congregational Church about 1892. He entered Princeton College in the fall of 1891. He graduated in 1895, and was a graduate student, 1895-6. He

entered Chicago Theological Seminary and studied there about two years and a half and left to attend duties of a new church at Port Washington, Wis. He was there in 1898-1899. June 24, 1899, he went to Europe. While there studied in the Universities of Berlin and Marburg, one semister in each. Returned in August, 1900, and was licensed to preach, first, by Chicago Seminary and, second, by Susquehanna Association of New York, October, 1900. Came to Norwich January 1, 1901.

He married Miss Nellie Edna Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Lorezno R. Johnson, in Elmira, N. Y. They returned to Norwich from their wedding tour, August 31, 1903, and began living in the parsonage September 1. September 4, a reception was given them. Edward S. Moore made an address of welcome and presented them with a purse of $150.00 in gold, as a wedding present. A daughter, Dorothy, was born to them June 4, 1904; and a son, December 29, 1905.

June 19, 1904, the 90th anniversary of the church was celebrated.

November 6, 1904, an individual Communion set was first used, given as a memorial in honor of Deacon James McCaw, who died May 28, 1902. It was presented by his children, Robert McCaw, Mrs. Mary Ann (McCaw) Reed; Miss Agnes McCaw and William James McCaw. Since that time the set has been doing good service in the Communion services in the church and much enjoyed by the communicants. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed at the annual meeting November 15. At this meeting there was no auction at the checking of seats for 1905. They were taken at the appraisal.

April 21, 1907, the pastor, Mr. Dexter, read his resignation of the pastorate to take effect August 1. July 28 he preached his farewell sermon.

It is somewhat remakarble the number of deaths

which occurred during the last year of Mr. Dexter's pastorate among the men and women who had been very prominent in the work of this church. Mr. Upton died November 20, 1901, aged almost 50; Mrs. Matilda M. Mair died January 20, 1902, aged 76; Mrs. Gertrude L. D. Johnson died January 31, 1902, aged 59; Mrs. Isabella Cowan died February 18, aged 81; Rev. Samuel Scoville died April 15, aged 67; Deacon James McCaw died May 28, aged 85; Mrs. Julia A. B. Lewis died August 7, aged 65; Deacon Emory L. Smith died September 12 aged 60; Rev. Edward Taylor, D. D., died November 4, aged 81; Gregory Wick died November 13, aged 40; and Mrs. Julia Frances (Foote) Thompson died December 12, aged 88—three of the best known pastors; two of the best known deacons; two of the best known Sunday school workrs. Added to these losses was the resignation of the then pastor, Mr. Dexter.

One of the very important events which transpired during Mr. Dexter's pastorate was the death of Mr. Scoville, which took place at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, April 15, 1902, at about 9 p. m., as stated above. He had been for about a year assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the church which his renowned father-in-law had built up by his great name, and which the son-inlaw was entirely familiar with and had a very great affection for; he therefore put all his energy and heart and soul into the work; and, too, it was work that he loved better than anything else he could do—helping the helpless, visiting and comforting the sick and afflicted; being strength for the weak—in a word being a father to everybody. When he was young he could have done it without overstrain; but a man at 67 has not the physical strength nor endurance which he had at 40; but he would not give up until disease fastened upon him. In his weakened condition there was not much to build on. He had waited too

long. The time for help had gone by "and he was not, for God took him."

In the evening of the same day that the news came by wire, the Prudential committee of this church with the trustees, met in Mr. Newton's office, appointed a committee on resolutions and a commitee of three—T. D. Miller, C. R. Johnson and W. P. Chapman, to attend the funeral to be held in Plymouth Church, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The committee attended and were given seats with the family. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Hillis took charge of the services, which were held in the large audience room, which was filled. The relatives and delegates assembled in the lecture room and marched in and were seated in the front pews just back of the casket. Gen. Horatio King played the organ and a selected choir sang hymns which were favorites of Mr. Scoville. Dr. Hillis spoke about five minutes, giving a most beautiful tribute to "Dr. Scoville," as he called him. I thought it would be in the papers next day, but none of them gave it. They all had columns about the funeral and Mr. Scoville, but they all failed to get that. I wrote Mr. Hillis, with also the help of Dr. Raymond, but as it was entirely extemporaneous he could not recall enough of it to write it out.

He introduced Dr. Raymond who gave a very excellent address which is given in this volume as part of the Memorial, which will be explained later.

The body next day was taken to Stamford, where a second funeral was held in the large Congregational Church in which he had preached for over 20 years and was filled to overflowing with people of all denominations and of no denominations by whom he was known and loved.

The body was then taken to West Cornwall, where he was born, where the third funeral was held, at which the people from all the county-side flocked to pay honor to him whom they loved and revered. He was buried

in the country cemetery by the side of his father and mother and others of the family; and to which I sent later the remains of his three children who died in Norwich.

In Norwich, November 20, at Sunday morning service, the pastor, Mr. Dexter, read a memorial, written by E. S. Moore and reported from the committee appointed April 16. After the reading it was adopted by a rising vote. This was followed by a sermon by the pastor suggested by the life of Mr. Scoville.

In the evening a Union meeting was held in the Congregational Church. The firemen were present in a body. Mr. Albert Cary, with whom Mr. Scoville formed a very intimate acquaintance almost as soon as he began his pastorate in Nowich, and for whose remarkable voice he had great admiration, acted as precentor and Mrs. C. B. Chapman was at the organ. As the firemen entered Mrs. Chapman played "The Dead March in Saul," by Handel, and the choir opened the service with "Come Ye Disconsolate," one of Mr. Scoville's favorite hymns. The various pastors of the village assisted in the services as did also George A. Thomas, John H. Hicks, W. P. Chapman and Judge A. F. Gladding. Mr. Thomas offered a preamble and resolutions of respect and love from the people of Norwich, which were adopted by a rising vote by the audience which filled every available space in the great auditorium.

After Mr. Scoville became assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Dr. Newton Dwight Hillis, the pastor, became better acquainted with him and came to have a very great admiration for him; and a very warm friendship sprang up between them, which Dr. Hillis was not slow to emphasize on all occasions. At some meeting of the officials, Dr. Hillis spoke several times of "Dr. Scoville." Finally some one said "Mr. Scoville is not a D. D. He has no title." Dr. Hillis in-

stantly replied: "He ought to have one;" and from that time he called him "Dr. Scoville."

After the funerals were all past, I suggested at a meeting of the prudential committee that the four churches unite in a small volume containing sketches of Mr. Scoville's work in each church, written by some one in each church, be printed and distributed in each church as a memorial of him. The idea met with the favor of the committee; and the matter was placed in my hands as clerk to propose to the other churches and if it met with their approval, to carry it out. They all reported as pleased with the suggestion and would gladly do their part.

In the course of a year the articles from the four churches were ready. Dr. Raymond was to see to the publication and Samuel Scoville, Jr., was to be the editor and write a sketch of his father's early life. About that time Dr. Raymond was attacked with a nervous breakdown which laid him aside for months; and Mr. Scoville, Jr., was also unable to do much because of the serious illness of his son, who after a long and painful period of disease, died. These and similar causes have compelled the postponement of the publication of the book. It has, therefore, been thought best to print the Memorial in part as the last pages of this history.

From an hundred years of experience this church has demonstrated that there is no ideal way in Congregational polity for selecting a pastor. Burns says:

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
For promised joy."

No two churches, people, organizations of any kind are alike, or do things in the same way; and it is foolish to try to; but this church has found out—and it has plenty of company—that the worst way to

choose a pastor is to bring into the pulpit a lot of candidates of whom nothing is known and expect to select one from the lot who will be satisfactory. There will be almost as many cliques as candidates and no possibility of uniting on any one. Neither is it necessary absolutely to unite on a man. A fair sized minority may be a good thing. It will put the pastor on his metal.

The church has had nineteen regular pastors; and about five supplies, one of the latter staying about three years—the average length of the pastorates being not over four years and some of them much less than that. As a business man once said about taking a partner, "It is just like taking a wife; you take them for better or for 'worser,'" and that is just about what it is to take a pastor; and it is easier to take him than to untake him.

The last effort of this church in that line resulted well, however. The committee was made up of men such as are usually selected for that duty; but was unique in having one man on it who was a doctor of divinity; who from physical ailments was unable to take a pastorate. He had been in a bank, preaching occasionally; and worshiped in pew the rest of the time; so he had had experience at both ends of the line.

The committee first quietly got a list of men whom they were satisfied would measure up to what they thought would satisfy the church; then sent members of the committee to hear them and quietly investigate and report to the committee confidentially. If there was a reasonable prospect of success the man was investigated more carefully. Further investigation in this case only confirmed the expectation of the committee and a unanimous vote made it their duty to invite Mr. Allen to occupy the pulpit October 3, 1907. He came and preached morning and

evening. The next Sunday the committee, at a meeting of the church and society, reported that the committee was unanimous in favor of Mr. Allen and requested the church to call him to the pastorate. The vote was unanimous. The call was sent and accepted and Mr. Allen began the pastorate November 16. His family consisted of his wife and a daughter five years old.

Sunday the pastor preached in the morning. The evening was a Union meeting in the Methodist Church. Wednesday evening a reception was given at the church for the pastor and family. It was very largely attended and a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Allen soon got hold of the reins and things began to run smoothly again; and no fault found with the pastor.

REV. PAUL RILEY ALLEN.

Mr. Allen was born on a farm in Lansingville, Tompkins county, N. Y. His father was born in Dryden, February, 1838, and his mother in Lansing, September, 1836. Mr. Allen was the son of George F. and Julia (Bower) Allen. They are now living in Slaterville Springs, where they have lived since they retired from the farm. All of these villages are in Tompkins County, the second county west of Chenango, and in the northern part of the county, near Cayuga Lake.

Mr. Allen attended the High schools of both Groton and Dryden and went from there to Cazenovia Seminary. He cannot tell when he was converted any nearer than Deacon Chapman can; which shows the character of the home in which he was reared. He united with the Methodist Church when he was about 14 years old. Up to the time that he went away to college his only occupation was helping his father on

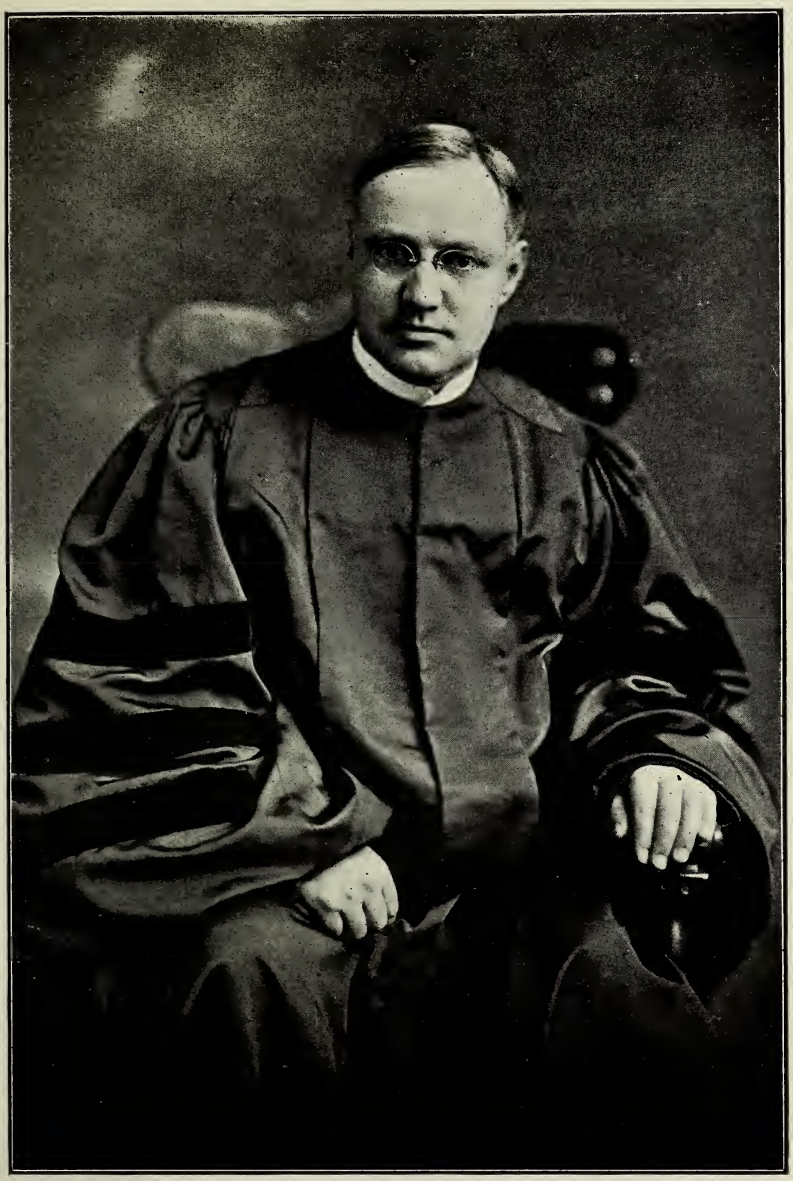
the farm after he was 12, for he was a healthy, strong boy and rather large for his age.

He studied in New York University; was graduated from Drew Theological Seminary in 1902; took post-graduate work in Philosophy and Literature in New York University and Hartford Theological Seminary.

He felt early in life that he ought to preach, but was not willing to make it a vocation, so fought against the call for some years, intending to graduate from Cornell and study medicine with his uncle, who was a physician in Ithaca, and so make the practice of medicine his life work. But this did not seem to open up in a way that was possible for him to enter the profession. He turned then to the law, but with no better success, for he soon found that an embargo was placed on that also; so he gave up the fight, with his mind fully made up to become a preacher; and he says: "When that decision was finally made things began to come my way." This experience he is fully convinced was his "call to preach." Call it sentiment or even hallucination, if you will, but men do have such experiences—a call to preach; and no amount of will power changes the mental force which drives the one to whom it comes to the attainment of the end sought. When the call comes and is accepted, success is sure, at least in the amount of good one can accomplish.

June 21, 1899, he married Miss Annie Barbara Parker, in Coventryville, Chenango County. She was the daughter of Peter H. and Addie (Pearsall) Parker. Mr. Parker was a lumberman. She was born June 2, 1857. They had one child, Elizabeth, born 1902.

During the three years of his college course he had preached regularly at Newark, N. J., and at East Moriches, on the shore of Great South Bay, Long Island. Later in 1902, he was called to the Congrega-



REV PAUL RILEY ALLEN.

The Nineteenth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1907.

tional Church at Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., and was ordained there in December by a Congregational Council. His first sermon was preached at Ludlowville, Tompkins County, near his home and in the same church in which Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's first sermon was preached.

In 1904 he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Corning, N. Y. It was there that the committee from the Norwich church found him. Prof. B. C. Van Ingen for the committee went there and spent a Sunday; heard him preach and made inquiries; returned and reported to the committee and the call ensued of course.

Mr. Allen had been connected with the Hudson River Association from 1902 to 1904; with the Susquehanna Association, 1904 to 1907; and joined the O. C. & D. Association soon after coming to Norwich. He is now chairman of the Home Missionary Committee; official representative of the Church Building Society, and registrar of O. C. & D. Association. He is also trustee of the Congregational Ministers' Aid Fund; and a member of the the State Committee on Evangelism. He has twice been a delegate from O. C. & D. Association to the National Council.

Early in the Spring of 1910 Mrs. Allen's health became impaired and she steadily grew worse, and later was found to be incurable. It resulted in her death April 4, at the age of nearly 35. She was buried in Coventryville, near her old home. She had made many friends in Norwich and had made herself very useful, not only as a great help to her family and in her husband's work in the church, but had made a place all her own in the women's work in the church, by her efficiency and her gentleness and her cheerful disposition. "None knew her but to praise."

One of the very important incidents of Mr. Allen's pastorate was the repairs and radical changes in the

interior of the church building made in the summer of 1910. While some opposed the changes—now that they are an accomplished fact, it is conceeded by all to have been a very wise and necessary proposition. With seven churches in the village, the seating capacity was much too large, so that it took a " Union meeting " to kindle much " Spiritual Glow." The pastor very soon realized this and after he had put the feeling into words the Prudential committee and trustees began to realize also and there was very little argument used against it.

Early in 1911 the pastor came to realize that there was a great need of a wife in the parsonage, not only for himself, but for his work. He felt the need of the home life, which a man is powerless to create. After some months of careful thought the announcement was made that an engagement had been made between Miss Gertrude Hicks and Pastor Allen, which, later, brought about the marriage, July 26. Miss Gertrude was the daughter of Judge John H. and Flora H. Hicks, at 22 Front street, Norwich.

Two children have been born to them, Eleanor, born July, 1912, and John, born November, 1913. Mrs. Allen was a Baptist, from a long line of Baptist ancestry, at least, on her father's side; but she became a member of the First Congregational Church at once; and has been president of the Mother's Club for some time, so it looks very probable that she will grow into a first-class Congregationalist. She certainly makes a good pastor's wife.

In the winter of 1909, at a meeting of the Prudential Committee and trustees, the pastor said that he could see that for the good of the church organization, as well as of the building, that there should be a radical change in the audience room, and if that was done, in the other rooms also. He wanted the men to think it over and make any suggestions they saw fit. At

INTERIOR OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1907.

a future meeting the impression was found to be very nearly unanimous and it was voted to have a capable architect look the building over and draw plans with such changes as he could suggest to modernize the rooms, reduce the sittings and make the whole interior more compact and cheerful and better adapted to the use of the membership; and to give estimates of cost Mr. Vosbury, an architect, of Binghamton, was engaged to do this. After a few weeks he submitted the plans and figures to the trustees, who called a meeting of the church and society to which the drawings were shown and fully explained by the pastor; the cost of the changes would be about $9,000.00 to $10,000.00.

After a full and free discussion the plans were adopted and the trustees were directed to circulate a subscription to secure the funds; and nothing was to be done in the repairs until the money was secured—or very nearly secured. No subscription would be binding until practically all of the amount had been subscribed. By Sunday, June 20, everything was ready and the next day work was begun. June 20. 1910, was the last service held in the church in its old form. By invitation from the First Baptist Church, this church united with them in Sunday and mid-week services, while the repairs were being made—Dr. Ray and Mr. Allen alternating in conducting the services.

Sunday, October 21, the repairs were completed and the regular services resumed. The morning was communion conducted by Mr. Allen; the formal dedication was held in the evening with a sermon by the pastor; and special music by the choir.

In the repairs the pulpit had been moved to the east end of the audience room; the semi-circular pews had been all taken out and straight ones substituted, set in the regular way, facing the east; the organ and choir-loft remaining the same as before. The gallery

also remaining the same. A partition had been put in front of the alcove on the north side and the space made into a pastor's waiting room. The sliding doors had been moved to the front of the gallery. A few feet of the space had been made into a vestibule and a similar space at the south end fitted up as a cloak-room; and the space between made an enlargement of the lecture room. About twelve feet had been partioned off from the south side of the lecture room by sliding doors, the room to be used for the primary department and the former primary department room became the young men's room—The Scoville Brotherhood Room. The whole woodwork of the church was stained a very dark brown. The walls and ceilings frescoed a cream color, with stencil-work border all around it. It has both gas and electricity for lighting; steam heat; water from the city mains; and toilets and sewer connections. The kitchen was also enlarged and fitted with cupboards, tables and drawers; and every convenience for taking care of the crowds which are always in evidence at "Congregational Teas."

THE LOYAL WORKERS OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

(Miss Sarah D. Chapman.)

In 1891 a society of young ladies was formed in this church with a list of seventeen charter members. Miss Daisy B. Dunham was chosen as its first president. The name adopted by the society was "The King's Band;" and its object as stated in its constitution was "Home and Foreign Work." At a subsequent meeting Mr. Scudder, the pastor of the church at that time, explained more fully that its purpose was to do undenominational work in Christ's name.

In 1892 the society was reorganized under the name of "The King's Daughters." In September, 1894, it was voted that the society join the "International Order of The King's Dughters and Sons," in order to be in closer touch with the general work of the order. At this time a circle name was chosen—"The Loyal Workers;" and a motto adopted: "Whatsoever He Saith Unto You Do It." The work of the society has since been carried on under that name and in the spirit of its motto, including local benevolent work among the poor, work for the home church, missionary work, fresh air, shut in, and hospital work, for various charitable institutions outside our own town and a helping hand extended in many ways impossible to enumerate. This circle is also affiliated with both the county and state organizations of the order. Very much good work has been done "In His Name" in the 22 years since its formation. At present the circle numbers sixty-three members and weekly meetings for work are held during the summer vacation.

THE LOVING KINDNESS CIRCLE OF KING'S DAUGHTERS.

(By Miss Belle Gucker.)

The Loving Kindness Circle of King's Daughters was organized October 17, 1902, with a membership of fifteen, an admission service having been held in the church parlors, when each member was presented with King's Daughters' pins by the Loyal Workers society.

The Circle Chose for its motto:

"Do all the good you can,
"To all the people you can,
"In all the ways you can,
"As long as ever you can."

Miss Abby Beals was chosen leader. Miss Gertrude Latham was elected president; Miss Leona Eaton, vice-president; Miss Hildreth Glassford, secretary; Miss Edna Nash, treasurer.

In 1903 Mrs. Daniel W. Dexter was made assistant leader.

In 1904 Miss Orcilla Fettis was elected president; Miss Leona Eaton, vice president; Miss Bessie Thompson, secretary; Miss Edna Nash, treasurer.

In 1905, at the election of officers, Miss Marcia Stewart was elected secretary in the place of Miss Thompson, resigned.

In 1906 Miss Beals resigned as leader, Miss Agnes McCaw taking her place.

In 1907 Mrs. B. C. Van Ingen was chosen leader; and at the election of officers Miss Alma Nash became secretary in place of Miss Marcia Stewart, resigned.

In 1908 Mrs. Otis Thompson was appointed leader, with Miss Ellen Willey, vice leader; Miss Belle Gucker, secretary, and Miss Edna Nash, treasurer

In 1909 Miss Abby Beals was again chosen leader, which office she has held to the present time,—the other officers remaining the same.

This Circle has done charitable work locally.

Among the organizations it has worked for are the Susquehanna Valley Home, Binghamton, N. Y.; Home for Friendless and the Silver Cross Nursery, both of New York city.

It has also aided its own church financially, and has entered into the social life of the church.

THE GATEWAY CIRCLE OF KING'S DAUGHTERS

(Miss Margaret Newton.)

The Gateway Circle of The King's Daughters was organized in September, 1912. The membership was limited to girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen years. The name Gateway was chosen because for most of the girls it was their entrance into the work of the church.

At first the girls met every Thursday after school; but later they were divided into two groups, the younger girls meeting one week and the others the next.

Various kinds of sewing have been taken up, from the hemming of dusters and sewing of holders to even the construction of a simple dress or two. In the autumn most of the time has been given to the dressing of dolls, pasting scrapbooks, embroidering picture bibs and cutting out innumerable paper dolls to fill Christmas boxes, to be sent to a home for crippled children in New York and for the children in the contagious disease hospitals in the city.

In the spring the circle worked primarily for the Norwich Hospital, hemming tray cloths and making bed slippers and short jackets.

At the present time there are about twenty-five members in the circle. The meetings are held either at

the church or at the girls' homes. Often some story is read aloud while the girls sew; many good readers have been discovered among the members of the circle. At the end of the meeting a short devotional service is held.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

(Mrs. Mary B. Reed.)

The Woman's Home Missionary society was organized September, 1875. Previous to that time, while there had been no regular Missionary society, there was ample evidence of a strong missionary spirit. The church Sewing society doing benevolent work among the poor, met at the various homes of its members and when a foreign need was presented a good money offering was cheerfully made.

When the church was rebuilt in 1874, there came a great uplift of enthusiasm in every department of church life, particularly in the women's work. The missionary interest took on new energy and a society was formed auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. Julia Kingsley was chosen the first president and Mrs. Rachel A. Barber the secretary and treasurer. Mrs. Kingsley continued the president until her death in 1883, when Mrs. Elizabeth F. Turner was chosen her successor. Mrs. Turner held the office for eleven years and upon her death in 1894, Mrs. R. A. Barber was made president, which office she held until her death in 1911.

It is largely due to the efforts of these three devoted women that the Missionary society has carried on its work all these years. A resume of the work of the society would not be complete without a tribute to the faith and courage that gave them "patient continuance" in the work.

For thirty-eight years the Missionary society has held its meetings with great regularity. Many an interesting program has been arranged by the ladies themselves; at various times missionaries have come to address the society, telling of work that is being done in many lands. Considerable sums of money have been given in response to calls for aid from various parts of the world and many boxes of clothing and other contributions have been sent to different parts of our own land. More than $2,000.00 has been given to the Woman's Home Missionary Union.

At present the society is subdivided into two parts under one head—The Home Branch and The Foreign Branch, holding meetings alternately. These meetings are well attended and the outlook for future usefulness is bright with promise.

WOMEN'S WORKING ASSOCIATION.

(Mrs. Alice L. Nash.)

This association was formed October 13, 1874, in the pastorate of Rev. Samuel Scoville; its object, as stated in the constitution, " To do the home and benevolent work that would properly fall to the women." The first meeting was held at that time, the constitution adopted and officers elected. The first officers were: Mrs. N. P. Wheeler, president; Mrs. John Mitchell, Mrs. N. B. Hale, Mrs. S. E. Chapin and Mrs. Warren Thurston, vice-presidents; Mrs. D. L Follett, secretary; Mrs. W. P. Chapman, treasurer.

It was voted that the association give " A Tea " in the church parlors the last Friday of each month; the proceeds to be used in church work. For the first tea Mrs. J. H. Latham and Mrs. T. D. Miller furnished the refreshments. Menu: Biscuit and Butter, Cold Corned Beef, Apple Sauce, Plain Cake. The table-

cloths were beautifully figured, which the faithful ladies could read as they partook of the not elaborate but choice menu—they were newspapers spread on the the tables but they answered the purpose and were very appropriate for the pioneer "Tea;" and best of all, the association had $2.00 cash in the treasury. Something of a contrast to the "Teas" served at the meetings of the present time.

Meetings of the association were held weekly for the purpose of sewing. Once a year a box of nice clothing, etc., was sent to some missionary family; and a "Tea" was served once a month in the parlors.

During the pastorate of Mr. Otis the Woman's Working association and the Woman's Missionary society were united for a time; but in 1898 they were separated; and the Working association revised its constitution and became The Congregational Working association.

In that year, under the pastorate of Mr. Klock, the church entertained the State association. The Working association served a tea two evenings to a large number of the delegates.

In 1908 in Mr. Allen's pastorate, the constitution was again revised, with the aid of the pastor, and the original name was resumed—Woman's Working association.

The work of the association has changed somewhat as the years have rolled by. It no longer meets weekly to sew, for the work seems more effective in other ways. Last year there were held a number of "Thimble Parties," meeting at the homes of the members, the one who gave the party serving light refreshments. A fee of ten cents is collected from each lady present. These gatherings were very much enjoyed; promoting sociability and brought in a little money.

The association gives about four teas a year; has a food sale or two and an annual Christmas sale. For

several years the association has paid $200.00 toward the expenses of the church and has paid for the flowers for the pulpit each Sunday, besides its other work.

At the time the church was remodeled and decorated in 1909, the association contributed $1,500.00 toward the repair fund.

During all these years since its organization, the Woman's Working association has been a great power in the church. Such women as Mrs. Ezra Hewitt, Mrs. Lewis Kingsley, Mrs. Rachel Barber, Mrs. C. H. Merritt, Mrs. W. B. Guernsey, Mrs. J. G. Thompson, Mrs. T. D. Miller, Mrs I. S. Newton, Mrs. Warren Newton, Mrs. G. W. Marvin, Mrs. J. H. Latham, Mrs. C. R. Johnson, Mrs J. P. Hall, Mrs. W. E. Reed, Mrs. W. P. Chapman, Mrs. Libbie Turner, Mrs. N. S. Donaldson, Mrs. G. W. Rice and many others whose names space will not allow me to name, have been active members of the Woman's Working association. Mrs. Rice served as treasurer from 1898 to 1907.

While the work has been varied. I think the aim has always been the same—to do the most and best we could, to aid the pastor "in fostering Christian fellowship and sociability in the church." We have accomplished much in the past; and hope in the future to

"Cling to our high ideals;
We cannot hold them too high.
The longer the struggle, the harder the fight,
The grander the bye and bye.

There never was a high ideal
But will be the real some day;
If we follow with practice the paths of love
As the true and only way."

THE SCOVILLE BROTHERHOOD.

(Guy W. Stowell.)

The Samuel Scoville Bible Class and Brotherhood was organized December 4, 1907, with twenty-three members. Officers elected were: President, Samuel Stewart; vice-president, Reed Turner; secretary, Guy W. Stowell; treasurer, Arthur Graves.

The meetings were held Sundays at 12 o'clock, for Bible study; led by the pastor, Rev. Paul R. Allen, in the Brotherhood room, which is the former primary room of the Sunday school. The regular business and social meetings are held once a month in the same rooms, overflowing out into the Sunday school rooms when neecssary.

In 1908 Samuel Stewart resigned the presidency and Mertin Graves was elected in his place. In July the Brotherhood and King's Daughters joined in a first picnic at Chenango Lake which was a very pleasant outing; and in October, a social was held at the church by the same organizations. In November an entertainment was given for the benefit of the brotherhood, which was a success all around.

In 1909 the Brotherhood contributed $300.00 toward the fund for re-modeling the church. Otis A. Thompson was elected president, for 1908-09.

Arthur Graves served as president in 1910-11. A second annual picnic was held at Chenango Lake, in which the Brotherhood and King's Daughters joined. This was also, like all Congregational socials, a very enjoyable gathering.

In 1912, Frank P. Hartwell was made president. In the fall a union lecture course was given in Clark Opera house under the auspices of the Brotherhoods of the five churches—Episcopal, Congregational, First Baptist, Calvary Baptist and Methodist. It was a

very successful course of entertainments and gave good satisfaction.

The annual picnic was held as before and the monthly socials were held as usual.

Reed Turner became president in 1913. The lecture course was put on by the Scoville Brotherhood alone. It was held in this church and netted the Brotherhood $200.00. It was an excellent course and very satisfactory.

In 1914 Clarence Ames became president. A lecture course was put on by the Scoville Brotherhood alone, as before, and it put $182.00 into the treasury. From the profits thus received, the Brotherhood, in 1913, purchased an excellent Balopticon, for illustrated lectures and early in 1914, bought a robe for the pastor. Lectures are given often by the pastor, illustrated with the Balopticon, which have been very instructive as well as interesting. So far these have all been free.

The Brotherhood has marked out for the lecture course of 1914-15, a better and, of course, a much more expensive course than has yet been given, if the people will support it. They are not given for the purpose of making money. The young men want them to pay expenses, but the dominant idea is to give the people not alone entertainment, but information and instruction—something worth while, which will create a taste for that which is elevating and of good report. They are satisfied that this aim has been attained in the previous courses, but they want to do better and they think it is possible to do it.

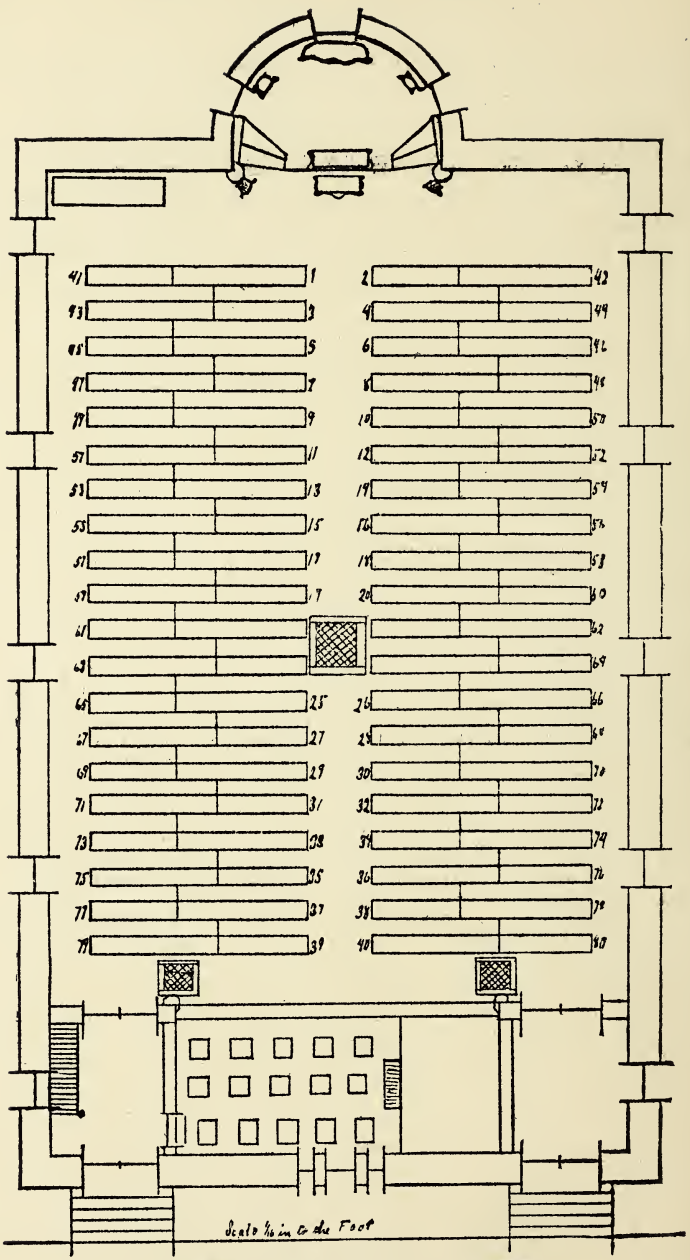


Diagram of Brick Church of 1862.

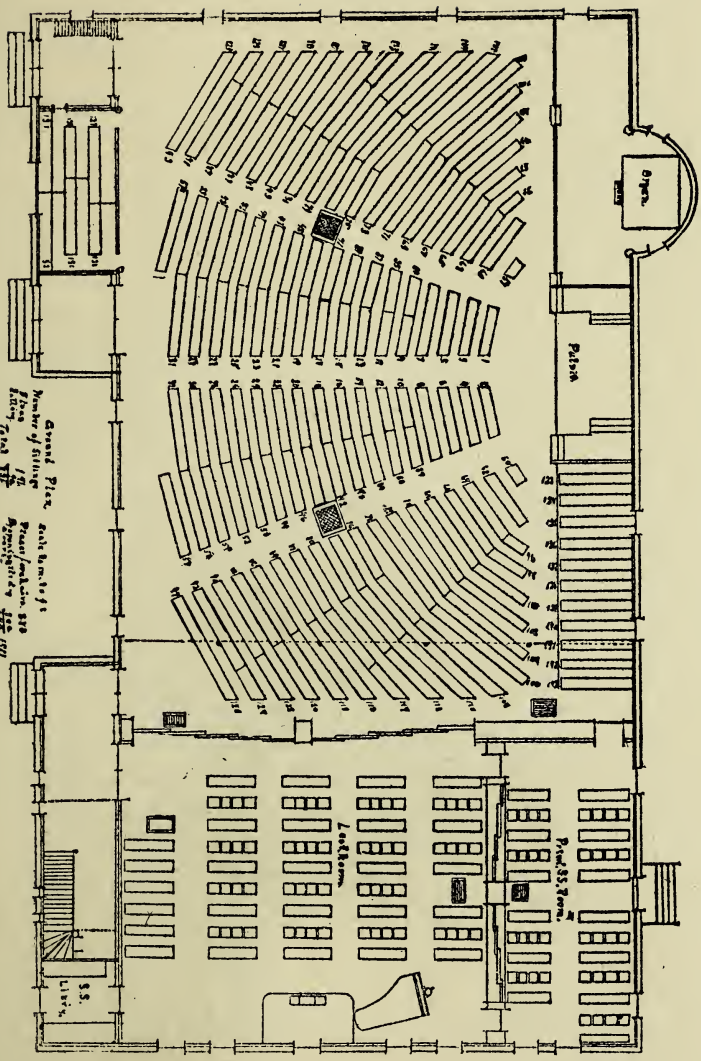


Diagram of Enlarged Brick Church.

A SCOVILLE MEMORIAL.

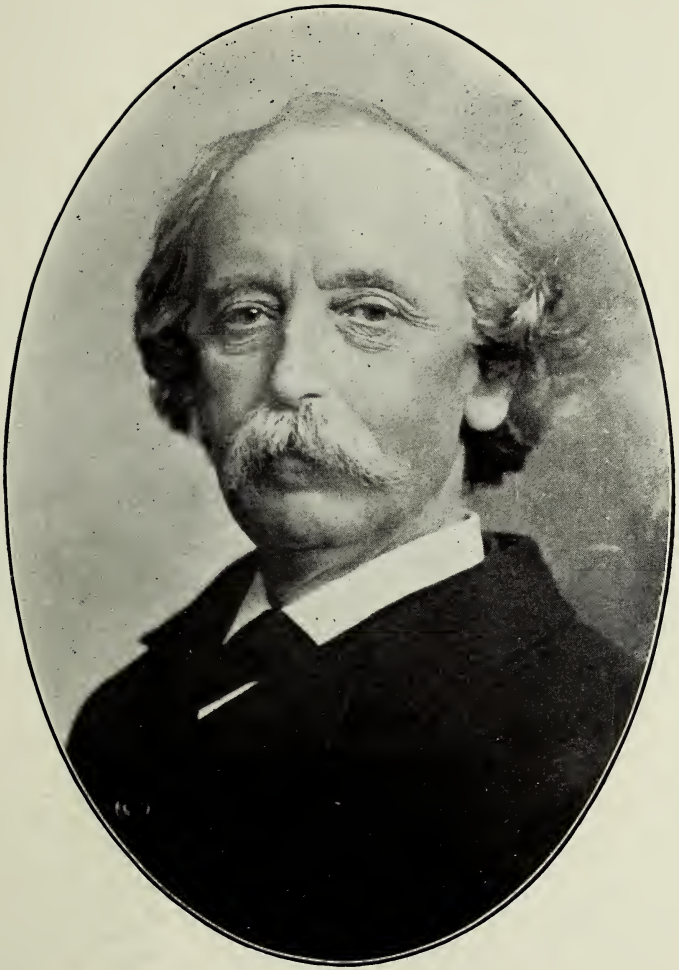
The following pages constitute a part of a Memorial which was written within the year succeeding Mr. Scoville's death, with the expectation that it would be published soon by the four churches which he had served—Norwich, Stamford, Vineland and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; but the next two years so many things happened, entirely unforeseen and unavoidable, that the publication was most effectually crowded aside and delayed so long that it was indefinitely postponed and practically given up. These sections are given here, taking the place of the personal sketch which has been given all the other pastors; and is printed by itself with the intention that it shall be a Memorial of Mr. and Mrs. Scoville. We very greatly regret that the whole Memorial could not have been printed here.

REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE.

(By his son, Samuel Scoville, Jr.)

Samuel Scoville, second son of Jacob Scoville, a farmer and at one time representative in the Connecticut Legislature, and Martha (Ingersoll) Scoville, was born on December 21, 1834, in West Cornwall, Conn., where he was in part prepared for college at the school of Theodore S. Gold (Yale 1838). While in college he was president of the Linonian society and captain of the University crew, class of 1857.

After graduation he spent a few months at home, and was then at Auburn Theological Seminary from the beginning of February to the end of junior year. The next year he was at Andover, after which he immediately went abroad, spending a year in Italy, Germany and England. On his return he completed his theological studies in Union Seminary. In November, 1861, he became pastor of the Congregational Church, in Norwich, N. Y., being ordained on Septem-



REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE.
The Twelfth Pastor of First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y., 1861-1879.

ber 17 of that year. The church edifice in 1874 was trebled in size and his ministry there for eighteen years left a distinct mark upon the community. In 1879, he accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Stamford, Conn., of which he was pastor twenty years. After a service of a year in Vineland, N. J., in September, 1901, he was appointed assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; but five months later his health failed, and he died of heart disease at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, on April 15, 1902. He was 67 years of age. His deep and tender sympathy, especially for those in trouble, won the affection of all classes in the community wherever he dwelt.

He married, on Sepetmber 25, 1861, at Peekskill, N. Y., Harriet Eliza, daughter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and had two sons, graduates of Yale respectively in 1893 and 1895, and two daughters, one of whom graduated at Wellesley College, in 1882. They all survive.

With William C. Beecher he wrote a full biography of Henry Ward Beecher, which appeared in 1888.

REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE OBSEQUIES.

(From Plymouth Chimes For May, 1902.)

Mr. Scoville died in Phildelphia, April 15, 1912, after a two brief pastorate of nearly eight months, in Plymouth Church, as Dr. Hillis' assistant, dearly loved and sorely missed by all who knew him.

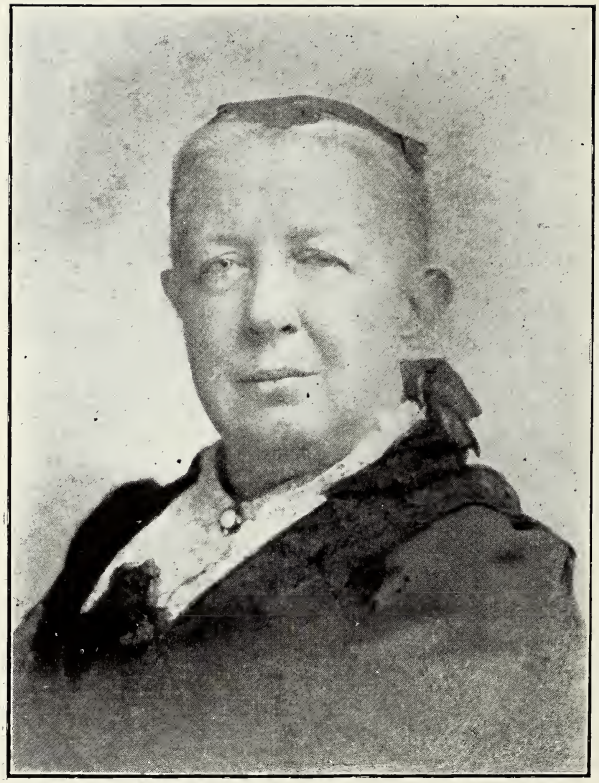
"Not *my* Mr. Scoville!" said one tiny maiden when she heard that he was dead. He was, by his own request, "buried from Mr. Beecher's church by Mr. Beecher's people." His body was brought to the church Wednesday where it lay, guarded by members of the Young Men's Club, until Friday noon, when it was

taken for a second service at his old church in Stamford, Conn., before burial in Cornwall.

The service in Plymouth Church was on the evening of Thursday, April 17. The music was under the care of Gen. Horatio King, who presided at the organ; with singing of "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," by the Choir; "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," and "Shining Shore," by the congregation. The addresses were by Drs. Hillis and Raymond.

The services in Stamford were held Friday evening and some of Mr. Scoville's old friends spoke. The services were very impressive. The church was crowded and flags throughout the town were at half mast and places of business closed.

Another funeral service was held in Cornwall, at which the whole countryside was present and many words of love and appreciation were spoken and the body was laid to rest near the place where he was born, among his kindred and friends.



MRS. HARRIET E. (BEECHER) SCOVILLE, WIFE OF REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE.

Only Daughter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER SCOVILLE.

(By Her Daughter, Annie Beecher Scoville.)

Mrs. Samuel Scoville was Mr. Beecher's oldest child and only daughter.

Her name, Harriet Eliza Beecher, was a memorial of an ardent friendship between four young people who were drawn together in the great crusade "to save the West." In the third decade of the Nineteenth Century Dr. Lyman Beecher went to Cincinnati as president of Lane Seminary taking his sons and daughters with him. Dr. Calvin Stowe, with his beautiful young wife, went also as a professor in the Seminary. These young people, a half dozen Beechers, the Stowes and others connected with the families of the teachers, entered enthusiastically into the work of their day, editing papers, running literary societies, writing stories, teaching school, preaching on the circuit, hiding runaway slaves and building up a new west. Among these pioneers Harriet and Henry Beecher and Calvin and Eliza Stowe formed a charmed circle. But the work was hard. Fever and cholera devastated the field and the young wife, Mrs. Stowe, drooped and died, but her name lived. When later Harriet Beecher married Dr. Stowe she named her twin daughters Harriet and Eliza, and two years later her brother, Henry, named his first child Harriet Eliza Beecher.

The oldest child in a home missionary home was bound to be made useful early, but Mrs. Beecher was a notable housewife, and the wonderful training that she gave her little daughter was part of the example she set the parish. Years later, when Mrs. Scoville visited her birthplace, an old lady sent her word that she wanted to see the girl who had made her father a shirt when she was four years old. Alas for example, Mrs. Scoville only remembered that she had to sew so much between each play spell with her little brothers,

that when she grew up she did as little of it as she could.

When little Harriet Beecher was nine years old her father came east to be the pastor of Plymouth Church. There are those in the church today who remember the grand play-times they used to have with Mr. Beecher and his children at the minister's house. The oldest daughter was a quiet child and early responsible for the little ones, she was at nine already a caretaker. Mrs. Howard used to tell her children how her first sight of Hattie Beecher was of an anxious little mother caring for baby brother. This care-taking was a strain on the child's health and Mr. Beecher tried to relieve it by sending her to stay with Mrs. Stowe and back to Ohio to school, but her heart always longed for the home baby and in spite of good times she always found a baby to cuddle and care for. But the best relief from this early responsibility was her heritage of humor and love of beauty. The father and daughter collected stories and garden seeds for each other as long as he lived. Mrs. Beecher felt it wise that her little daughter should be a woman in all household tasks, but was shocked to see her laugh with and at her father, which doubled the amusement they got out of their jokes. The correspondence of thirty years after she left home was filled with stories and plant lore.

The Brooklyn childhood ended in 1858, when Mr. Beecher sent his daughter to Andover to stay with Mrs. Stowe for the winter.

It was a gay household of young people, among whom Samuel Scoville, a student at the Seminary, took a leading part, acting as amanuensis for Mrs. Stowe, teaching Fred Stowe to fence and Hattie Beecher and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps skate.

Later in the winter, the cousins, Hattie and Eliza Stowe and Hattie Beecher, were sent to Paris to school to await Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Howard, who came with

a large party in the summer. Their rallying point was Lausanne, where Mr. Ruskin was staying and "Little Miss Beecher," as he called her, had Mr. Ruskin as her guide in delightful Alpine excursions and with her cousins was one of the many groups of young girls to whom he gave drawing lessons.

The party travelled, as parties did in those days, with courier and carriage from Switzerland down to Florence for the first part of the winter, then with Mr. and Mrs. Browning went to Rome for Easter and south to meet the spring at Sorento and Capri. In this wonderful year of travel and association with the leaders of the world's thought the quiet, caretaking girl bloomed into beautiful womanhood, and her engagement in Rome to Mr. Scoville was the romance of the gay party of young folk.

Her letters from Italy tell not only of the old beauty and new love but of the new Italy that was being made. Mrs. Stowe's letters to the Independent are arranged for through Hattie Beecher's letters to her father, so that the Austrian police, who have their eyes on Mrs. Stowe, shall not capture them.

Perugia is bloody from her great fight; Garibaldi and Pio Nono and Cavour jostle the Caesars and St. Paul in Hattie Beecher's letters.

From Italy they came home to the great Civil War in America. The bridal preparations in 1861 were laid aside while the bride-to-be ran that famous new time-saver, the sewing machine, for long days in the Plymouth Church parlors, where the ladies were fitting out the Plymouth Phalanx, and, when in September she came out under the trees at the Peekskill cottage to be married, war had already scattered the comrades of the gay party of young folks.

She was born and bred into labor and sacrifice, and patriotism always seemed to her as necessary as Christianity. When in 1898 war was again in the land she

threw herself into it with an enthusiasm that shamed our colder generation.

When her young husband took her out to Norwich, N. Y., Mrs. Scoville was perhaps the shyest wife that ever a minister had, and probably Mothers' meetings, Ladies' Prayer meetings, etc., would have killed her if she had not been gifted with laughter. She may have failed as a leader of meetings, but in the days when nurses were scarce sickness entered no home in the parish that she did not go to, and while her social calls were often neglected, days and nights were freely given to those in trouble. Scarlet fever and diphtheria, dread diseases that we hardly dare face now in our own families, she went to as simply as she cared for her own babies. To some a young minister and his wife seem a very hum-drum couple, but these young people, fresh from the Old World's splendors and the associations of great actors in those stirring days, took the widespread country parish as their world, and for eighteen years carried every interest of the town in their hearts, in a way that gave them the natural leadership that we sometimes fear the clergy are losing.

In those days there was no professional florist in Norwich, and the parsonage greenhouse furnished the flowers for church and party, wedding and funeral. Mrs. Scoville's home life centered in her nursery and flowers, and her babies enjoyed sun and dirt baths, penned in a corner of the greenhouse, while their mother worked among her flowers. The minister went to church with a case of flowers as regularly as a sermon, and it was their pride that there never was a Sunday without flowers in their church, winter or summer.

For Mrs. Scoville, leaving Norwich, where she had lived the first eighteen years of her married life, was a great sorrow. The Stamford home brought here near

her father and her children as they went to college, and friends were kind, but it is hard to change habits of friendship.

Trained nurses and florists stood ready to do for money what she had given and taken for love—her children were out of her arms. She was not strong and she never fitted into the active life of her new home. The time came early when her world was within her own home. There she mothered all; nursed her two grand-babies through troublesome days, cared for her mother through sad, long weeks of suffering and when that ended gave over the care of her home to her daughter.

In the autumn of 1901, Mr. and Mrs. Scoville came back to Brooklyn to live. Mr. Scoville took up the labor in the church with joyful enthusiasm, helping in Father Beecher's church as well as doing Christ's work, but the days were short; in March he was forced by illness to give up his labor and died in April. At his bedside his wife closed her years of caretaking. More than fifty years before she had come into the Brooklyn life an old-fashioned little girl mothering her baby brother, but when she left that deathbed she turned to her daughter to be cared for. Slowly her powers failed, speech and hand and foot and yet memory and sight and fun held their own. The day she was taken with her last illness she was absorbed in "The Long Roll," a novel that puzzles many not as well versed as she was in their country's history. In the week of illness when life flickered up for a few minutes it was for a joke, or a caress.

The ten helpless years have been a beautiful gift to her children, a testimony of the dominance of the loving spirit and warm interests over the weak and failing body.

MR. SCOVILLE IN NORWICH.

(C. R. Johnson, 1902.)

Mr. Scoville's first visit to Norwich was on Sunday, February 3, 1861, in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, in company with Miss Nettie C. Pike.

It was a winter's morning in the month which puts in more winter to the mile in "Old Chenango" than any other of the season, and the journey had been a very tedious one; but he never ceased to enjoy telling the story of it and he always made it very amusing. Neither the story of his journey through rugged old Scotland, nor over the more rugged Alps, nor yet through historic Italy afforded so much fun to him in the telling as the story of this journey of 260 miles between New York and Norwich, which required nearly a day and two nights to accomplish. He told it with great gusto, and it was for the last time, at the wedding of Harvey B. Daniels and Fannie L. Makepeace, in New York at which he officiated but a little more than a New York, at which he officiated but a little more than a year before death called him "over the great divide." Several of his old friends from Norwich were guests, among whom was the companion of that journey. He had come to Norwich at the invitation of the trustees of the church to preach on this Sunday of his arrival. Mr. William T. Gregg, who had lately removed from Norwich to Brooklyn, accompanied Miss Pike to the ferry and introduced them, placing the young Miss in his care for the journey. As they thus met neither of them could forsee how closely their lives would run along together during the coming years, nor how much help her skill and genius would be in the work of the future pastor. She had been organist in the church for most of the time since 1855. Four years later she became Mrs. Fred Mitchell through the executive and kindly offices of Mr. Scoville.

They left New York by the Erie Railroad about 5 P. M., February 1, for Binghamton. When near Great Bend the track was found to be covered with ice, which the male passengers, Mr. Scoville among them of course, volunteered to clear away and each took his turn at the chopping. It was full daylight when the weary company reached Binghamton. Soon our two travelers took train for Chenango Forks, where they had breakfast and then took the weary stage coach, drawn by four weary horses over a no less weary road leading up the valley to Norwich. They should have finished this part of the journey at about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, but it was 2 o'clock Sunday morning when Mr. Scoville alighted at the Eagle Hotel and was taken in charge by Prof. Charles Hopkins, who was then boarding at that hostelry, her father, John G. Pike, was there to receive the young lady. A few other men prominent in the church, were present also and cordially greeted the young clergyman.

It is easy to imagine that, after the experiences of this journey, Mr. Scoville was not in the condition of body nor brain to appear at his best as a candidate before the congregation which had been for some years enjoying the scholarly and experienced ministrations of Rev. Hiram Doane. Added to this was the fact that he found the situation very different from what he had supposed. Prof. Hopkins, who had been his classmate at Yale, had recommended him to the trustees and at their request had written Mr. Scoville, inviting him to come up for a Sunday and preach, but made no reference to the disrupted state of the church. Mr. Scoville learned that on his way to Norwich. It was a very great disappointment to the young divine but he could not turn back then. He came, but with hardly the enthusiasm for which, before the year closed he became so noted in the village. At the hour for morning service he was on hand at " Coffin Hall " and preached the

first sermon he had ever written. Those were not the days of twenty minute sermons either, but he "filled up the time" all right. After the benediction came the usual hand shake; and the "left handed" compliment of old Father Enos, which Mr. Scoville so much enjoyed telling:

"Young man, I hope you will learn how to preach some day."

In the evening he preached his second original serman. Monday and Tuesday were spent in getting acquainted with the people, studying the situation and forming some of those friendships, which with the passing of more than forty years have remained ever fresh and are now left as blessed memories. Once more the weary stage coach called for him and he returned to Brooklyn and to his studies in Union Theological Seminary in New York city, in which he was then a student and from which he graduated in the May following, and was licensed to preach by New York and Brooklyn association.

After his return to New York he thought a good deal over the future of this church. The more he studied it the more impressed he was that God had called him to the task of settling the difficulties in it; and so he waited for God to open the way. The weeks went on into some months and the call did not come; yet his faith was Abrahamic and did not die out. Mr. Beecher said: "Sam, I wouldn't wait any longer." "Yes I will; it will come," he replied. Among other things enlistment in the the army was contemplated; but God had a different work for him and who shall say it was not as important.

"Every thing comes to him who waits." On Tuesday, June 11, 1861, after some correspondence, Judge Lewis Kingsley mailed him "a call to preach three months on trial," voted by the trustees the day before and he was in Norwich June 22, and began the engage-

ment next day, Sunday, June 23.

Six days before he arrived, work had been begun on a new church on the site of the one burned three years before. He entered into the work with so much enthusiasm that the corner stone was laid August 3, at 2 o'clock P. M., with quite elaborate ceremonies, in which he took a leading part, assisted by the pastors in town and the Congregational pastors from Greene, Oxford and Sherburne. An hymn, composed for the occasion by Judge Kingsley, was sung by the audience to the "Old Hundredth.."

During the summer he boarded at the Eagle Hotel, his room looking out upon "The East Green," where, on summer afternoons, in haying time "the boys" from the shops and stores would congregate for a game of "Four Old Cat"—the modern game, if then invented, had not yet reached Norwich. The young minister did not long resist the temptation but was soon among them with coat and vest off, a leader in the game. He would throw, catch or bat a ball, or take as solid a "bump" as any of them. The good deacons and staid sisters stood agast; but the minister did not believe in letting the de'il have all the fun there was to be had in life, and said if any one ought to have a good time it was a Christian. His logic won. He showed the boys that they could play ball and have just as much fun and yet be Christian gentlemen—a revelation to some of the people of Norwich. They found that a disciple of muscular Christianity had come among them who practiced his faith as well as preached it. At any rate he had won "the boys." Day after day he played with them on "The Green." Profanity ceased, the unseemly jest was not spoken and an influence for good was felt through all the village. The people found that Jesus Christ was just as good for the week day as for Sunday. Thus passed the first summer with the young pastor—he was 27 then. He was making a place

for himself in Norwich, so that when the "three months on trial" drew near its close, there was nothing to do but call him to the permanent pastorate. A call had been made by the people—the church merely ratified it. He belonged to Norwich as fully as though he had always lived there.

On September 17, six days before the expiration of the "three months on trial," we find him at Greene before a session of Susquehanna association being ordained; and the next day the formal call was tendered him.

I have no remembrance of my first acquaintance with Mr. Scoville, but it must have been very soon after he came here; probably through Prof. Hopkins, whose pupil I had been in the Academy a few years before; but I know it was not long before we became very warm friends; and eternity can alone reveal the extent to which his life has been a power for good in my own; and what it was for me it was for many other young men of those days, and the years which followed. It must have been the next or the second day after he returned from the ordination, that an acquaintance from Guilford brought me word at the store that Mr. Scoville wanted me to "get the key and come to the Baptist Church at once"—about 11 A. M. As father always had a key at the store, I was not long in meeting Mr. Scoville at the church door. Very soon a barouche drove up and out stepped my Guilford friend—and a lady. I was given a pressing invitation to "witness the ceremony." We four "entered" the church and the door was shut. Ascending to the audience room the happy couple presented themselves before the young minister in front of the pulpit and the fourth of the quartette became the "delighted audience," while the minister performed his first marriage ceremony. When the knot was tied the minister took the hand of each and in a quiet voice said: "I congratulate you. You

have got the start of me by about a week." Then the "audience" added congratulations, the carriage bore the happy couple away and the minister and "audience" went to dinner. A very few days later the minister left for Peekskill, where on September 25, he was married by Mr. Beecher to his only daughter, Harriet Eliza.

A few weeks were spent in a vacation and wedding tour, which ended at Norwich about November 1. Having accepted the call tendered him he preached his first sermon as regular pastor, Sunday, November 3; the services being held for the first time in "Concert Hall" in the "Piano Block" facing East Park; and all the church services were held in this hall until the new church was finished.

The church building was inclosed "before winter set in," for the new pastor took up the matter with an enthusiasm which knew no failure, and it became very contagious throughout the church. On Monday, sixteenth of next June, 1862, the building was dedicated. Again Judge Kingsley wrote an hymn for the occasion which was, as before, sung by the audience to "Old Hundred." The village pastors and some from nearby towns assisted in the dedication services, and Mr. Scoville preached the dedicatory sermon.

Despite the many unfavorable circumstances, the pastor did not allow the spiritual interests of the church to sleep. The records were very loosely kept in those days, but we know that as many as fifteen united with the church during the winter. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. Scoville—the first pastor of this church who thus fully became one with this people. Not alone in the church but in the community as well, he identified himself with whatever was helpful and uplifting; and in his church he at once set about the difficult task of harmonizing the discordant and divergent elements. A single sentence in the remarks he made after

the corner stone of the church was laid in place, gives the keynote of the beautiful anthem of his after endeavor, "Beneath this stone we bury all bitterness, all hatred against brother members forever."

Wednesday, September 24, 1862 ,there came a new joy into the parsonage. A chubby little daughter was born, and the name, Harriet Beecher, was ready for her from the mother, but she was the father in miniature.

As soon as Mr. Scoville was fully settled in the pastorate he began quiet but very earnest work toward uniting the severed church. It took two years to bring the first public avowal, but he had done the work so well that when the surrender came it came to stay. Saturday, July 4, 1863, at the close of Preparatory Lecture, he had the great joy of putting to vote a resolution recinding the act of suspension and restoring to full and free membership all those persons living in town who had been suspended. In May, 1867, a similar vote was taken in the case of the last one of those who had been suspended. He had lived in the west for a number of years, but not long before had returned to Norwich for permanent residence. Again Mr. Scoville presided at the meeting and the vote was unanimous; the action in both cases being without solicitation on the part of the suspended members. Of all Mr. Scoville's efforts for the good of this church and community this one stands out the greatest of them all. The life he lived was so true, so whole-souled, so generous, so faithful, so cheery; in a word, so Christian that storms of resentment were speedily dissipated in the sunshine of his personality and the love of his great heart. During all these efforts the spiritual life of the church was not neglected. He believed in revivals thoroughly. Hardly a winter went by without one following the Week of Prayer. Usually he would conduct them alone for several weeks. Then as the interest deepened, an evangelist would be called in to continue

the work. Sometimes no one but himself took the lead in the work. At other times Union meetings would be held; but in whatever way the meetings were carried on he was sure to take a leading part in them. Occasionally he would go on invitation to towns in the vicinity and hold evangelistic meetings. During 1862, twenty united with the church. In 1863, twenty-five; in 1864, twelve; in 1865, fifty-nine; in 1866, thirty-two. (See p. 102.)

In the summer of 1866 another daughter was born to the happy parents—Annie Howard. As the first bore the similitude of the father, so this one was the counterpart of the mother. When about three years old she was taken with a very serious illness. The good Dr. Bellows gave no hope other than the very faint one that "while there was life there was hope." The life hung by a very slender thread for weeks, and the interest in her behalf become so general that practically every one was praying for her restoration. At every meeting for prayer and worship "Little Annie" was sure to be a subject of prayer. God heard the cry and answered with complete resoration and today she is "full of good works" and has her life work in helping the humble and lowly to noble thoughts and aspirations. In 1865 was born the first boy and named for the famous grandsire, Henry Ward Beecher. When about a year old he became seriously sick and died in Brooklyn at the Beecher home, the well known 120 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. The little body was brought to the Norwich home, and at the funeral the father officiated. As he stood over the casket, in which was seen the beautiful face, the father's full heart poured itself out in words which seemed inspired. No one present on that December afternoon will ever forget the scene. The key to the casket and a little pair of shoes were ever in sight in the drawer of the writing table in the pastor's study. May we not believe that an

inspiration went from them into the sermons written over them?

The next child was also a boy named from the father, Samuel Scoville—and like the father, " Sam " for short, adding the " Jr." as he came to man's estate.

The last, again a boy—William Herbert, named from the two Beecher uncles, was intended to be nicknamed " Wilbert (the nickname of both uncles joined in one word) but just plain " Will " was as far as it got and the " Bert " lies buried in the second initial to this day. " Sam " belongs to the Roosevelt " strenuous " type, and " Will " to the quiet but strong McKinley type of men.

In 1871, Mr. Scoville attended the New York State Sunday School Convention and, without taking any one into his council, put in an invitation for Norwich as the next place of meeting a year hence. The committee reported in favor and the convention accepted by a unanimous vote. When he returned home he reported what he had done. Very many said "" Impossible!" but the next summer as the time drew near, he had conquered and all the churches united and worked with a will. The homes of all the people were opened. Everything was thoroughly organized. When the convention came, June 19-21, the attendance was very large from all over the state, but there was no lack. All were provided for and room to spare. The first day the sessions were held in the First Baptist Church, that being the largest room in town; yet that was not large enough and was so poorly ventilated, the weather being very warm, that the heat inside the building was oppressive. Mr. Scoville thereupon proposed that the future afternoon and evening sessions be held on " The Green " in front of the Court House. The plan was at once adopted. A platform and seats were soon erected with boxes and boards and the following sessions were held in com-

fort, Mr. Albert Cary leading the singing at Mr. Scoville's suggestion.

After this experience Mr. Scoville saw more and more clearly the need of a more commodious room for the accommodation of large assemblies. His idea of a church was that it should be in every proper way an educator of the community; and I have no doubt that following out this idea led him to assume the responsibility of providing such a building. At any rate he soon proposed that the church be enlarged to a proper size to fulfill his ideal. "I want it big enough to accommodate the people," he said. Of course such an undertaking needed time for its development; so with much patient and quiet work the project finally took form in the present building, which was begun in June, 1873; Mr. Scoville with shovel in hand loading the first wagon with dirt.

It was not, however, a voyage on "unruffled seas." Many discouragements clouded the sky, yet the building was inclosed in the fall and the work suspended until the next summer. Many were faint-hearted and he saw many "blue days;" but he never wavered; and when the work was started in June, the sky had cleared, the sea had become calm and every one pulled lustily at the oars. His personality threw enthusiasm into the lagging efforts and the work moved steadily forward in spite of the blue days which would dawn occasionally. In one of these times he issued a pastoral letter to the trustees and members—"We will dedicate this church the last week in December and it must be ready without fail," was what the letter said, and it worked like magic. Almost at once the enthusiasm flamed up anew and soon never a bee-hive was busier than the church. No one seemed to question his prediction, nor his authority to make it and it came to pass as a matter of course. Some parts were receiving the finishing touches while the services were in pro-

gress in some other part; but they all went on according to schedule. The dedication services began Sunday, December 27, and continued during the week with some kind of service each day. Some pastors through the county, assisted as did Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook of Syracuse, and Rev. Dr. Edward Taylor of Binghamton.

Immediately following the dedication special meetings were begun by the pastor and continued about three months without other assistance than the members of the church. During this year 59 came into the fellowship. A debt of about $15,000.00 remained on the church. The fourteenth anniversary of his pastorate occurred on Sunday, June 6, of this year—1875. At the conclusion of the anniversary sermon he asked for subscriptions and soon over $9,000.00 had been pledged. Before July 1, the debt was provided for.

October 19-21, this year, the New York State General association met in the new church in annual convention, brought here by the efforts of the pastor. It was a very successful meeting and was very largely attended by pastors and delegates from all over the state. Mr. Beecher and Dr. Henry M. Storrs were present and preached; and many other famous pastors also attended and spoke. The association met in the church again in 1899. Reminiscences were related by many who attended the former meeting 25 years before, testifying to its value and helpfulness. Mr. Scoville was also present, coming up from Vineland, N. J., and took part in the deliberations and other services—in fact was still a member of O., C. & D. Association ,having never transferred his membership. Very many of his acquaintances of former days greeted him there, and they will not forget it; but though they had no suspicion of it, it was the last look they were to have of the kindly face. There was the same wholesouled manner and hand grasp as of yore; and the

same joyful enthusiasm, though somewhat tempered by the added years, was still very much in evidence and as much enjoyed by all who came in contact with him.

The next year, 1876, 65 were added to the membership. In that year the present choir was born. By a succession of unpropitious circumstances, the music at the Sunday services had fallen into decadence and was the cause of a good deal of anxiety to the pastor; but as usual in an emergency he " arose to the occasion " and proposed a chorus choir with the organist, Mrs. Mitchell, as leader. She refused on the plea that she did not know how. With great persistence he finally prevailed upon her to at least make the trial. On Sunday, April 2, the new choir appeared before the congregation, a very vigorous and enthusiastic infant; and has taken its place there regularly to this present time, a fitting legacy from Mr. Scoville and a notable evidence of the skill and devotion of the leader.

The space in this Memorial is much too meagre to more than catalog the events of Mr. Scoville's eighteen years of life in our midst. He had so impressed himself on the people that few would converse long with a stranger without having something to say about him; and this continued for some years after he had gone to Stamford. He returned quite often to officiate at weddings and funerals; and at vacation times to visit the many beloved friends and the dear old home. During these visits he was never on time at meals or any appointment, because so many stopped him on the street to give a hearty greeting and steal a little visit. So marked was this feeling that Rev. Henry A. Delano, a talented man, whom came some years after as pastor of First Baptist church, in conversation one day with the writer said with a very emphatic tone and gesture, "" Why, what kind of a man was Scoville anyway?" I asked, " Why?" He replied, " I hear him quoted and talked about by every one—by my own people and those

of the other churches the same as by yours. I would give all I ever hope to possess if I could impress myself on a community as he has himself on this. It is wonderful. I never saw anything like it." Awhile after this I had the pleasure of introducing them; and from that day Mr. Delano was a lover of Mr. Scoville. I have been told by one who has followed the life of Mr. Delano, that he became in Evanston, Ill., something of what Mr. Scoville was in Norwich. He was pastor in Evanston when he died and a very large concourse of citizens followed the body to the cemetery. He had put in practice the example of Mr. Scoville which had so powerfully impressed him during his stay in Norwich.

In every church in the village and through the county as well, pastors came and went, except in the First Congregational Church of Norwich. Mr. Scoville had calls from nearly all points of the compass, to larger and more prominent churches, but "my work is not done in Norwich yet" was always the answer, and no call was loud enough to move him. He came to be called "the Bishop of Chenango" by the pastors composing the Oneida, Chenango and Delaware Association. I have already illustrated some of his strong characteristics. He had others equally strong. I would put first his absolute fearlessness and utter disregard of the consequences to himself in the way of duty and right after he had settled in his own mind that the course he proposed to take was the right one. He never shirked a duty, no matter how disagreeable it might be or how unpleasant the probable effect on himself.

Several times he did things which at the time raised storms of criticism and even censures, but he never wavered. He kept right on in the even tenor of his way. After the storm had blown away and the people had taken time to think it over they said, "Scoville is right after all."

Early in war time, on a Sunday morning, he conducted the opening services at the church as usual. At sermon time he calmly arose and said: "Brethren, I'm not going to preach a sermon this morning, but I'm going to have a famliy talk with you." He spoke of some things which ought to be done and yet were not done, and of some which ought not to be done, yet were being done. Finally he said: "I have heard a good deal of fault found with my sermons, that they are too political. Well, if believing in the Union and opposing those who would break it up is "political," then I will admit that I am open to the charge, and have only this to say about it—I want it thoroughly understood that I shall not ask anyone what I shall preach; but shall preach what I consider is the truth as God reveals it to me; and shall continue to stand by the old flag in word and deed every time. If you don't like that sort of preaching all I ask is a week's notice and I will get out." All was said in calmness and love, but with a firmness which gave no equivocal meaning. As might have been expected nothing was ever after heard of the criticism, but a good deal was heard about the grand old Union and her victories, and of the old flag and the old gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and a goodly number each year were led into the church on confession of faith.

Mr. Scoville's sermons were not of the brilliant sort, but in important respects they were models. If humor would give point to a truth it was used without hesitation; but above everything else love for men and the old gospel were never lacking from them; and best of all he lived as he preached. The sermons of the pulpit and the daily life were identical and men believed the two-fold message.

With his splendid voice which never failed him, he was often elqouent; and in sermon, lecture, impromptu

speech or quiet funeral talk, he was able to hold the attention closely.

His talks at funerals were never disappointing. He seldom used notes at such times, but spoke from the heart, which seemed to go out in words full of tenderness, comfort and consolation to those who had been bereaved; and for the neighbors and friends came the earnest words of exhortation—" be ye also ready."

He was always interesting in lectures and quite often filled engagements for them in different towns around the center of the state; but his best speeches were extemporaneous, when some great occasion gave the inspiration; then he was sure to thrill his audience. At the evening service of a certain Decoration Day, held in his own church, a large audience had gathered. He was present, but not expecting to speak, had made not the slightest preparation. After the speech of the evening, the chairman called on him for a few remarks. He could not refuse, so he ascended the pulpit and spoke for " The Boys in Blue " who went from this county, many of whom he was well acquainted with, with an eloquence that was thrilling. After recounting some of their valorous deeds in the war lately closed he burst out with: " Talk about Thermopylae, or Marathon, or the deeds of valor which made the ancient heroes famous for all time; why, I can match every one of them from right here in Chenango county." A storm of applause testified to the enthusiasm aroused in his audience and the grace of the compliment to the veterans.

He was also very quick and happy at repartee. At the State Sunday School Convention held in Norwich in the summer of 1872, before mentioned, he was present at the morning session of the second day, held in the Baptist Church, which was full to overflowing. The village Fire Department (he was foreman of the Hook and Ladder Company) had been out on monthly

parade and drill the latter part of the afternoon of the day previous. A delegate, a gentleman from Troy, who was very active and prominent in the State Association, joined in the discussion then in progress.

In his remarks he volunteered the assertion—"I never heard so much profanity in so short a space of time as I heard in this village yesterday afternoon." Instantly Mr. Scoville was on his feet: "Mr. Chairman, I beg pardon of the brother, but he must remember that there are just now a *great many strangers* in town"—and sat down. For an instant there was not a sound, but as the force of the turn dawned upon the audience, a smile broadened into a jolly laugh and that into a perfect salvo of applause which most effectually closed the Trojan's speech; and his colleagues, in every way imaginable, pestered him with the joke during the remainder of the convention.

Mr. Scoville believed it to be the bounden duty of every citizen, and especially the Christian citizen, to make any sacrifice of time and strength for the good of the community. Among other things he realized that a volunteer fire department was a necessity for the village, and by so much was the duty laid on every man to assist in the work and efficiency of the organization. To carry out his ideal, he joined the department and became a member of Rescue Hook and Ladder Company in 1864. He put the same enthusiasm into this as he had into the church work. He was twice elected president of that company, 1871 and 1872, and foreman June 18, 1872. January 5, 1874, he was elected Chief Engineer, which placed him at the head of the whole department. He accepted cheerfully the trusts thus laid upon him and made some radical changes in the conduct of affairs. It had been the custom at parades and at fires to pass around a bottle of some kind of liquor among the men; but he changed that to hot coffee in pails in charge of boys with dippers. A committee

of ladies prepared it in a near-by kitchen or vacant store.

In the event of a fire in the night (that was when they mostly came) he heard the first tap of the alarm and was very soon on the street running like "a sprinter" and at frequent intervals yelling "Fire! Fire!" "with din enough to wake the dead." No one living on the line he took to reach the fire ever "slept through" that alarm. Once at an Yale Alumni dinner in New Haven he replied to a toast and during his remarks gave that yell of "Fire! Fire!" His neighbors in Norwich were not surprised to learn that the effect was very startling and caused much merriment. Only once did he fail to hear an alarm and quietly slept through the din. It took many days for him to decide to forgive himself for the transgression.

In the summer of 1879 (July 13, to be exact) two gentlemen spent a Sunday in Norwich and attended the Congregational Church. In the evening they were seated near me and I shook hands and greeted them at close of service. During a little chat something was said about Mr. Scoville. They said they were from New York. They had enjoyed the sermons and would be glad to meet him. My wife and I volunteered to pilot them to the parsonage and introduce them. This was done and a short time pleasantly spent. The next spring I met them in Stamford and they had a good deal of fun at my expense. They were from New York —in business, daytimes—but their homes were in Stamford. One was Mr. Theodore Davenport, church clerk; the other Mr. Smith. They were a committee from the Stamford Church to hear and see Mr. Scoville with a view to a call. The call came soon, but Mr. Scoville did not take any one into his confidence until he had decided the question; then he read the call at a Prepartory Lecture and added, "I have accepted the call to take effect the first of October next."

For an instant the people present were dazed. Some grew pale. Soon tears came to many eyes as they began to realize what it all meant. The news flashed—it seems now like wireless telegraphy—through the village,and until the time for leaving came, his going was the one absorbing topic of conversation. The church could do nothing but accept the resignation. He was as firm in his purpose as Luther at Worms. He had made up his mind that it was best for the church that he should go and no arguments could change his decision The citizens arranged the services for the last Sunday before his departure At morning service he preached his farewell sermon, intended for his own people; yet a good many others listened to the sad but hopeful words out of his great heart. Then came the Sunday school and that to, was turned into a farewell. At the evening service all the evangelical churches in town united and the church was full to overflowing, not even standing room remaining Four pastors spoke of his influence in the life of the community from their church standpoints. Mr. Daniel M. Holmes spoke for the business men; Mr. Charles L. Tefft, Esq., for the professional men. It was late when the last speaker closed his remarks, but the great audience was in no hurry to go. The moderator* voiced its sentiment when he said "I know we all want to hear from Mr. Scoville." Mr. Scoville had occupied a chair near the desk, in full view of all present. At this invitation he slowly arose, running his fingers through his long hair at the back of his head—a movement quite common with him when he was about to make a funny remark, said: "I have often wondered, when preaching a funeral sermon, how the corpse felt about it; but I wonder no longer; I know all about it; I have heard

* Rev. L. M. S. Haynes, Pastor of First Baptist Church.

four ministers and two laymen preach mine." After the audible smile which followed the audience was in a right mood to hear the well chosen words of farewell, and were dismissed, filing up and grasping the hand of the friend of them all. A very large company met him and his family at the depot on the morning of October 10, as they took the train for New York.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE.

Address by Dr. R. W. Raymond, at the funeral of Mr. Scoville in Plymouth Church, April 17th, 1902.

More and more as the years go by, do we have cause to bless the name of Jesus Christ, and the name of Henry Ward Beecher, His prophet and apostle to our generation, for the renewed utterance of the Divine message which delivered us from the fear of death, moving us to hang flowers instead of crepe on the door of sorrow, and both to sing and see "The Shining Shore."

It is surprising, and not very creditable to the Christianity of the nineteenth century, that this message, when it was spoken from Plymouth pulpit, was so widely regarded as new and strange; for it simply reasserted the attitude of the early Church, the Church of the Apostles, the Fathers, the Martyrs and Confessors,—the Church of the persecutions and the catacombs. The members of that church were not eminent in culture, profound in philosophy, or even altogether sound in doctrine; but one thing they did:—they pressed forward, forgetting things behind, boldly attacking things before, "swarming" to the conquest, and victoriously both conquering and despising death. The illiterate inscriptions upon their tombstones show how they realized the continuous and conscious life of their dear dead; communed with them; rejoiced for them; waited with eager impatience to follow them. No intermediate sleep, no purgatory, no vague, vast interval, preceding the ultimate triumph of life over death, seems to have confused their simple creed. "They who have seemed to die did not die at all, but lived, and live!" was their sufficient dogma. Thank God! after a long eclipse of faith we are recovering at last that profound belief, that certain hope, that radiant joy!

I recall today, with peculiar pleasure, that I gained

my most vivid realization of this glorious temper of primitive Christianity in the company of my dear friend and comrade, Samuel Scoville. To neither of us did it then seem so precious a revelation as it now seems to me. For we were both—as we had a right to be—looking forward to this earthly life, and little concerned with its earthly end.

Let me sketch to you my friend, as I knew him first, in Italy, forty-two years ago. It was a memorable experience for me, a young student at a German university, to join at Florence, upon a sudden invitation, and to accompany for several months of Italian residence and travel, a party of relatives and friends, including Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her son, daughters, and niece, and attracting to familiar intercourse, by virtue of her magnetic personality and fame, such spirits as Robert Browning and his poet-wife, Charlotte Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Field, and artists and authors innumerable of all nations. The stimulus and delight of such an association may be imagined. But I am now chiefly concerned with the memory of one member of the party, the tutor and traveling-companion of Mrs. Stowe's son—a tall, handsome athlete from Yale and its Divinity School, full of the pure joy of physical life (*lebens froh,* as the Germans say), eagerly susceptible to all beauty of nature or art, hungry for knowledge, and overflowing with human sympathy and unselfish enthusiasm—in short, such a soldier as Christ loves to enlist.

It is not surprising that Christians of delicate bodily frame, little inclined to outdoor activity, should be drawn towards the studious life and the intellectual and spirtual labors of the ministry, albeit they prove too often physically inadequate to its burdens and stresses. The rarer sight of strong, hardy, buoyant youth, superabundant in vigor, open to all the invitations of our multiform modern life, yet consecrating all

its powers to the life-long service of the Master, is indeed inspiring. Such a man was Paul, the rough rider, the hard fighter, the restless traveler, the despiser of pain, the conquerer of beasts and men. Fever and wounds, scourgings, chains, prisons, perils and hardships by land and sea, could not wear out his body, or cut off his bold triumphant endeavors. And such a man was Samuel Scoville, as I knew him in his shining young manhood. How well I remember that splendid figure, with the noble brow and clustering locks which Phidias might have copied for the statue of an antique hero, and that radiance of smiling joy and conscious strength, which Phidias could not have copied—a very vision of Balder the Beautiful, greeting, investigating and conquering at once the glories of a fresh, new world; that swinging stride, which forgot the space behind, and consumed insatiably the space before; that exuberant, lithe power, that leaped gates on the way without deigning so much as to touch them with the hand!

Together, as members of a party of four or five, we journeyed afoot from Rome along the Appian Way and the highways and byways of Italy, through the Abruzzi (then still the picturesque haunt of bandits), along the sea-coast, by lovely historic Gaeta, to classic Capri; to Naples, Sorrento, Salerno, Paestum—he always in advance, and the rest of us plodding after him in various inferior fashion. Handsome indeed he was, and doubly so—for his glory of youth and strength was crowned with the halo of a happy love. The life of glad service that lay before him was to be shared by a helpmate, willing and dear. And we all knew the maiden, and approved the match!

Can you not easily recreate for yourselves the picture I have sketched? Have you not seen, in days just now ended, the gray-headed man, striding along these streets, caressing little children, waving his hand-

kerchief in salute to friendly faces at the windows, fronting still with exhilaration the winds as well as the sunshine, carrying still, beneath the transparent surface of experience, and behind the trivial, impotent wrinkles of age, the simple, glad heart of a boy?

Well, my friend and I went our different ways, and saw one another but seldom in subsequent years. Yet I was not surprised to hear that the young pastor at Norwich was Chief of the Volunteer Fire Department, and leader of the young men in their games upon the village-green, as well as under the roof of the meeting-house. Some of you may recall a Christmas story, called "Three Elections," which I read, long ago, to Plymouth Sunday School, and in which a young theological graduate was chosen to be the pitcher of the baseball nine, the pastor of the church, and the husband of the deacon's daughter. There are no actual facts in that story: it is not my practice to illustrate literature with portraits of living persons: but the inspiration which underlay my fictitious narrative came from the life and character of this my friend.

From time to time, of course, I met him or his dear wife, or one or another of the children who came to fill his happy home, and in whose gracious growth to manhood and womanhood the soul delighted, with good reason to the end. But I must pass lightly over the years that passed so lightly over him, and come to the time when, at the call of this church, sorely straightened in its work by the long illness of its beloved assistant pastor, Rev. Horace Porter, he came to assume, with us, the duties of that position. I knew already that he would deem it a privilege to spend in the service of Plymouth Church the years that still remained to him. But when the occasion came, it found him immersed in fruitful labors for another church, which he felt bound in honor not to leave. Our sister church in Vineland solved that difficulty by releasing him with

affectionate regret, but in cordial recognition of our need; and so, at last, he came to us.

You and I know but too well the rule of business in these "strenuous" days. A man of 60, thrown out of occupation, can scarcely earn his bread. Nobody wants to employ one who may decline in strength upon the hands of his employer. In the conduct of war, also, age must submit to be retired from duty. I remember vividly a visit which, as a young officer in the Army, I made in 1861, to St. Louis, to De Bonneville, the famous explorer of the far west, whom Washington Irving had celebrated. He must have been very old; yet he had been retained as a military officer, in charge of the Army barracks at St. Louis, so long as the post required no special activity. With the outbreak of the Civil War, however, younger men became indispensable; and, to his measureless and eloquent wrath, the veteran had been retired. I could not agree with him in characterizing this measure as an outrageous injustice, but I did sympathize with his indignation at being deprived of the privilege of serving, with his military experience and ardent patriotism, the flag he loved.

Thank God! the service of His kingdom is neither calculating commerce nor brutal war. He has work for His soldiers here until the moment when he calls them to higher duties elsewhere; and that work is not such as the young can do as well. The mature judgment, the wise sympathy, the knowledge of grief, the familiarity with all kinds of trouble, even with the shadow of death, and the consequent power of counsel and of consolation—these cannot be acquired in youth. God gives them to the old.

That Christian Church is to be pitied, *I* say, which cannot command the aid, official or unofficial, of those who have transmuted years into wisdom; in whom patience has had its perfect work; and who, being

already fitted, in some degree, for the Life Invisible, are thereby all the more qualified for essential service in the visible life that now is.

At least, my brethren, if this be not true, God pity us old men, who would fain still labor a little longer, and accept our final discharge from Him only!

But Plymouth Church, which had known already the ministrations of Mr. Halliday and Mr. Weitzel, surely did not need to learn, as a new lesson, how God keeps the best wine to the last, and makes age bring forth fruits of the Spirit not known to youth. At all events, if any entertained beforehand foolish and superficial doubts as to this general proposition, such doubts melted away in the presence of this helper, who was only nominally old, but really young—the man who had never been seriously ill in his life; the son of the New England hills, whose unimpaired bodily vigor put to shame the performance of our modern youth; the companion and adviser around whom the young instinctively gathered; the consoler whom the old instinctively welcomed!

Witness, on the one hand, the greatly increased membership of our Young Men's Club, and their affectionate testimony to the fresh inspiration imparted by him. And, on the other hand, witness the love and gratitude of inumerable households, into which he came as a stranger, to become, and remain forever, a helpful friend .

To this general testimony, let me add my personal contribution. In the sorrow, the keenness and depth of which you all know, through which my household has been recently called to pass, we were greatly sustained by the unspoken sympathy, and the prayers (unheard by us, but heard by God) of our friends and brethren. Of course, we could not personally see the many dear ones who thus drew near to us! and it was only by a blessed chance (let me say, as I believe, a providence of

God) that our old friend, Mr. Scoville, who had been coming twice a day to our door, to read the bulletin and go away again, was one day seen and made to come in. He did not enter to add his helpless grief to ours, or to offer us in consolation the ancient formulas we knew already. His heartfelt words, his simple prayer, left in that house a more vivid sense of the presence of the *Christus Consolator,* and a deeper union with the Will of the Father.

Even under the great pressure of his labors here, he continued (as I accidentally learned, one day) to contribute money to the expenses of the Vineland church, and to direct and assist the studies of the Vineland Bible class, which he had founded and personally conducted, with such success as to draw into it many members of other local churches as well as of his own.

Indeed and indeed, his heart was in his word. Do you remember how old Paul in his cold Roman dungeon, sent for his cloak to keep him warm outside, and for the parchments of his Bible, to keep him warm inside? Something like that was the message, dictated by Mr. Scoville on his deathbed, which I received just a week ago. It ran:

"Dear Ros: The doctor gives me a fighting chance —that is all. Help me with your prayers. Send by first mail one-half dozen—(a little book, of which we had previously spoken with each other.) I can use them with advantage among my friends.

"Your old friend,

"SAM SCOVILLE."

Busy in the Master's work to the last!

A day or two later, I went to the hospital in West Philadelphia where he lay, and enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of two conversations with him. His utterances were characteristically simple and unconventional. They were full of hopes and plans for future

work for Plymouth Church, if God should restore his strength, and also of grateful recognition of the love of our people, which, in a few months he had so completely earned, yet seemed to regard as a blessing undeserved. Concerning the prospect of death, he said, in substance:

"The doctors think I am going to die, I suppose. It is, indeed, like being in the preliminary land of Beulah, to have my wife and sons and daughters around me. But, apart from that, somehow, I don't feel like dying. You see, this is the situation—I haven't had any *premonitions* of death; whereas, according to my experience, Christians that are about to die have *premonitions*. For instance, I think a good deal, as I lie here, about the love of the Heavenly Father; and it gives me pleasure and peace—on the whole, I judge, more pleasure and peace than ever before. But here is the difficulty: I think still more, as it seems to me, about my work for Plymouth Church. Now, if I am going to die pretty soon, why should He put such thoughts into my mind, instead of giving me a premonition? If this is really to be death, I don't *object* to it, mind you; only, I don't *understand* it!"

What could I say to such quiet, fearless, trustful talk as that? The doctors had positively declared that he must die soon. But doctors are not infallible; and he had been wisely told only this—that they saw no special ground for hope, beyond the general ground that "while there is life, there is hope." What I did say was this—and I would say it again:

"You are feeling just what you ought to feel, old friend! Your living is *your* business, delegated by God to you. Your dying is *His* business, not delegated by Him to anybody. If you are to die, he may want to give you a glad surprise by calling you to the life invisible without any 'premonition' whatever. And as to the fellowship and work of Plymouth Church, if you can

come back to it in *this* world, we shall give thanks to God; but if you go to it in the world unseen, we shall likewise give thanks—for do not forget that the Plymouth Church yonder is larger already than the Plymouth Church here!"

And so, like Paul again, he approached the hour of his departure, "in a strait betwixt two," whether to stay or to go. *He,* as he said, did not understand his strange, intense, remaining interest in his earthly work —but *I* understood it. It was God's seal set upon him. "Blessed is he that endureth *to the end!*"—not resigning a few days before the end; not accepting the tidings of his release from any subordinate or unauthorized source; but standing firm and upright, intent upon his duty here, until God, and not another, says to him, "Well done, come up higher!"

Lord! let me die *this* death of the righteous, and let my last end be like *this!*

INDEX

Preface 3
Opening of History 5
How Chenango River Got Its Name 5
The Iroquois Confederacy 5
How it Was Formed 5
Its Territory 5
Origin of "United We Stand" 6
The Beauty of the River 6
The Only Poem on the River 7
Chenango River, (By Miss Hattie Wait) 8
Norwich is on the Most Beautiful Spot 9
The Indian's Council House and "Castle" 9
The Indians Gather There 10
The Whites Did Not Steal the Land 10
The Settlers Buy the Land 11
Town of Norwich Organized and Named 11
The Whole Valley Called "Shenang Country" 11
Avery Power the First Land Owner 11
John Randall Bought Him Out 11
Hezekiah Pellett and "Uncle John" Came 11
The Great Revival of 1799 12
A Few Faithful Souls 12
Mrs. Elizabeth Snow 12
Truman Enos 12
The First Church Formed, the Congregational 13
First Baptist Church Formed 13
David Harem's "Golden Rule" 14
Origin of Truman Enos 14
He Came to Norwich and Began Tanning 14
Charles Randall and Enos Partners 15
Randall Sold to J. S. Fenton 15
Charles Randall Went to War 15
Conversion of Mr. Enos 15
Experiencing Religions a Very Painful Process 16
Mr. Enos Improves the Morals of Norwich 16
Conversion of J. S. Fenton 16
The Woodman's Prayer 16
Elder Swan's Language and Work 17
Truman Enos a Strong Republican 17
His Character 18
His Three Wives 19

He Wanted Another 19
He Drew the Ballots in Draft—1863..... 20
He Sat in Chair in Front of Pulpit..... 21
His Monument in Cemetery..... 21
Rev. Jonathan Haskell Came..... 21
Mr. Enos Raised the Money for Him..... 22
Rev. Joel T. Benedict' Orgnaized Congregational Church.. 23
Rev. Geo. Colton, Missionary..... 23
Rev. Jonathan Haskell, Very Bitter..... 23
Rev. Jedediah Randall 24
Services in His House 24
The Baptist Church Organized in His House..... 25
First Congregational Church Incorporated..... 27
Two Organizations 27
Baptist Church Incorporated..... 27
First Efforts Toward a Meeting House..... 28
Signs of a Revival Begin to Appear..... 28
Rev. Henry C. Wright..... 28
His Father and Family Come to Hartwick..... 29
Henry Comes to Norwich to Learn to Make Hats..... 29
Senator Jesse D. Bright..... 29
Mr. Wright Teaches Singing School..... 29
He Studied and Took Walks by the River..... 30
Mr. and Mrs. David G. Bright..... 30
Mrs. Elizabeth Snow..... 30
Her Arguments For Her Faith..... 31
Revival of 1817..... 32
Rev. John Truair 32-33
Mr. Wright Led the Singing in the Revival..... 34
David Buttolph Converted..... 35
Revival vs. Ball..... 35
Mr. Wright is Converted..... 35
He Joins the Congregational Church With About Fifty.... 36
About Thirty Join the Baptist Church..... 36
Mr. Wright Leaves Norwich..... 37
David G. Bright..... 38
Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Bright..... 39
Memorial Tablets for Mrs. Snow and Mr. Enos Proposed.. 40
Building of Meeting House Stimulated..... 41
A Lot Bought for It..... 41
Baptist Meeting House Begun..... 41
Baptist Meeting House Burned..... 41
The Bells of Both Churches..... 42
Congregational Church Paid For When Dedicated..... 42-43
Truman Hastings..... 43
Mr. Enos and Mr. Fenton Work for Church..... 43
Rev. Wm. M. Adams, First Pastor..... 43
Diagram of Pews in First Church..... 44
Rev. Luther Clark, Supply..... 45
Rev. Edward Andrews First Installed Pastor..... 45
Sketch of His Life..... 45

First of Three Tragedies in the Church..... 46
Rev. Peter Lockwood Comes and Goes..... 46
Rev. Lyman S. Rexford, Supply..... 46
Rev. H. P. Bogue Comes as Pastor..... 46
Birdsall and Buttolph..... 46
Mr. Buttolph and the Burned Church..... 50
Mr. Enos and Mr. Buttolph Reconciled..... 51
Elder Bogue and Elder Swan..... 53
Elder Swan on Jonah..... 53
Execution of Denison..... 54
Mr. Bogue Resigns..... 55
Rev. Seth Williston, Supply..... 55
Repairs to Church..... 55
Three Tragedies Have Come to Church..... 55
The Church Joins Otsego Presbytery..... 56
Church Joins Chenango Presbytery..... 56
Mr. Enos Delegate..... 57
Rev. John Sessions..... 57
Mr. Buttolph, Clerk of the Society..... 58
John F. Dean, Clerk of the Society, 1847..... 58
Judge Lewis Kingsley, Clerk of the Society..... 58
Mr. Sessions Takes Clerkship and Hunts up Records..... 58
Mr. Sessions and Mr. Enos Clash..... 59
Mr. Enos Talks a Good Deal..... 59
Christ's Law of Love..... 59
Trial of Enos..... 59
Mr. and Mrs. Enos Given General Letters..... 60
They Join Sherburne Church..... 60
Mr. Sessions Resigns and Leaves..... 60
John Hammond (Second)..... 60
His Father and Uncle..... 61
John Hammond (First)..... 61
John Hammond (Second) Came to Pharsalia..... 62
John Hammond and His Wife Help Form Church in Pharsalia..... 62
A New Meeting House Built..... 63
John Hammond (Second) Moves to Norwich..... 63
Went Into Business..... 63
Was Elected Church Clerk and Was Given the Books..... 64
Goes Out of Clerkship..... 64
Record Book Disappears..... 65
It is Thought Mr. Enos Took the Record Book..... 65
Mr. Hammond Always Loyal..... 67
B. Gage Berry Elected Clerk..... 68
Organization of O., C. & D. Association..... 68
James McCaw Elected Deacon..... 68
Mr. Scoville Came..... 68
Mr. Hammond Again Elected Church Clerk..... 69
Resigned 1873 Finally..... 69
Deacon W. D. Porter Elected Church Clerk..... 69
Resigned 1876..... 69

C. R. Johnson Elected Church Clerk 1876 70
Otis A. Thompson Elected Church Clerk 1906 70
Lewis M. Donaldson Elected Church Clerk 1910 70
Mr. Sessions Resigned 71
His Statement 72-73
Mr. Livermore Came and Went 74
Mr. Richards Came and Went 75
Mr. Jennings Came and Went 75
Mr. Clark Came and Went 75-76
Mr. Bush Came 77
First Parsonage Bought 77
Benjamin Chapman and David Maydole 78
Mr. Chapman in Drug Business 81
He Goes Out of Business 81
W. H. Chapman Begins Business 81
Benjamin Chapman Died 82
David Maydole 82
James Parton Visits Hammer Factory 86
Nelson B. Hale Partner of Mr. Maydole 87
Mr. Chapman and Mr. Mayldole Bid on First Pews 89
Rev. Hiram Doane Comes 90-94
The Church Becomes Congregational 90
David Buttolph and Chas. A. Thorpe 91
The Church Burned 95
Academy Chapel Used 95
"Coffin Hall" Used 95
Mr. Doane Left 96
Mr. and Mrs. Enos Return 96
Mr. Scoville Gets Items of History From Mr. Enos 97
Mr. Doane Resigns 97
The Church Could Not Build But They Would Have no Presbytery 97
Mr. Doane's Character 98
Mr. Scoville Comes—and an Era of Love 98
A Marked Change All Through the Church 100
Foundation of Church Begun and Corner Stone Laid 101
"Coffin Hall" Hired 101
Mr. Scoville Became Pastor 101
Church United 101
Mr. Scoville Leaves, October, 1879 102
He Need Not Have Gone 102
Dr. Taylor Comes 104
Life of Dr. Taylor 104
Parsonage Sold and Debt Paid 106
Col. Hewitt and Wife 109
Five Yankees in Church 109
Col. Hewitt Runs For State Senator 112
Repairs of 1847 and Mr. Clark 113
Col. Hewitt Buys Parsonage for Church 114
Mr. Scoville Came 115
His Marriage 115

Parsonage Repairs..... 115
Old Gray and Old Duke..... 115
Old Duke Starts a Sensation..... 116
The Grabbing..... 116
Col. Hewitt President of Co. Agricultural Society..... 117
His Twenty-one Yoke of Oxen..... 117
Col. Hewitt Dies..... 118
Mrs. Hewitt..... 119
Asst. Supt. of Sunday School..... 119
Home Broken Up..... 120
Col. Hewitt Carves a Turkey..... 120
Mrs. Hewitt's Cream Pie..... 121
Col. Hewitt's Apple Pie and Milk..... 122
Baptismal Font..... 122
Warren Newton..... 123
W. and I. S. Newton..... 124
Bank of Norwich Opens..... 124
Warren Newton and T. D. Miller Converted..... 126
Mr. Newton and Norwich High School..... 126
I. S. Newton..... 127
I. S. Newton's Bible Class..... 130
Lecture on Trial of Christ..... 130
Loi-yer Newton..... 130
The Brothers at School Meeting..... 131
Isaac S. Newton's Death..... 132
He Was Very Liberal..... 133
Deacon McCaw..... 133
Son of a Scotch Shepherd..... 134
William and the 119th Psalm..... 135
James' Misfortunes..... 136
He Was a Deacon and Sunday School Supt. in St. Albans.. 137
Six Weeks on the Ocean..... 138
He There Gave up Smoking..... 138
Came to Norwich..... 138
Was Elected Deacon of This Church..... 139
Mrs. Gertrude L. D. Johnson..... 139
Her Intimacy With Mrs. Scoville..... 139
Mrs. Johnson Elected Asst. Supt. of Sunday School..... 142
Then Supt. Primary Department..... 143
Resigned from Primary Department..... 144
Played in Prayer Meeting..... 144
Deacon C. H. Stanton Resigned from Sunday School Supt. 144
Dr. George. H. Penticost in Norwich..... 145
A Sick Woman Runs a Church Tea..... 145
Mrs. Mitchell, Organist..... 147
Mrs. Mitchell and the Union..... 148
Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Johnson and the Organ..... 149
Miss Mary Johnson, Organist in Baptist Church..... 159
Miss Almira Thomas Followed..... 150
Miss Thomas Became Mrs. Penticost..... 150
Mrs. Penticost Became Mrs. Latham..... 150

Mrs. Mitchell Becomes Chorister in Congregational Church 150
Mrs. C. B. Chapman Becomes Organist and Chorister..... 151
Mrs. J. L. Millspaugh Becomes Organist and Chorister.... 151
Miss Mary E. Lewis Becomes Organist..... 151
Mrs. Stover Becomes Chorister..... 151
Miss Lewis Becomes Organist and Chorister..... 151
Junior Choir Formed—Frank P. Hartwell, Leader..... 151
Mr. R. D. Eaton Gives Gowns to Both Choirs..... 152
Mr. H. W. Millspaugh Becomes Chorister of Both Choirs.. 152
Theo. Miller Came to Norwich..... 153
T. D. Miller—Banker and Druggist..... 154
Became a Church Trustee..... 154
Geo. A. Thomas' Memorial Address on Mr. Miller..... 155
Mr. Miller on His Knees..... 157
W. P. Chapman, Clerk for His Brother-in-Law..... 158
W. P. Chapman, Clerk for His Cousin..... 159
Chapman and Miller, Ushers..... 159
W. P. Chapman Became a Partner with W. H. Chapman.... 161
W. P. Chapman Married 161
Elected Trutee of the Church..... 161
Elected Fourteen Times..... 161
Elected Deacon For Life..... 162
His Faith Worked a Miracle..... 162
Retires From Business..... 162
The Chapman Business is a Century Old..... 163
Mr. Upton Comes to Preach One Sunday..... 163
Leaves Train at North Norwich..... 164
Drove Down..... 164
Preached Next Day..... 164
Came as Pastor..... 166
College Life 166
Resigned 167
Went to Syracues and West..... 167
Died 167
Organ Installed 168
Inaugural Concert..... 169
First Used at Service..... 169
Its 30th Anniversary 170
Edward Brechlin's Playing..... 170
Mr. Upton's Preaching..... 171
Mr. Otis Came..... 172
Mr. Yatman 173
Mr. Otis Resigns..... 173
His Sermons..... 173
He Married 174
Puget Sound Academy 174
Mr. Otis Made Supt. Western Washington..... 174
Made Gen. Missionary for United States..... 175
Teaches a Bible Class Near New Haven..... 175
Pastor at Orange, Conn. 175
Mr. Scudder Came..... 176

Daughter Mary Hedley Born 176
Parsonage Bought 177
Two Boys Born 177
Men's Club 177
Eightieth Anniversary 177
Fire in Parsonage 178
Two Children Smothered 178
Parsonage Repaired 179
Mr. Scudder Leaves 181
Born in India 182
Died 182
Mr. Klock Comes 183
Two More Deacons Elected 185
State Convention 185
Mr Klock Leaves 186
Mr. Dexter Comes 187
Ordained 188
Three Funerals 188
Married 189
Individual Communion Set 189
Mr. Scoville's Death 190
A Committee from this Church went to Funeral 191
Memorial Service in This Church 192
"Doctor Scoville" 192
The Scoville Memorial 193
Choosing a Pastor 193
The Successful Way—at Least This Once 194
Mr. Allen Comes 195
The First Mrs. Allen's Death 197
Repairs in Church in 1910 198
Mr. Allen Marries Miss Hicks 198
Repairs Finished 199
The Loyal Worker's Circle 201
The Loving Kindness Circle 202
The Gateway Circle 203
Woman's Missionary Societies 204
Women's Working Association 205
The Scoville Brotherhood 208
Diagram of Churches, 1862 and 1874 210-211
Scoville Biography 212
Mrs. Scoville's Life and Death 215
Mr. Scoville in Norwich and Anecdotes 220
Dr. Raymond's Address 239